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WERNER'S

READINGS AND RECITATIONS

No. 10

AMERICA'S RECITATION BOOK

COMPILED AND ARRANGED BY

CAROLINE B. LE ROW

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Special thanks are due to Miss Lucy Larcom and Miss Edna Dean Proctor for the notes to their pieces written expressly for this work, and for the interest manifested in our undertaking.

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Teachers will find this index helpful in teaching United States history. The selections are arranged in periods and cover American history down to the Spanish-American war. Teachers may use on Friday afternoons those selections suited to the history being studied in the school. The teacher is recommended to review the lessons of the week and introduce in the review the proper selection to be recited by a pupil.

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NOTE.

"America's Recitation Book" presents the best productions in prose and verse which have been written on the great events in the history of the country. These are arranged in chronological order, and accompanied with explanations intended to increase their interest and value.

American authors only are represented; and as nearly all of them are writers of world-wide reputation, the selections given form not only material for the study of oratory, but of the best English literature.

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WERNER'S
Readings and Recitations.

NO. 10.

AMERICA'S RECITATION BOOK.

PERIOD I.—DISCOVERIES.

1492—1609.

Christopher Columbus, born in Genoa, 1436, after eighteen years of effort to secure help in his enterprise, was provided by Queen Isabella of Spain with three small vessels and one hundred men at a cost of about $20,000. He sailed from Palos, Spain, August 3d, and landed at the Bahama Islands, October 12th, 1492. He died at Valladolid, 1506.

Columbus discovered Cuba and Hayti, which he named Hispaniola, Little Spain. He believed that these islands were connected with India, and as they had been reached by a western passage they were called the West Indies. In accordance with this theory the aborigines of America, from the time of the first discovery, have been called Indians.

In 1524 Francis I. of France, "willing to share a part of the New World with his neighbors," commissioned Verrazano on a voyage of discovery. This navigator explored a great part of the coast of North America. Ten years later James Cartier set out on a similar expedition, sailed up the Gulf of St. Lawrence, took possession of the country in the name of the king, and called it New France. The name was afterward changed to Canada.

In 1584 Sir Walter Raleigh, under a commission from Queen Elizabeth to discover, occupy, and govern "remote heathen and barbarous countries, not previously possessed by any Christian prince or people," arrived in America, entered Pamlico Sound and proceeded to Roanoke Island, where he took possession of the country. On his return to England he gave such a splendid description of the beauty and fertility of the region that Elizabeth, delighted with the idea of occupying so fine a territory, gave it the name of Virginia, as a memorial that this happy discovery was made during the reign of a virgin queen.

COLUMBUS.

THOMAS C. ADAMS.

THRICE round the earth in graceful measures gliding,
Dian, all blushes, dropped behind the sea;
Amidst its vast expanse Columbus guiding,
Where life-long hope assured new worlds must be.
Wayworn and sad, but sea and sky appearing,
His comrades urged their chief his quest forsake;
And, though no doubt his steadfast faith could shake,
He feigned to yield, their troubled spirits cheering;
When spicy odors with the breezes blended,
And birds of brilliant plumage fluttered by,
Whispered at last the promised land was nigh;
And as another night his vigils ended,
The morning sunbeams hill and dale display
Of what his fancy pictured as Cathay.

If not the Eden deemed, nor fair Cathay,
The new-born world, like that famed realm of old,
Rich in its spices, precious pearls and gold,
Before his raptured gaze in beauty lay.
Whether the fabled islands of the blest,
Or where Phenicia plied her secret trade—
Where holy Brandan found the streams flow west,
Or in his armor the dead viking laid—
Not his to know. Enough for him the thought
This vast domain, long sought, from all concealed
Since the primeval dawn, stood now revealed,
His monarch's and his own, by perils bought.
Forgot in moment of such pure delight,
With what ingratitude can kings requite.

Yet when within its earliest prison tower
His limbs were fettered, but his soul soared free,

Came visions of a happier destiny.
Triumphant over greed and pride and power,
The Old World to the New in turbid stream
Poured forth its festering pools, its rot and rust.
Bigots and tyrants, in his vivid dream,
Sceptres and scaffolds moulder into dust.
And as the generations came and went,
Knowledge and love and faith the mastery gaining,
The chains unloosed, false altars, prisons rent,
Wisdom and innocence alone remaining,
Behold an Eden of a nobler plan
To reassert the majesty of man.

COLUMBUS.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

ST. STEPHEN'S cloistered hall was proud
In learning's pomp that day,
For there a robed and stately crowd
Pressed on in long array.
A mariner with simple chart
Confronts that conclave high,
While strong ambition stirs his heart,
And burning thoughts of wonder part,
From lip and sparkling eye.

What hath he said? With frowning face
In whispered tones they speak,
And lines upon their tablets trace
Which flush each ashen cheek;
The Inquisition's mystic doom
Sits on their brows severe,
And bursting forth in visioned gloom
Sad heresy from burning tomb
Groans on the startled ear.

Courage, thou Genoese! Old Time
Thy splendid dream shall crown;
Yon Western Hemisphere sublime
Where unshorn forests frown,
The awful Andes' cloud-wrapped brow,
The Indian hunter's bow,
Bold streams untamed by helm or prow,
And rocks of gold and diamonds, thou
To thankless Spain shalt show.

Courage, world-finder! Thou hast need!
In fate's unfolding scroll
Dark woes and ingrate wrongs I read,
That rack the noble soul.
On! on! Creation's secrets probe,
Then drink thy cup of scorn;
And, wrapped in fallen Cæsar's robe,
Sleep like that master of the globe,
All glorious—yet forlorn!

COLUMBUS.

JOAQUIN MILLER.

[Written expressly for and recited by MRS. FRANK LESLIE.]

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Speak, Admiral, what shall I say?"
"Why say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say—"
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spoke the mate:
"This mad sea shows its teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt as a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On and on!"

COLUMBUS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

HERE am I, for what end God knows, not I;
Westward still points the inexorable soul.
Here am I, with no friend but the sad sea,
The beating heart of this great enterprise,
Which, without me, would stiffen in swift death.
This have I mused on, since mine eye could first
Among the stars distinguish, and, with joy,
Rest on the God-fed Pharos of the North;
To this one hope my heart hath clung for years,
As would a foundling to the talisman
Hung round his neck by hands he knew not whose.
This hope hath been to me for love and fame,
Hath made me wholly lonely on the earth;
Building me up as in a thick-ribbed tower,
Wherewith enwalled my watching spirit burned,
Conquering its little island from the dark,
Sole as a scholar's lamp; and heard men's steps,
In the far hurry of the outward world,
Pass dimly forth and back, sounds heard in dream.
As Ganymede by the eagle was snatched up
From the gross sod to be Jove's cup-bearer,
So was I lifted up by my great design.
Yet to have greatly dreamed precludes low ends;
Great days have ever such a morning-red,
On such a base great futures are built up,
And aspiration, though not put in act,
Comes back to ask its plighted troth again.
I know not when this hope enthralled me first,
But from my boyhood up I loved to hear
The tall pine forests of the Apennine
Murmur their hoary legends of the sea;

Which hearing, I, in vision clear, beheld
The sudden dark of tropic night shut down
O'er the huge whisper of great watery wastes.
Then did I entertain the poet's song,
My great Idea's guest, and, passing o'er
That iron bridge the Tuscan built to hell,
I heard Ulysses tell the mountain chains,
Whose adamantine links, his manacles,
The western main shook growling and still gnawed.
I brooded on the wise Athenian's tale
Of happy Atlantis, and heard Björne's keel
Crunch the gray pebbles of the Vinland shore.
For I believed the poets; it is they
Who utter wisdom from the central deep,
And, listening to the inner flow of things,
Speak to the age out of eternity.

Endurance is the cunning quality,
And patience all the passion of great hearts;
These are their stay, and when the leaden world
Sets its hard face against their fateful thought,
And brute strength, like a scornful conqueror,
Clangs his huge mace down in the other scale,
The inspired soul but flings his patience in,
And slowly that outweighs the ponderous globe—
One faith against a whole earth's unbelief,
One soul against the flesh of all mankind.

Thus ever seems it when my soul can hear
The voice that errs not; then my triumph gleams
O'er the blank ocean beckoning, and all night
My heart flies on before me as I sail.
Far on I see my life-long enterprise,
Which rose like Ganges 'mid the freezing snows
Of a world's sordidness, sweep broadening down
And, gathering to itself a thousand streams,

Grow sacred ere it mingled with the sea.
I see the ungated wall of chaos old,
With blocks Cyclopean hewn of solid night,
Fade like a wreath of unreturning mist
Before the irreversible feet of light;
And lo! with what clear omen in the east
On day's gray threshold stands the eager dawn,
Like young Leander, rosy from the sea,
Glowing at Hero's lattice!
One day more
These muttering shoal-brains leave the helm to me.
God, let me not in their dull ooze be stranded!
Let not this one frail bark, to hollow which
I have dug out the pith and sinewy heart
Of my aspiring life's fair trunk, be so
Cast up to warp and blacken in the sun,
Just as the opposing wind 'gins whistle off
His cheek-swollen mates, and from the leaning mast
Fortune's full sail strains forward!
One poor day!
Remember whose, and not how short it is!
It is God's day, it is Columbus's!
A lavish day! One day with life and heart,
Is more than time enough to find a world.

COLUMBUS TO FERDINAND.

JONATHAN MASON.

ILLUSTRIOUS monarch of Iberia's soil,
Too long I wait permission to depart;
Sick of delays, I beg thy list'ning ear—
Shine forth the patron and the prince of art.
While yet Columbus breathes the vital air,
Grant his request to pass the western main;

Reserve this glory for thy native soil,
And what must please thee more—for thy own reign.
Of this huge globe how small a part we know—
Does heaven their worlds to western suns deny?
How disproportioned to the mighty deep
The lands that yet in human prospect lie.
Does Cynthia, when to western skies arrived,
Spend her sweet beam upon the barren main;
And ne'er illume with midnight splendor, she,
The native dancing on the lightsome green?
Should the vast circuit of the world contain
Such wastes of ocean, and such scanty land?
'Tis reason's voice that bids me think not so;
I think more nobly of the Almighty hand.
Does yon fair lamp trace half the circle round
To light the waves and monsters of the seas?
No! Be there must, beyond the billowy waste,
Islands, and men, and animals, and trees.
An unremitting flame my breast inspires,
To seek new lands amidst the barren waves,
Where falling low, the source of day descends,
And the blue sea his evening visage leaves.
Hear, in his tragic lay, Cordova's sage:
"The time shall come, when numerous years are past,
The ocean shall dissolve the bands of things,
And an extended region rise at last;
And Typhis shall disclose the mighty land,
Far, far away, where none have roved before;
Nor shall the world's remotest regions be
Gibraltar's rock, on Thule's savage shore."
Fired at the theme, I languish to depart;
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail.
He fears no storms upon the untravelled deep;
Reason shall steer, and skill disarm the gale.
Nor does he dread to lose the intended course,

Though far from land the reeling galley stray,
And skies above, and gulfy seas below,
Be the sole object seen for many a day.
Think not that nature has unveiled in vain
The mystic magnet to the mortal eye;
So late have we the guiding needle planned
Only to sail beneath our native sky?
Ere this was found, the Ruling Power of all,
Found for our use an ocean in the land,
Its breadth so small we could not wander long,
Nor long be absent from the neighboring strand.
Short was the course, and guided by the stars.
But stars no more shall point our daring way;
The Bear shall sink, and every guard be drowned,
And great Arcturus scarce escape the sea,
When southward we shall steer. Oh, grant my wish!
Supply the barque, and bid Columbus sail;
He dreads no tempest on the untravelled deep,
Reason shall steer and skill disarm the gale.

QUEEN ISABELLA'S RESOLVE.

EPES SARGENT.

Characters { ISABELLA, Queen of Spain. / DON GOMEZ, a Grandee. / CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

ISABELLA. And so, Don Gomez, you think we ought to dismiss the proposition of this worthy Genoese?

DON GOMEZ. His scheme, your Majesty, is fanciful in the extreme. I am a plain man. I do not see visions and dream dreams like some men.

ISA. And yet Columbus has given us good reasons for believing that he can reach India by sailing in a westerly direction.

DON G. Delusion, your Majesty! Admitting that the earth

is a sphere, how would it be possible for him to return, if he once descended the sphere in the direction he proposes? Would not the coming back be all uphill? Could a ship accomplish it even with the most favorable wind?

ISA. What you have to say to these objections, Columbus?

COLUMBUS. With your Majesty's leave, I would suggest that if the earth is a sphere, the same laws of adhesion and motion must operate at every point on its surface.

DON G. Don't try to make me, a grandee of Spain, believe such stuff as that there are people on the earth who walk with their heads down, like flies on a ceiling! Would not the blood run into my head if I were standing upside down?

COL. I have already answered that objection. If there are people on the earth who are our antipodes, it should be remembered that we are also theirs.

ISA. To cut short the discussion, you think that the enterprise, which Columbus proposes, is one unworthy of our serious consideration?

DON G. As a matter-of-fact man, I must confess that I do so regard it. Has your Majesty ever seen an embassador from this unknown coast?

ISA. Have you ever seen an embassador from the unknown world of spirits?

DON G. Certainly not. Through faith we look forward to it.

ISA. Even so, by faith, does Columbus look forward, far over the misty ocean, to an undiscovered shore. Know, Don Gomez, that the absurdity, as you style it, shall be tested, and that forthwith.

DON G. Your Majesty will excuse me if I remark that I have from your royal consort himself the assurance that the finances of the government are so exhausted by the late wars that he cannot consent to advance the necessary funds for fitting out an expedition of the kind proposed.

ISA. Be mine, then, the privilege! I have jewels, by the pledging of which I can raise the amount required; and I have resolved that they shall be pledged to this enterprise without more delay.

COL. Your Majesty shall not repent your heroic resolve. I will return—be sure I will return—and lay at your feet such a jewel as never queen wore yet, an imperishable fame that shall couple with your memory the benedictions of millions yet unborn in climes yet unknown to civilized man. There is a conviction in my mind that your Majesty will live to bless the hour you came to this decision.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

I SHALL not occupy time by discussing the huge mass of suppositions, conjectures, and probabilities respecting the first discovery of this country, with which unhappy historians overload themselves, in their endeavors to satisfy the doubts of an incredulous world. It is painful to see these laborious wights panting and toiling and sweating under an enormous burden, at the very outset of their work, which, on being opened, turns out to be nothing but a mighty bundle of straw. As, however, by unwearied assiduity they seem to have established the fact, to the satisfaction of all the world, that this country has been discovered, I shall avail myself of their useful labors to be extremely brief upon this point.

I shall not, therefore, stop to inquire whether America was first discovered by a wandering vessel of that celebrated Phœnician fleet which, according to Herodotus, circumnavigated Africa, or by that Carthaginian expedition which Pliny, the naturalist, informs us discovered the Canary Islands; or whether it was settled by a temporary colony from Tyre, as hinted by Aristotle and Seneca.

I shall neither inquire whether it was first discovered by the Chinese, as Vossius, with great shrewdness, advances; nor by the Norwegians in 1002 under Broin; nor by Behem, the German

navigator; nor shall I investigate the more modern claims of the Welsh, founded on the voyage of Prince Madoc in the eleventh century, who, having never returned, it has been wisely concluded that he must have gone to America, and that for a plain reason—if he did not go there, where else could he have gone? a question which most Socratically shuts out all further dispute.

Laying aside, therefore, all the conjectures above mentioned, with a multitude of others equally satisfactory, I shall take for granted the vulgar opinion that America was discovered on the 12th of October, 1492, by Christoval Colon, a Genoese, who has been clumsily nicknamed Columbus, but for what reason I cannot discern. Of the voyages and adventures of this Colon, I shall say nothing, seeing that they are already sufficiently known. Nor shall I undertake to prove that this country should have been called Colonia, after his name, that being notoriously self-evident.

Having thus happily got my readers on this side of the Atlantic, I picture them to myself all impatience to enter upon the enjoyment of the land of promise, and in full expectation that I will immediately deliver it into their possession. But if I do, may I ever forfeit the reputation of a regular-bred historian! No, no; most curious and thrice learned readers (for thrice learned ye are if ye have read all that has gone before, and nine times learned shall ye be if ye read that which comes after), we have yet a world of work before us. Think you the first discoverers of this fair quarter of the globe had nothing to do but go on shore and find a country ready laid out and cultivated like a garden, wherein they might revel at their ease? No such thing: they had forests to cut down, underwood to grub up, marshes to drain, and savages to exterminate.

In like manner I have sundry doubts to clear away, questions to resolve, and paradoxes to explain, before I permit you to range at random; but these difficulties once overcome we shall be enabled to jog on right merrily, though the rest of our history. Thus my work shall, in a manner, echo the nature of the subject, in the same manner as the sound of poetry has been found by certain

shrewd critics to echo the sense, this being an improvement in history which I claim the merit of having invented.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, 1492, that Columbus first beheld the New World.

On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude.

Columbus then, rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They thronged about the Admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aboriginals of the New World. The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties; for when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives; some swam off to the ships, others came

in light barks, which they called canoes, formed of a single tree hollowed, and capable of holding from one man up to the number of forty or fifty.

They were eager to procure toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each other's simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest, and the northwest; and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus; for he was under a spell of imagination which gave its own shapes and colors to every object.

He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese Sea, and he construed everything to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the northwest, he concluded to be the

people of the mainland of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveller as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other than the famous island of Cipango; and the king, who was served out of vessels of gold, must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested of Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural productiveness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands, which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian zeal in the illumination of a race of men whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared by their extreme simplicity for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine.

The last consideration touched Isabella's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition or avarice or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the King and Queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgiving, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

EPES SARGENT.

Characters { DON GOMEZ, a Grandee. / PEDRO, his secretary.

DON GOMEZ. What? What is all this you tell me? Columbus returned? A new world discovered? Impossible!

PEDRO. It is even so, sir. Only an hour since a courier arrived at the palace with the intelligence. Columbus was driven by stress of weather to anchor in the Tagus. All Portugal is in a ferment of enthusiasm, and all Spain will be equally excited soon. The sensation is prodigious.

DON G. Oh, it is a trick! It must be a trick!

PEDRO. But he has brought home the proofs of his visit—gold and precious stones, strange plants and animals; and, above all, specimens of a new race of men, copper-colored, with straight hair.

DON G. Still I say, a trick! He has been coasting along the African shore, and there collected a few curiosities which he is passing off for proofs of his pretended discovery.

PEDRO. It is a little singular that all his men should be leagued in keeping up so unprofitable a falsehood.

DON G. But 'tis against reason, against common-sense, against Scripture, that such a discovery should be made. It must not be! It shall not be!

PEDRO. How will your Excellency prevent it? King John of Portugal has received him with royal magnificence, has listened to his accounts, and is persuaded that they are true.

DON G. We shall see, we shall see. Look you, sir, a plain, matter-of-fact man, such as I, is not to be taken in by any such preposterous story. This vaunted discovery will turn out no discovery at all. Mark my words.

PEDRO. The King and Queen have given orders for preparations on the most magnificent scale for the reception of Columbus.

DON G. What delusion! Her Majesty is so credulous! A practical, common-sense man like myself can find no points of sympathy in such a nature.

PEDRO. The Indians on board of the returned vessels are said to be unlike any known race of men.

DON G. Very unreliable, all that. I take the common-sense view of the affair. I am a matter-of-fact man; and, remember what I say—it will all turn out a trick. The crews may have been deceived. Columbus may have steered a southerly course instead of a westerly. Anything is probable, rather than that a coast to the westward of us has been discovered.

PEDRO. I saw the courier; he told me he had conversed with all the sailors, and they laughed at the suspicion that there could be any mistake about the discovery, or that any other but a westerly course could have been steered.

DON G. Still I say, a trick! An unknown coast reached by steering west? Impossible! The earth a globe and men standing with their heads down in space? Folly! An ignorant sailor from Genoa in the right, and all our learned doctors and philosophers in the wrong? Infatuation! I am a matter-of-fact man, sir. I will believe what I can see and handle and understand. But as for believing in the antipodes, or that the earth is round, or that Columbus has discovered land to the west—oh, dear! if it should prove true, how the Queen will jeer me! Ring the bell, sir. Order the carriage. I will go at once to the palace and undeceive the King and Queen.

THE RETURN OF COLUMBUS.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IN the spring of 1493, while the court was still at Barcelona, letters were received from Christopher Columbus, announcing his return to Spain and the successful achievement of his great enterprise, by the discovery of land beyond the western ocean.

The delight and astonishment, raised by this intelligence, were proportioned to the skepticism with which his project had been originally viewed. The sovereigns were now filled with a natural impatience to ascertain the extent and particulars of the important discovery; and they transmitted instant instructions to the Admiral to repair to Barcelona as soon as he should have made the preliminary arrangements for the further prosecution of his enterprise.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the Admiral reëntering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They thronged immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamation of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return, while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event.

The Admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns to protract his stay long in Palos. He took with him on his journey specimens of the multifarious products of the newly discovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned. He exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtues, several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The Admiral's progress through the country was every-

where impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "new world." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window-balcony, and house-top, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators.

It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabella were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile.

It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneers, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, a homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interests of humanity.

The discoveries of Columbus excited a sensation, particularly among men of science, in the most distant parts of Europe, strongly contrasting with the apathy which had preceded them. They congratulated one another on being reserved for an age which had witnessed the consummation of so grand an event. Most of the scholars of the day, however, adopted the erroneous hypothesis of Columbus, who considered the lands he had discovered as bordering on the eastern shores of Asia, and lying ad-

jacent to the vast and opulent regions depicted in such golden colors by Mandeville and Polo. This conjecture, which was conformable to the Admiral's opinions before undertaking the voyage, was corroborated by the apparent similarity between various productions of these islands and of the east. From this misapprehension the new dominions soon came to be distinguished as the West Indies, an appellation by which they are still recognized in the titles of the Spanish crown.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON RIVER.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

[In 1609 Henry Hudson, an Englishman in the service of the Dutch, on a voyage in quest of a northwest passage to India, discovered the river which bears his name. Two Dutch forts were erected in 1614, one at Albany and one on Manhattan Island, where the city of New York now stands. The country was called New Netherlands, and the settlement on Manhattan Island was named New Amsterdam. These names were retained until the conquest of the country by the English. Charles II. of England granted the country to his brother, the Duke of York, in whose honor the country and city were named.]

IN the ever-memorable year of our Lord 1609, on a Saturday morning, the five-and-twentieth day of March, old style, did that "worthy and irrecoverable discoverer (as he has justly been called), Master Henry Hudson," set sail from Holland in a stout vessel called the Half-Moon, being employed by the Dutch East India Company, to seek a northwest passage to China.

Henry (or, as the Dutch historians call him, Hendrick) Hudson was a seafaring man of renown, who had learned to smoke tobacco under Sir Walter Raleigh, and is said to have been the first to introduce it into Holland, which gained him much popularity in that country, and caused him to find great favor in the eyes of their High Mightinesses, the Lords States-General, and also of the honorable East India Company. He was a short, square, brawny old gentleman, with a double chin, a mastiff mouth, and a broad copper nose, which was supposed in those days to have acquired its

fiery hue from the constant neighborhood of his tobacco-pipe. Such was Hendrick Hudson, of whom we have heard so much, and know so little; and I have been thus particular in his description for the benefit of modern painters and statuaries, that they may represent him as he was, and not, according to their common custom with modern heroes, make him look like Cæsar, or Marcus Aurelius, or the Apollo of Belvidere.

As chief mate and favorite companion, the commodore chose Master Robert Juet, of Limehouse, in England. He was an old comrade and early schoolmate of the great Hudson, with whom he had often played truant and sailed chip boats in a neighboring pond, when they were little boys; from whence it is said that the commodore first derived his bias toward a seafaring life.

From all that I can learn, few incidents worthy of remark happened in the voyage; and it mortifies me exceedingly that I have to admit so noted an expedition into my work, without making any more of it. Suffice it to say, the voyage was prosperous and tranquil; the crew being a patient people, much given to slumber and vacuity, and but little troubled with the disease of thinking—a malady of the mind which is the sure breeder of discontent. Hudson had laid in abundance of gin and sour-krout, and every man was allowed to sleep quietly at his post unless the wind blew.

Being under the especial guidance of Providence, the ship was safely conducted to the coast of America, where, after sundry unimportant touchings and standings off and on, she at length, on the fourth day of September, entered that majestic bay which at this day expands its ample bosom before the city of New York, and which had never before been visited by any European.

After tarrying a few days in the bay, in order to refresh themselves after their seafaring, our voyagers weighed anchor, to explore a mighty river which emptied into the bay. This river, it is said, was known among the savages by the name of the Shatemuck; though we are assured in an excellent little history, published in 1674, by John Josselyn, Gent., that it was called the Mohegan, and Master Richard Bloome, who wrote some time afterward, asserts

the same; so that I very much incline in favor of the opinion of these two honest gentlemen.

Be this as it may, up this river did the adventurous Hendrick proceed, little doubting but it would turn out to be the much looked-for passage to China. After sailing, however, above a hundred miles up the river, he found the watery world around him began to grow more shallow and confined, the current more rapid, and perfectly fresh—phenomena not uncommon in the ascent of rivers, but which puzzled the honest Dutchman prodigiously. A consultation was, therefore, called, and having deliberated full six hours, they were brought to a determination by the ship's running aground.

Being satisfied that there was little likelihood of getting to China, unless, like the blind man, he returned from whence he set out and took a fresh start, he forthwith re-crossed the sea to Holland, where he was received with great welcome by the honorable East India Company, who were very much rejoiced to see him come back safe—with their ship. At a large and respectable meeting of the first merchants and burgomasters of Amsterdam, it was unanimously determined that, as a munificent reward for the eminent services he had performed, and the important discovery he had made, the great river Mohegan should be called after his name; and it continues to be called Hudson River unto this very day.

MRS. CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

MARIE SESSIONS COWELL.

WHY is it, I wonder, that we never hear of Mrs. Christopher Columbus? Perhaps people would smile if one were to say that America was really discovered by a woman. And yet it is true that if it had not been for his wife, Columbus never would have had the ambition to discover anything.

If one must believe that when one looks closely into any great

crime a woman will always be found at the bottom of it, why not equally true that she will be found as a stimulator of good deeds? Certainly Mrs. Christopher was the ruling influence in the life of her liege lord.

About the year 1470, Columbus went to live at Lisbon. There he met and fell in love with Doña Felipa, daughter of the deceased Bartolomeo Moñis de Palestrello, an Italian cavalier, and a navigator of great distinction, who had colonized and governed the island of Porto Santo.

Bartolomeo and his daughter Felipa had been the closest of friends, and on many of his voyages she had been his constant companion. She had inherited his love of adventure, and, having a fine artistic nature, she it was who wrote her father's journal, drew his maps and geographical charts, and later, at his dictation, wrote many valuable books and papers relative to his voyages.

When Bartolomeo died, he left to his daughter all his papers, charts and journals, and land on the island of Porto Santo. It was there Felipa went to live with Columbus after their marriage. There they lived happily and quietly for several years. There their son Diego was born.

Felipa had always been ambitious for her father, and encouraged him in his explorations when many thought them simply adventurous follies. Now she transferred these ambitions to her husband.

To be sure, Columbus had always hoped and dreamed that he might some day become an explorer and a discoverer; but, like so many men, his ideas would probably have always remained dreams, had he not found a wife who encouraged him, stimulated his ambition, helped him, influenced him in innumerable little ways as only a woman can.

Their life at Porto Santo was necessarily a quiet one, and Columbus, perhaps because he loved his wife, perhaps because he had no one else to go to, came to rely more and more upon her for society and for sympathy. Then her opportunity came. She read to him, studied with him, talked with him, told him of the voyages she had made with her father; of his ideas; the different naviga-

tors, friends, and companions of her father whom she had known; of the opinions they had held; of the breathless interest with which she had listened to their many discussions. And she pictured to him the glory and honor that would be his, were he to become a successful explorer, and she suggested a possible country in the far west. Finally she roused in him an enthusiasm equal to her own.

Then came his struggle for recognition. It was his wife who stood by him, cheering and sustaining him when others ridiculed. It was her indomitable will that forced him to be courageous and persevering, when oftentimes in his despair he was ready to give up everything.

These were hard days for Felipa; besides her anxiety for her husband's welfare, she endured uncomplainingly many days and nights of pain. She knew that her life was drawing to a close, and she longed to live that she might see the fulfilment of her desires. But it was not to be. Until the very last she forced herself to think for Columbus and to forget herself. When she was dying she called him to her and told him that she felt sure Queen Isabella of Spain would assist him, and begged him to promise her that he would go to the Queen and implore her aid. Poor Felipa! she died without knowing the success of her heart's wish.

If Christopher Columbus discovered America, certainly Felipa discovered the latent genius in Columbus, and by her remarkable influence helped him to his life's work. Why doesn't *Mrs.* Christopher Columbus deserve some recognition also?

COLUMBUS.

DEVERE.

THE crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven,
And Ocean, on her gently heaving breast,
Caught and flashed back the varying tints of even;

When on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
With folded arms and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
Columbus sat, till sudden hope was given—
A ray of gladness, shooting from the west.
Oh, what a glorious vision for mankind
Then dawned above the twilight of his mind—
Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
There stood his Genius, face to face, and signed
(So legends tell) far seaward with her hand—
Till a new world sprang up and bloomed beneath her wand.

He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
And steeled the path of honor to pursue;
So, when by all deserted, still he knew
How best to sooth the heart-sick, or confront
Sedition, schooled with equal eye to view
The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
But when he saw that promised land arise
In all its rare and bright varieties,
Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod;
Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God,
And fell upon his face and kissed the virgin sod.

CHRISTOPHER C——.

IN the city of Genoa, over the sea,
In a beautiful land called Italy,
There lived a sailor called Christopher C——;
A very wise man for his time was he.

He studied the books and maps and charts,
All that they knew about foreign parts;

And he said to himself: "There certainly oughter
Be some more land to balance the water.

"As sure as a gun, the earth is round;
Some day or other a way will be found
To get to the east by sailing west;
Why shouldn't I find it as well as the rest?"

The court philosopher shook his head,
Laughing at all that Christopher said;
But the Queen of Spain said, "Christopher C——,
Here is some money; go and see."

That is just what he wanted to do,
And in fourteen hundred and ninety-two
From the port of Palos, one August day,
This Christopher C—— went sailing away.

He sailed and sailed with wind and tide,
But he never supposed that the sea was so wide.
And the sailors grumbled and growled, and cried,
"We don't believe there's another side.

"Oh, take us back to our native shore,
Or we never shall see our wives any more!
Take us back, O Christopher C——
Or we'll tumble you overboard into the sea."

In spite of their threats he wouldn't do it:
There was land ahead, and Christopher knew it.
They found San Salvador, green and low,
And the captain shouted, "I told you so!

"This is the land King Solomon knew,
Where myrrh and aloes and spices grew.
Where gold and silver and gems are found,
Plenty as pebbles all over the ground."

They thought they had sailed clear round the ball,
But it wasn't the other side at all,
But an island lying just off a shore
Nobody had ever seen before.

They planted their flag on a flowery plain,
To show that the country belonged to Spain;
But it never once entered Christopher's mind
That North America lay behind.

Then Christopher C—— he sailed away,
And said he would come another day;
But if he had stayed here long enough,
We should talk Spanish or some such stuff.

THE DISCOVERY OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

[Mississippi River, Indian name *Miche Sepe*, Great River, literally "Father of Waters," the longest river in the world, was discovered by Ferdinand De Soto, June, 1541, he being the first European to look upon the famous stream. The main part of the river was discovered by La Salle in February, 1682.]

[The French having been the first discoverers of the Mississippi River, claimed the country watered by it and its tributaries. They attempted to connect their colonies in Canada and Louisiana by a line of military posts. The British government directed the Americans to oppose this plan by force of arms. George Washington, then 22 years of age, was, in 1753, appointed colonel of the regiment. War was formally declared in 1756. By the Peace of Paris, in 1763, all French possessions in America were confirmed to Great Britain.]

THE long-expected discovery of the Mississippi was accomplished by James Marquette and Louis Joliet. The enterprise was favored by Talon, who, on the point of quitting Canada, wished to signalize the last years of the stay by opening for France the way to the western ocean; and who, immediately on the arrival of Frontenac from France, in 1672, had advised him to employ Louis Joliet in the discovery. Joliet was a native of Quebec, educated at

its college, and a man "of great experience" as a wayfarer in the wilderness. He had already been in the neighborhood of the great river which was called the Mississippi, and which at that time was supposed to discharge itself into the Gulf of California; and early in 1673 he entered on his great career.

Behold, then, in 1673, on the tenth day of Juné, James Marquette and Louis Joliet, five Frenchmen as companions, and two Algonquins as guides, dragging their two canoes across the narrow portage that divides the Fox River from the Wisconsin. They reach the water-shed. Uttering a special prayer to the Immaculate Virgin, they leave the streams that could have borne their greetings to the castle of Quebec. "The guides returned," says the gentle Marquette, "leaving us alone, in this unknown land, in the hands of Providence."

Embarking on the broad Wisconsin, the discoverers went solitarily down its current, between alternate plains and hillsides, beholding neither man nor familiar beasts. No sound broke the silence but the ripple of their canoes and the lowing of the buffalo. In seven days "they entered happily the Great River, with a joy that could not be expressed," and raising their sails under new skies and to unknown breezes, floated down the calm magnificence of the ocean stream, over the broad, clear sand-bars, the resort of innumerable water-fowl, through clusters of islets tufted with massive thickets, and between the natural parks of Illinois and Iowa.

About sixty leagues below the Wisconsin the western bank of the Mississippi bore on its sands the trail of men; a little foot-path was discovered leading into beautiful fields; and, leaving the canoes, Joliet and Marquette resolved alone to brave a meeting with the savages. After walking six miles, they beheld a village on the banks of a river, and two others on a slope, at a distance of a mile and a half from the first. The river was the Moingona, of which we have corrupted the name into Des Moines. Marquette and Joliet, the first white men who trod the soil of Iowa, commending themselves to God, uttered a loud cry. Four old men

advanced slowly to meet them, bearing the peace-pipe brilliant with many colored plumes. "We are Illinois," said they—that is, when translated, "We are men;" and they offered the calumet. An aged chief received them at his cabin with upraised hands, exclaiming: "How beautiful is the sun, Frenchman, when thou comest to visit us! Our whole village awaits thee; thou shalt enter in peace into all our dwellings." And the pilgrims were followed by the devouring gaze of an astonished crowd.

The little group proceeded onward. "I did not fear death," says Marquette, in July; "I should have esteemed it the greatest happiness to have died for the glory of God." They passed the perpendicular rocks, which wore the appearance of monsters. They heard at a distance the noise of the waters of the Missouri, known to them by its Algonquin name of Pekitanoni; and, when they came to the grandest confluence of rivers in the world—where the swifter Missouri rushes like a conqueror into the calmer Mississippi, dragging it, as it were, hastily to the sea—the good Marquette resolved in his heart one day to ascend the mighty river to its source; to cross the ridge that divides the oceans, and, descending a westerly flowing stream, to publish the gospel to all the people of this New World.

Having descended below the entrance of the Arkansas, and having become certain that the father of rivers went not to the Gulf of California, but was undoubtedly the river of the Spiritu Santo of the Spaniards, which pours its flood of waters into the Gulf of Mexico, on the seventeenth of July Marquette and Joliet left Arkansas, and ascended the Mississippi, having the greatest difficulty in stemming its currents. At the thirty-eighth degree of latitude they entered the river Illinois, which was broad and deep and peaceful in its flow. Its banks were without a paragon for its prairies and its forests, its buffaloes and deer, its turkeys and geese, and many kinds of game, and even beavers; and there were many small lakes and rivulets.

"When I was told of a country without trees," wrote Joliet, "I imagined a country that had been burned over, or of a soil too poor

to produce anything; but we have remarked just the contrary, and it would be impossible to find a better soil for grain, for vines, or any fruits whatever." He held the country on the Illinois River to be the most beautiful and the most easy to colonize. "There is no need," he said, "that an emigrant should employ ten years in cutting down the forest, and burning it. On the day of his arrival the emigrant could put the plough into the earth."

The tribe of the Illinois entreated Marquette to come and reside among them. One of their chiefs, with their young men, guided the party to the portage, which in spring and the early part of summer was but half a league long, and they easily reached the lake. "The place at which we entered the lake," to use the words of Joliet, "is a harbor very convenient to receive ships, and to give them protection against the wind." Before the end of September the explorers were safe in Green Bay, but Marquette was exhausted by his labors.

In 1675 Marquette, who had been delayed by his failing health for more than a year, rejoined the Illinois on their river. Assembling the tribe, whose chiefs and men were reckoned at two thousand, he raised before them pictures of the Virgin Mary, spoke to them of One who had died on the cross for all men, and built an altar and said mass in their presence on the prairie. Again celebrating the mystery of the Eucharist, on Easter Sunday, he took possession of the land in the name of Jesus Christ, and there founded a mission.

This work being accomplished, his health failed him, and he began a journey through Chicago to Mackinaw. On the way, feeling himself arrested by the approach of death, he entered a little river in Michigan, and was set on shore that he might breathe his last in peace. He repeated in solitude all his acts of devotion of the preceding days. When, after a little while, his companions returned to him, they found him passing gently away near the stream that has taken his name. On its highest bank the canoe-men dug his grave. To a city, a county, and a river, Michigan has given his name.

FROM THE OLD WORLD TO THE NEW.

LIZZIE M. HADLEY.

Characters:
- CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.
- DOMENICO, PAOLI, LUDIVICO, — Boyish friends of Columbus.
- IGNORANCE, SUPERSTITION, — Genoese citizens.
- LUIS DE ST. ANGEL, A nobleman.
- PEDRO, RODRIGUEZ, GARCIA, MATHEOS, — Sailors.
- FUTURE, a god.
- FIRST CITIZEN.
- SECOND CITIZEN.
- ISABELLA, Queen of Spain.
- FIRST SPIRIT.
- SECOND SPIRIT.

Attendants, Courtiers, Citizens, Musicians, Sailors.

SCENE I.—COLUMBUS at home. An ordinary room. A boy stands by the window. He wears slippers or sandals; long hose; short, full pants drawn in by an elastic a little above the knees; short, belted tunic; Tam O'Shanter cap with a feather. Enter three boys.

BOYS. Christopher, Christopher! Where art thou?

DOMENICO. Here he is, watching the sea as usual. What dost thou see there?

CHRISTOPHER [*turning around*]. Oh, wonderful things. Great ships sailing over the waters, and fair countries beyond the unknown seas, rich in gold, amber, precious stones and spices.

DOM. [*looking from window*]. I would I might see them, too.

CHRIS. And canst thou not?

DOM. Nay; I see naught but the blue sea, with fishermen's boats upon it.

CHRIS. [*pointing from window*]. But beyond all these, away in the west, dost thou not see the high mountains and green valleys of that mystic isle of which we oft have heard?

DOM. [*shaking head*]. There's naught there. Thou'rt but a

dreamer. Come, awake! Here are Ludivico and Paoli come to share our sport. Don't stand there longer watching for phantom isles, but come with us and tell us what to play.

CHRIS. [*turning from window*]. Ay, marry, that I will. I like full well our sport. We'll play we're valiant sailors. [*All sing chorus from "Pinafore."*]

"We sail the ocean blue,
And our saucy ship's a beauty;
We're sober men and true,
And attentive to our duty.
When the balls whistle free, over the bright blue sea
We stand to our guns all day;
When at anchor we ride on the blue sea's tide,
We have plenty of time for play."

CHRIS. In sooth, 'tis a merry song and well sung. And now for sport. These chairs shall be our ships. Here is mine, waiting by the sea. [*Points to large arm-chair.*] Who'll sail with me?

DOM. Dost thou go a-fishing, good Christopher? Then I will go with thee.

PAOLI. And I.

LUDIVICO. And so will I.

CHRIS. [*scornfully*]. Nay; no fish for me. Let old men and babes catch the fish. I go to fight the Venetians, and show them what Genoese steel can do. Ludivico and Domenico shall be the Venetians. Paoli and I will be the Genoans, and conquer thee.

LUD. [*slyly*]. Or be conquered thyself.

CHRIS. Nay, friend Ludivico, methinks thou'lt find it a hard task to do that.

PAO. [*proudly*]. No one can conquer Christopher.

DOM. Ay, there's one can conquer him, I trow.

ALL. Who is't? Tell us his name.

DOM. The schoolmaster, to be sure. Didst see the caning he gave Christopher, but yesterday?

PAO. I heard a whisper of it from Giuseppe. How did it come about?

CHRIS. It was all from the lesson in geography. In spite of learned folk who say to the contrary, the master believes the earth to be a flat surface spread out beneath the sky, and bounded by unknown waters, full of all sorts of strange and dreadful beasts. I did but say it must end somewhere, and asked what lies beyond its outmost bounds; and upon that he flew into a passion, called me a saucy vagabond, forever asking idle questions, and used his staff upon me.

PAO. Then, doubtless, thou didst beg his pardon and promise to offend no more.

CHRIS. Not so. Why should I? I meant no disrespect. I asked because I fain would know what lies in the strange seas beyond Cape Bajador. Perchance he does not know himself. Well, it matters little now; I'll know the whole some day.

DOM. How wilt thou know?

CHRIS. I'll go there and see for myself.

PAO. How canst thou go? No ship hath sailed those waters.

CHRIS. Oh, when I'm a man, I'll have a big ship of my own, and I'll sail and sail away into the west until I find the unknown land that lies there.

LUD. Thou mayst not do that, good Christopher. Hast thou not heard that sea is full of dragons and dreadful beasts of prey?

CHRIS. [*pretending to draw a sword*]. With my good sword at my side I'll fear them not.

DOM. [*slowly*]. Perchance I may go with thee—for, mayhap, thou'lt find much treasure there.

CHRIS. Ay, we'll find the gems and gold of far Cathay, and, best of all, we'll carry our blessed religion to the poor heathen who dwell there. But come, no more of this. Dost know that I leave thee to-morrow?

ALL [*in astonishment*]. Leave us to-morrow? Where dost thou go?

CHRIS. To Pavia.

PAO. How does that come about?

CHRIS. Methinks the schoolmaster repented of his rashness, for

in his talk with father but yesternight, he said he could teach me no more, and did recommend him to send me to the University.

LUD. Then this is our last day together. At Pavia thou'lt find new friends and forget the old ones.

CHRIS. [*reproachfully*]. Thou shouldst know me better than that, Ludivico.

LUD. But thou art glad to go?

CHRIS. Ay, for dost thou not see I'll learn of things the master cannot teach me here?

PAO. And return a wiseacre.

CHRIS. I would I might, but a lifetime's far too short to garner more than crumbs of wisdom. But see! [*points to window*] the day grows old, and we forget our sport. [*Pointing to different chairs.*] There lie the ships of Venice. Here those of Genoa. And now, art ready for the conflict?

ALL. We are ready.

CHRIS. Then have at thee now. Look to thyself, good Paoli. [*Both rush at* DOMENICO *and* LUDIVICO, *who defend themselves, but are soon overpowered.*]

CHRIS. Thy ships and lives are forfeit now to us, the victors. Sue for mercy, or thou shalt surely die.

LUD. AND DOM. [*falling on knees*]. Mercy, mercy, noble captain!

CHRIS. Dost swear eternal fealty to Genoa?

LUD. AND DOM. We swear.

CHRIS. Then thou mayst go free. Thus Genoa shall ever conquer Venice. And, since thou art true Genoans now, come join us in a song. [*All join hands and dance around singing, to the tune of "We are Little Soldier Boys," from "Kindergarten Songs," by E. Smith.*]

"We are little sailor boys,
Singing here, together,
Up and down our decks we go.
Careless of the weather;
Now before our sturdy blows
Enemies are falling,
Little reck we of our lives,
When our country's calling."

SCENE II.—A room in a Genoese house. Two citizens, IGNORANCE and SUPERSTITION, talk together.

Genoese costume: Sandals, long hose and short, full pants—same as boys. A loose tunic or coat with full sleeves. This should be of some bright color.

SUPERSTITION [*sitting in arm-chair partly bent over as if with age or weakness, shaking his head sorrowfully*]. Ah me! we've fallen upon evil times. There's nothing now as it was when you and I were young.

IGNORANCE. You may well say that, neighbor. *Then* a boy believed what he was told, said his prayers like a Christian, and ate the food the good God sent him. But nowadays he's no sooner out of swaddling-clothes than he begins to doubt and question, and wants a reason for everything he sees; as if God sent him into the world to make an interrogation point of himself!

SUP. Every word thou sayest is true, friend Ignorance. Now there's neighbor Colombo's son, just home from Pavia, with his head crammed full of learning, and forever talking of astrology and navigation and of countries beyond the western sea. I've heard he likes not the honest trade of wool-combing, but would fain follow the fashion of many another ne'er-do-well, and become a sailor. That's ever the way with boys who cram their heads with new-fangled ideas, and they'll go their own road in spite of all we wiser folk may say.

IG. Well, well! I've always said, "Much learning is a dangerous thing," and I am more than ever convinced of it. Thank heaven, *my* boys never wanted it.

SUP. You may well give thanks for that, good neighbor; and [*lowers voice*] you mark my words, neighbor Colombo's son'll come to a bad end yet.

[*Enter god of the* FUTURE. *He wears a long, flowing white robe, and crown of stars upon his head.*]

FUTURE. And you mark my words, neighbor Colombo's son'll make a name for himself yet.

IG. [*springing from chair*]. What bold braggart is this? Who art thou, sirrah, who dares to give the lie to neighbor Superstition?

FUT. [*solemnly*]. Behold in me one to whom all men's faces are ever turned. One who holds within his grasp thy hopes, thy lives, thy loves and thy fears.

IG. and SUP. Thy name?

FUT. Men call me the Future. By One above the power is given me to see what lies in the years that are to come, and I tell thee truly this despised youth shall one day consort with kings and princes. That time shall surely come, and when it does, ye who now despise him will be proud so ye but touch his garment's hem.

IG. How will he win such honor?

FUT. He will rule over a new world, of whose existence now you do not even dream.

SUP. Pooh, pooh, good sir! That's but a jest, and an irreverent one, methinks. Worlds are not made at the command of mortals.

FUT. Your words are true ones, friend, but yet methinks I said not that he would create a new world. He will but reign o'er one that's now unknown. [*Shading eyes with left hand and pointing to the west with right one.*] Behold him now! A sturdy, valiant man, sailing across the unknown ocean, beset by perils that might well make the bravest quail. Yet, spite of all, he gains the goal he seeks, and of him 'twill one day be said: "To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a new world;" so flout not now at his learning. It will one day stand him in good stead, and remember that—

"Great deeds are natural to great men,
As mean things are to small ones,
By his work we know the master,
Let us not perplex him."

SCENE III.—Audience-room in the palace. A chair upon a platform or dais, with some heavy drapery thrown over it, may form the throne. Courtiers and citizens grouped about the room, waiting for an audience with the QUEEN. COLUMBUS stands apart from the others, his hands clasped behind him, looking thoughtfully down at the floor. He wears Genoese costume described in Scene II., with the addition of a loose cloak and velvet cap with a feather.

1ST CITIZEN [*pointing to* COLUMBUS]. What manner of man is that, who seems as in a dream? He looks straight at thee, yet sees thee not.

2D CITIZEN. That is Christopher Columbus, the mad Genoese sailor, who seeks an audience of our good Queen Isabella.

1ST CIT. Mad, say you? Then, wherefore does he seek the Queen?

2D CIT. He has some wild scheme in his head about a world beyond the ocean, and he wants the Queen to furnish money, ships and men to sail to this new world.

1ST CIT. Thou mayst well call him mad. A world beyond the sea, forsooth! Why, the very babes in their cradles know that beyond the cape the waters of the sea are boiling hot, and none but salamanders can live there.

2D CIT. This man doth say such tales are false.

1ST CIT. How should he know more than the wise men and skilful sailors who have sailed the sea before him? And if the earth, as some folk hath it, be like unto a ball, and men could reach the antipodes, how would it profit us? Men are not flies that they may walk head downward. What says the Queen to this madman's project?

2D CIT. It is whispered that she is not averse to it. But the Moorish war hath drained her coffers, and there is no money for the enterprise. Moreover, our most gracious lord, the Archbishop of Granada, hath declared the terms this man would make doth degrade the dignity of the crown, and should he fail—as belike he will—the world would laugh at Spain's credulity.

1ST CIT. What saith Columbus to this?

2D CIT. He refuseth the more moderate terms they offer him. Naught but the titles and privileges of admiral and viceroy o'er the countries he shall discover will content him, and but three days since he did abandon all and set out for Cordova.

1ST CIT. How comes it, then, that he is here to-day seeking an audience of the Queen?

2D CIT. When it was known that he was gone, his friends gained audience of the Queen and did entreat her with such fair words that, ere he had left the city two leagues behind, a mounted messenger was sent in haste to bid him return. And now 'tis said

the Queen will no more heed the archbishop, but will grant the madman's demands.

1ST CIT. And the money? If her coffers be empty where will she get that?

2D CIT. I know not, but rumor hath it that she will pledge her jewels. [*March heard on a piano outside.*] But hist! a sound of music! Is't the Queen? [*Goes to window.*]

1ST CIT. Ay, she comes with her attendants.

2D CIT. That's right merry music.

1ST CIT. They may well make merry music since the heathen Moors at last are driven from their fastnesses. Boabdil hath himself surrendered the keys of his capitol, and the flags of Castile and Aragon float o'er the domes of the Alhambra. But see! The Queen appears!

[*Enter* QUEEN, *attendants, and musicians. The* QUEEN *should wear a long flowing robe trimmed with ermine, and two pages should carry her train. The skirt is open in front, displaying an under-dress of another color. A chemisette with slashed sleeves, and a velvet sleeveless jacket laced with gold. The attendants' dresses are made in the same manner, but of different material. All wear veils, and on the* QUEEN'S *head is a crown. She seats herself on the throne. Attendants range themselves about her. She beckons to* COLUMBUS, *who kneels before throne.*]

QUEEN [*extending hand to* COLUMBUS, *who rises and bends over it*]. We are pleased to see, Columbus, that thou hast heeded our summons and returned from Cordova. Tell us once more of this scheme of thine, which makes us such fair promises. Why dost thou think there may be other lands, of which we know not?

COLUMBUS. Most gracious lady, it is now commonly believed that this earth of ours in shape is like a ball, and methinks if this be so, then, to balance the known earth, there should be unknown land upon the other side.

QUEEN. All this is mere conjecture.

COL. And yet, O gracious Queen, learned men will tell thee that it hath a foundation in reason. But not alone on this do I

build my hopes, for even the Lord God, Most High, hath declared that "there is a place hid from the eyes of all the living."

QUEEN. And dost thou think He will tell thee where to find that unknown land?

COL. Of a truth, I do. He says: "Behold the days shall cor when there shall rise up a kingdom upon the earth;" and ha. He not already sent the holy prophet Isaiah to me in dreams, to point me to the west, and bid me sail there if I would find another kingdom? Hast thou not also read the story of Atlantis?

QUEEN. That's but an old man's idle tale, writ to tickle the ears of fools.

COL. But, gracious lady, what think'st thou of Seneca, who says: "Thetis will reveal to you a great new land, and Thule will no more be the end of the world"?

QUEEN. All madness.

COL. Mayhap it is, but yet, methinks, "if it be madness then there's method in it." O noble Queen! Let me once more entreat thee to hesitate no longer, while a world beyond the sea is waiting now for thee to send to thousands yet unsaved our blessed religion to guide them to the cross. Let but these glorious tidings go to them, reflecting glory on the nation and giving to thee empire and lasting dominion. [*Kneels and clasps hands imploringly.*]

QUEEN [*thoughtfully*]. Thou mayst be right, Columbus, and to show that I believe thee, here are my jewels. [*Offers casket to* COLUMBUS.] Take them and pay the expenses of thy outfit.

LUIS DE ST. ANGEL [*taking jewels and handing them back to the* QUEEN]. There is small need of these, O gracious Queen. Take back thy jewels. So thou dost smile on the enterprise, I will furnish money for the expedition.

QUEEN [*taking back casket*]. Right gladly do I accept thy offer; but if there be need of them, the jewels shall be ready. None shall say that Isabella thought more of these glittering baubles than of immortal souls. And now, good Columbus, thou mayst at once set about thy preparations, and may thy voyage prove a happy and prosperous one.

COL. Ah, most noble Queen, my heart is too full for many words; but I dare predict that for this day's work thou shalt achieve more renown than hath ever been obtained by sovereign the most valorous and fortunate.

SCENE IV.—Cabin of the Santa Maria. A small room, hung with maps. A globe on the table. COLUMBUS seated in a chair beside the table.

COL. Can it be that after eighteen long years of poverty, neglect, and ridicule, my perseverance is to be rewarded with success? That at last I am sailing toward the unknown land that hath been the goal of all my dreams and aspirations since childhood? [*Shakes head.*] And yet—and yet my mind misgives me. 'Tis but for adventure and the love of gain the men have been induced to join this expedition, and now that land hath faded from our sight they grow faint-hearted. Twice hath the Pinta been disabled, and I fear 'twas through the contrivance of the owners of the vessel, who like not the thoughts of this expedition. The smoke and flames from Teneriffe, the variableness of the needle of the compass, and e'en this wind that bloweth ever westward, all fill their doubting hearts with terror and dismay. Matheos, too, my own lieutenant, doth much to hinder and to stir up mutiny against me. But come! I'll think no more of these things. My trust is in a higher power, and He who sent me on this voyage, who holds us all within the hollow of His hand, will surely have me in His keeping. And now to sleep, for the night wanes, and the morrow with its cares will be here all too soon.

[*Leans back in chair and falls asleep. Soft music without. Enter two* SPIRITS *with silver wings, and wearing white robes. They sing softly to the tune in kindergarten song,* "*Sleep, Baby, Sleep.*"]

"Sleep, mortal, sleep!
Thy Father vigils will keep.
Thy Father in heaven thy face can see,
And gently His blessing falls on thee.
Sleep, mortal, sleep!"

1ST SPIRIT [*bending over* COLUMBUS]. He sleeps.

2D SPIRIT. And he hath need of sleep. God's envoys are not wont to find life's field a flowery mead.

1ST SPIRIT. Too true, alas! Too oft they meet rebuffs and cruelty.

2D SPIRIT. And he, the greatest, wisest of them all, divinely sent, must bear and suffer much, if he would gain his end.

[COLUMBUS *moves uneasily.*]

1ST SPIRIT. See, he stirs!

2D SPIRIT. He does but dream.

1ST SPIRIT. You will waken him!

2D SPIRIT. Nay; I'll change the current of his dreams. [*Touches* COLUMBUS *and holds before him a crown of laurel.*] Dost see this laurel wreath?

COL. [*with eyes closed and still asleep*]. I see it well.

2D SPIRIT. 'Tis woven for him who'd bear a deathless name. Wouldst wear it?

COL. [*still asleep*]. I would.

2D SPIRIT. Yet know that he who wears this wreath of fame must faintly toil up life's steep heights, while thorns shall pierce his bleeding feet. Art ready for this?

COL. I am ready.

2D SPIRIT. Canst thou endure the ingratitude and treachery of kings?

COL. I can endure all things through Him who strengtheneth me.

2D SPIRIT. Wouldst thou succeed? Then know. Before the laurel wreath can touch thy brow, a prison waits for thee; and though thou givest to kings a world, to thee will scarce be given a tomb. Art ready for this?

COL. I am ready. So that I find the world of which I've dreamed for years, and wear the deathless laurel, I'll endure and suffer all.

2D SPIRIT [*places crown upon* COLUMBUS'S *head; soft music*]. Then receive the crown, won through suffering and tears; a crown that brighter grows with every passing year, till, in the ages yet to

come, the name of him who dared the perils of an unknown sea to find another world—thy name, O Columbus, shall be writ in lines of light upon the hearts of men. [SPIRITS *pass out.*]

SCENE V.—Sailors on board the Santa Maria. A small room, with coils of rope on the floor; one or two hammocks may hang from the walls.

PEDRO. 'Tis now full twenty days since we had sight of land.

RODRIGUEZ. Ay, Pedro, and my heart grows faint within me. Is't well to follow this mad Admiral to what may be but certain death?

GARCIA. What thinkest thou of this wind that wafts us ever westward?

PED. Dost think it never blows toward the east?

ROD. It seemeth not. For twenty days it hath blown ever west, and much I fear 'tis sent by Satan, and bloweth where he lists. If this be so, we'll ne'er again behold the coast of Spain.

PED. Didst note the needle of the compass? Now it no longer pointeth to the star that's set to guide men on the pathless deep.

ROD. Ay, marry, that I did. But there's naught to fear from that, so says the Admiral. He hath explained it all.

GAR. He's a brave one to explain. He maketh darkness seem as light.

PED. I care naught for his smooth words. He's an ambitious madman, who, to make himself notorious, will fling our lives away.

ROD. He careth naught for all our sufferings and the dangers that beset us.

GAR. But he shares them all.

PED. What matters that? He is content to sacrifice his own life and that of others, so he but gain distinction.

ROD. Already are we sailing where ship hath never sailed before, and if we continue in this mad expedition we become the authors of our own destruction. [*Enter* MATHEOS.] Welcome, good Matheos. How much farther, thinkest thou, are we to go in search of imaginary lands?

MATHEOS. I may not read the riddle thou propoundest. The Admiral would have us go until our water and provisions all are gone, and then with naught to eat or drink 'tis too late to return.

ROD. Well—then we'll go no farther.

MATH. [*shaking head doubtfully*]. That's well said, Rodriguez, couldst thou but keep thy word, but the Admiral will never turn back until he finds the land. Why, 'twas but yestere'en he saith, "A gracious sovereign sent me to seek India, and I go not back till her will be accomplished."

PED. But he must turn back. Knows he not our lives depend on it?

MATH. What matters that to him? To him we are but as the drops that make the ocean. So there be left enough to bear his ship, the sun may drink the rest, 'tis naught to him. He'll not turn back.

ROD. Then if he refuse——

GAR. What then?

ROD. The sea will tell no tales.

GAR. [*anxiously*]. Nay, nay, Rodriguez, thou dost not mean to harm the Admiral?

ROD. Harm him? Not I. But, while contemplating the stars, he may fall overboard. Such things have been before. Should he do so, we may return to Spain.

MATH. We'll give him yet another day to find this phantom land; then if it does not appear, this "star-gazer" shall change his course for Spain, or—the ship sails back without him.

SCENE VI.—Deck of the Santa Maria. The stage should be made to represent the deck of a ship as nearly as possible. COLUMBUS stands at one side apparently looking off across the sea.

COL. For three days now the signs of land have grown apace. Birds sing upon our decks as in their native forests, and 'twas but yesterday a branch of thorn thick with red berries floated by. To-day within the waters we found a quaintly carved staff. The men no longer murmur and complain, but each is eager for first sight of

land. To him who sees it first a yearly pension and a velvet doublet is the reward. [*A shout from the* SAILORS. MATHEOS *approaches.*] What wouldst thou, good Matheos? What mean those shouts of joy?

MATH. My Lord Admiral, beside the ship but now we did espy a goodly branch drifted from that unknown land toward which we hasten, and, hidden 'mong its leaves, a nest with four white speckled eggs. On these the mother bird doth sit as calmly as within her own green wood.

COL. That shows that land is near. To-morrow's sun, methinks, will show us where it lies. [SAILORS *gather about* COLUMBUS *making gestures.*]

COL. What means this wild commotion? What would ye now? Why are ye here?

SAILORS [*throwing themselves at his feet*]. Your pardon, O Lord Admiral, for wicked thoughts and bad, seditious words. We see that thou art right. Our wisdom is no match for thine.

COL. Thou hast my pardon, friends. We all do err, and he who repents should ever be forgiven. Methinks, indeed, the land is near; and so each one should return to duty. [SAILORS *go to different parts of deck.*] "Nothing succeeds like success." But yesterday these men could scarce refrain their hands from me. My life was hardly worth the purchase. To-day, as prospects brighten, they would fawn on me, in hope of some reward. But [*starting forward and shading eyes with hands*] what is that? [*Beckons to sailor.*] Rodriguez, hasten thither. Dost thou see aught in the distance?

ROD. Ay, my Lord Admiral, methinks I see a light. *All rush to the spot.*]

1ST SAILOR. I see it, too. There, 'tis gone!

2D SAILOR. Nay, there it comes again!

ALL [*excitedly*]. The land is near!

COL. Unless our fancy doth deceive us, methinks it is. If so, then God be praised. Our trials now are ended, the long-sought goal is won at last. Let the watch be set. No sleep for us to-night. The morrow's light, God grant, may show us land.

[COLUMBUS *paces slowly back and forth. The* SAILORS *fall on their knees and chant, "Glory be to God in Heaven and upon Earth." As they finish a sound of guns is heard outside.*]

SAILORS. What is that?

COL. 'Tis the Pinta's gun! Her captain's seen the land and doth announce it to us.

[*All rush to side of vessel, crying "Land! land! land!" Sound of music outside, and voices singing, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."*]

PERIOD II.—SETTLEMENTS.

1609—1681.

THE COLONIZATION OF AMERICA.

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT.

IT is not easy at this time to comprehend the impulse given to Europe by the discovery of America. It was not the gradual acquisition of some border territory, a province or a kingdom, that had been gained, but a new world that was now thrown open to the European. The races of animals, the mineral treasures, the vegetable forms, and the varied aspects of nature, man in the different phases of civilization, filled the mind with entirely new sets of ideas, that changed the habitual current of thought and stimulated it to indefinite conjecture. The eagerness to explore the wonderful secrets of the new hemisphere became so active that the principal cities of Spain were, in a manner, depopulated, as emigrants thronged one after another to take their chance upon the deep. It was a world of romance that was thrown open; for, whatever might be the luck of the adventurer, his reports on his return were tinged with a coloring of romance that stimulated still higher the sensitive fancies of his countrymen, and nourished the chimerical sentiments of an age of chivalry. They listened with attentive ears to tales of Amazons, which seemed to realize the classic legends of antiquity; to stories of Patagonian giants; to flaming pictures of an El Dorado (Golden Land) where the sands sparkled with gems, and golden pebbles as large as birds' eggs were dragged in nets out of the rivers. In this realm of enchantment all the accessories served to maintain the illusion. The simple natives, with their de-

fenceless bodies and rude weapons, were no match for the European warrior, armed to the teeth in mail. The odds were as great as those found in any legend of chivalry, where the lance of the good knight overturned hundreds at a touch. The perils that lay in the discoverer's path, and the sufferings he had to sustain, were scarcely inferior to those that beset the knight-errant. Hunger and thirst and fatigue, the deadly effluvia of the morass, with its swarms of venomous insects, the cold of the mountain snows, and the scorching sun of the tropics—these were the lot of every cavalier who came to seek his fortunes in the New World. It was the reality of romance. The life of the Spanish adventurer was one chapter more, and not the least remarkable, in the chronicles of knight-errantry.

The character of the warrior took somewhat of the exaggerated coloring shed over his exploits. Proud and vain-glorious, swelled with lofty anticipations of his destiny and an invincible confidence in his own resources, no danger could appall and no toil could tire him. The greater the danger, indeed, the higher the charm; for his soul revelled in excitement, and the enterprise without peril wanted that spur of romance which was necessary to rouse his energies into action. Yet in the motives of action meaner influences were strangely mingled with the loftier, the temporal with the spiritual. Gold was the incentive and the recompense, and in the pursuit of it his inflexible nature rarely hesitated as to the means. His courage was sullied with cruelty—the cruelty that flowed equally, strange as it may seem, from his avarice and his religion; religion as it was understood in that age—the religion of the Crusader. It was the convenient cloak for a multitude of sins which covered them even from himself. The Castilian, too proud for hypocrisy, committed more cruelties in the name of religion than were ever practiced by the pagan idolater or the fanatical Moslem. The burning of the infidel was a sacrifice acceptable to heaven, and the conversion of those who survived amply atoned for the foulest offences. It is a melancholy and mortifying consideration that the most uncompromising spirit of intolerance—the spirit of the

Inquisitor at home and of the Crusader abroad—should have emanated from a religion which preached "peace upon earth, and good-will toward man!"

What a contrast did these children of Southern Europe present to the Anglo-Saxon races who scattered themselves along the great northern division of the Western Hemisphere! For the principle of action with these latter was not avarice, nor the more specious pretext of proselytism, but independence—independence religious and political. To secure this, they were content to earn a bare subsistence by a life of frugality and toil. They asked nothing from the soil but the reasonable returns of their own labor. No golden visions threw a deceitful halo around their path, and beckoned them onward through seas of blood to the subversion of an unoffending dynasty. They were content with the slow but steady progress of the social polity. They patiently endured the privations of the wilderness, watering the tree of liberty with their tears and with the sweat of their brows, till it took deep root in the land, and sent up its branches high toward the heavens; while the communities of the neighboring continent, shooting up into the sudden splendors of a tropical vegetation, exhibited, even in their prime, the sure symptoms of decay.

It would seem to have been especially ordered by Providence that the discovery of the two great divisions of the American hemisphere should fall to the two races best fitted to conquer and colonize them. Thus the northern section was consigned to the Anglo-Saxon race, whose orderly, industrious habits found an ample field for development under its colder skies and on its more rugged soil; while the southern portion, with its rich tropical products and treasures of mineral wealth, held out the most attractive bait to invite the enterprise of the Spaniard. How different might have been the result, if the bark of Columbus had taken a more northerly direction, as he at one time meditated, and landed its band of adventurers on the shores of what is now free America!

THE MAYFLOWER.

ERASTUS W. ELLSWORTH.

DOWN in the bleak December bay,
The ghostly vessel stands away;
Her spars and halyards white with ice,
Under the dark December skies.
A hundred souls in company
Have left the vessel pensively;
Have touched the frosty desert there,
And touched it with the knees of prayer.
And now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

Neither the desert nor the sea
Imposes rites; their prayers are free.
Danger and toil the wild imposes,
And thorns must grow before the roses.
And who are these? And what distress
The savage-acred wilderness
On mother, maid, and child may bring,
Beseems them for a fearful thing!
For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
Over the bay, and over the ship
Mayflower.

But Carver leads (in heart and healtl
A hero of the commonwealth)
The axes that the camp requires
To build the lodge and heap the fires;

And Standish from his warlike store
Arrays his men along the shore,
Distributes weapons resonant,
And dons his harness militant.
  For now the day begins to dip,
The night begins to lower
  Over the bay, and over the ship
      Mayflower.

And Rose, his wife, unlocks a chest,
She sees a Book in vellum dressed;
And drops a tear and kisses the tome,
Thinking of England and of home.
Might they, the Pilgrims, there and then
Ordained to do the work of men,
Have seen, in visions of the air,
While pillowed on the breast of prayer
  (When now the day began to dip,
The night began to lower
  Over the bay, and over the ship
      Mayflower),

The Canaan of their wilderness—
A boundless empire of success—
And seen the years of future nights
Jewelled with myriad household lights;
And seen the honey fill the hive;
And seen a thousand ships arrive;
And heard the wheels of travel go—
It would have cheered a thought of woe
  When now the day began to dip,
The light began to lower
  Over the bay, and over the ship
      Mayflower.

THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray,
As they break along the shore;
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day
When the Mayflower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!
The hill, whose icy brow
Rejoiced when he came in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now;
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hillside and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head,
But the pilgrim, where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed.
Go stand on the hill where they lie:

The earliest ray of the golden day
  On that hallowed spot is cast,
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
  Looks kindly on that spot last.

The land is holy where they fought,
  And holy where they fell;
For by their blood that land was bought,
  The land they loved so well.
Then glory to that valiant band,
The honored saviors of the land!
Oh! few and weak their numbers were—
  A handful of brave men;
But to their God they gave their prayer,
  And rushed to battle then.
The God of battles heard their cry,
And sent to them the victory.

They left the ploughshare in the mould,
Their flocks and herds without a fold,
The sickle in the unshorn grain,
The corn half garnered on the plain,
And mustered, in their simple dress,
For wrongs to seek a stern redress;
To right those wrongs, come weal, come woe,
To perish, or o'ercome their foe.

And where are ye, O fearless men,
  And where are ye to-day?
I call: the hills reply again,
  That ye have passed away;
That on old Bunker's lonely height,
  In Trenton, and in Monmouth ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
  Above each soldier's mound.

The bugle's wild and warlike blast
Shall muster them no more;
An army now might thunder past,
And they not heed its roar.
The starry flag, 'neath which they fought
In many a bloody fray,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away.

NEW ENGLAND.

JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

HAIL to the land whereon we tread,
Our fondest boast:
The sepulchre of mighty dead,
The truest hearts that ever bled,
Who sleep on glory's brightest bed,
A fearless host.
No slave is here—our unchained feet
Walk freely as the waves that beat
Our coast.

Our fathers crossed the ocean's wave
To seek this shore;
They left behind the coward slave
To welter in his living grave.
With hearts unbent, and spirits brave,
They sternly bore
Such toils as meaner souls had quelled;
But souls like these, such toils impelled
To soar.

Hail to the morn, when first they stood
On Bunker's height,
And, fearless, stemmed the invading flood,

And wrote our dearest rights in blood,
And mowed in ranks the hireling brood,
In desperate fight!
Oh! 'twas a proud, exalting day,
For even our fallen fortunes lay
In light.

There is no other land like thee,
No dearer shore;
Thou art the shelter of the free;
The home, the port of liberty
Thou hast been, and shalt ever be,
Till time is o'er.
Ere I forget to think upon
My land, shall mother curse the son
She bore.

Thou art the firm, unshaken rock,
On which we rest;
And, rising from thy hardy stock,
Thy sons the tyrant's frown shall mock,
And slavery's galling chains unlock,
And free the oppressed;
All who the wreath of freedom twine
Beneath the shadow of their vine
Are blest.

We love thy rude and rocky shore,
And here we stand.
Let foreign navies hasten o'er,
And on our heads their fury pour,
And peal their cannons' loudest roar,
And storm our land;
They still shall find our lives are given
To die for home, and leant on heaven
Our hand.

THE FATHERS OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

BEHOLD! they come, those sainted forms,
Unshaken through the strife of storms;
Heaven's winter cloud hangs coldly down,
And earth puts on its rudest frown;
But colder, ruder was the hand
That drove them from their own fair land,
Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art 's trophied dwelling, learning's green retreat,
By valor guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all but gentle charity renowned.
With streaming eye, yet steadfast heart,
Even from that land they dared to part,
And burst each tender tie;
Haunts where their sunny youth was passed,
Homes where they fondly hoped at last
In peaceful age to die.
Friends, kindred, comforts, all they spurned—
Their fathers' hallowed graves—
And to a world of darkness turned,
Beyond a world of waves.

When Israel's race from bondage fled,
Signs from on high the wanderers led;
But here—heaven hung no symbol here,
Their steps to guide, their souls to cheer;
They saw, through sorrow's lengthening night,
Naught but the fagot's guilty light;
The cloud they gazed at was the smoke
That round their murdered brethren broke;
Nor power above, nor power below,
Sustained them in their hour of woe;

A fearful path they trod,
And dared a fearful doom,
To build an altar to their God,
And find a quiet tomb.

Yet, strong in weakness, there they stand,
On yonder ice-bound rock,
Stern and resolved, that faithful band,
To meet fate's rudest shock.
Though anguish rends the father's breast
For them, his dearest and his best,
With him the waste who trod;
Though tears that freeze the mother sheds
Upon her children's houseless heads,
The Christian turns to God!

In grateful adoration now,
Upon the barren sands they bow.
What tongue of joy e'er woke such prayer
As bursts in desolation there?
What arm of strength e'er wrought such power
As waits to crown that feeble hour?
There into life an infant empire springs!
There falls the iron from the soul;
There liberty's young accents roll
Up to the King of kings!
To fair creation's farthest bound
That thrilling summons yet shall sound;
The dreaming nations shall awake,
And to their centre earth's old kingdoms shake.
Pontiff and prince, your sway
Must crumble from that day;
Before the loftier throne of heaven
The hand is raised, the pledge is given,
One monarch to obey, one creed to own,
That monarch, God; that creed, His word alone.

Spread out earth's holiest records here,
Of days and deeds, to reverence dear.
A zeal like this what pious legends tell?
On kingdoms built
In blood and guilt,
The worshippers of vulgar triumph dwell;
But what exploit with theirs shall page,
Who rose to bless their kind,
Who left their nation and their age
Man's spirit to unbind?
Who boundless seas passed o'er,
And boldly met, in every path,
Famine and frost and heathen wrath,
To dedicate a shore
Where piety's meek train might breathe their vow,
And seek their Maker with an unshamed brow;
Where liberty's glad race might proudly come,
And set up there an everlasting home?

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IN the hour of twilight shadows the Puritan looked out;
He thought of the "bloody savages" that lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's pictured knife and Pecksnot's whooping shout—
For the baby's limbs were feeble, though his father's arms were stout.

His home was a freezing cabin, too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass, and bald enough of that.
The hole that served for casement was glazed with an ancient hat,
And the ice was gently thawing from the log whereon he sat.

Along the dreary landscape his eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles, the streams that did not flow;

A sudden thought flashed o'er him—a dream of long ago—
He smote his leathern jerkin and murmured, "Even so!

"Come hither, God-be-glorified, and sit upon my knee;
Behold the dream unfolding whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden and on the stormy sea;
True is the dream's beginning—so may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them, the dying fell as fast,
I looked to see them perish, when lo! the vision passed.

"Again mine eyes were opened: The feeble had waxed strong;
The babies had grown to sturdy men, the remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream and all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear the Christian's godly song.

"They slept—the village fathers—by river, lake and shore,
When, far adown the steep of time, the vision rose once more.
I saw along the winter snow a spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks a tattered flag they bore.

"Their leader rode before them, of bearing calm and high,
The light of heaven's own kindling throned in his awful eye.
These were a nation's champions her dread appeal to try:
'God for the right!' I faltered, and lo! the train passed by.

"Once more the strife is ended, the solemn issue tried,
The Lord of hosts, His mighty arm has helped our Israel's side.
Gray stone and grassy hillock tell where our martyrs died,
But peaceful smiles the harvest and stainless flows the tide.

"A crash as when some swollen cloud cracks o'er the tangled trees,
With side to side, and spar to spar, whose smoking decks are
these?
I know St. George's blood-red cross, thou mistress of the seas,
But what is she whose streaming bars roll out before the breeze?

"Ah! well her iron ribs are knit, whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips, that pealed the Armada's knell!
The mist was cleared, a wreath of stars rose o'er the crimsoned swell,
And wavering from its haughty peak the cross of England fell.

"O trembling faith, though dark the morn, a heavenly torch is thine;
While feebler races melt away, and paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar's ray along the pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought this western Palestine.

"I see the living tide roll on, it crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador, the Spaniard's land of flowers.
It streams beyond the splintered ridge that parts the northern showers,
From eastern rock to sunset wave the continent is ours."

He ceased—the grim old Puritan—then softly bent to cheer
The pilgrim child, whose wasting face was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across to brush the manly tear
From cheeks that never changed in woe, and never blanched in fear.

The weary pilgrim slumbers, his resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lids were closed, the dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf, along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth, his memory lives alone.

So let it live unfading, the memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone springs where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind in flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves the turf where once they bled.

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks that guard this holy strand,
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge in beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean one hoary rock shall stand,
Be this its latest legend—Here was the Pilgrim's land!

IN MEMORY OF THE PILGRIMS.

GRENVILLE MELLEN.

WAKE your harp's music! louder! higher!
And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
In all the pride of song!
Shout like those godlike men of old,
Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
Two hundred years ago!

From native shores by tempests driven,
They sought a purer sky,
And found beneath a milder heaven
The home of liberty.
An altar rose, and prayers; a ray
Broke on their night of woe—
The harbinger of Freedom's day,
Two hundred years ago!

They clung around that symbol, too,
Their refuge and their all;
And swore, while skies and waves were blue,
That altar should not fall.
They stood upon the red man's sod,
'Neath heaven's unpillared bow,
With home, a country, and a God,
Two hundred years ago!

Oh, 'twas a hard, unyielding fate,
That drove them to the seas;
And Persecution strove with Hate
To darken her decrees;

But safe above each coral grave,
Each blooming ship did go;
A God was on the western wave,
Two hundred years ago!

They knelt them on the desert sand,
By waters cold and rude;
Alone upon the dreary strand,
Of ocean solitude!
They looked upon the high blue air,
And felt their spirits glow;
Resolved to live or perish there,
Two hundred years ago!

The warrior's red right arm was bared,
His eye flashed deep and wild;
Was there a foreign footstep dared
To seek his home and child?
The dark chiefs yelled alarm, and swore
The white man's blood should flow,
And his hewn bones should bleach their shores,
Two hundred years ago!

But lo! the warrior's eye grew dim,
His arm was left alone;
The still, black wilds which sheltered him
No longer were his own!
Time fled, and on the hallowed ground
His highest pine lies low,
And cities swell where forests frowned
Two hundred years ago!

Oh! stay not to recount the tale,
'Twas bloody, and 'tis past;
The firmest cheek might well grow pale,
To hear it to the last.

The God of heaven, who prospers us,
  Could bid a nation grow,
And shield us from the red man's curse,
  Two hundred years ago!

Come, then, great shades of glorious men,
  From your still glorious grave;
Look on your own proud land again,
  O bravest of the brave!
We call you from each mouldering tomb,
  And each blue wave below,
To bless the world ye snatched from doom,
  Two hundred years ago!

Then to your harps; yet louder! higher!
  And pour your strains along;
And smite again each quivering wire,
  In all the pride of song!
Shout for those godlike men of old,
  Who, daring storm and foe,
On this blest soil their anthem rolled,
  Two hundred years ago!

PERIOD III.—FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS.

1690—1763.

NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS.

CHARLES SPRAGUE.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit encircled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind and the wild fox dug his hole unscared. Here lived and loved another race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your head the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer; gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate. Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, and the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now, they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and when the tiger-strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a fervent prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written His laws for them on tables of stone, but He had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in everything around. He beheld Him in the star that sank in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from His mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler that never left its native grove; in the fearless

eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his feet; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious source he bent in humble though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted forever from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant. Here and there a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamable progenitors. The Indian of falcon glance and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone, and his degraded offspring crawls upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind us how miserable is man when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast fading to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave which will settle over them forever. Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of persons they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

THE INDIANS.

JOSEPH STORY.

THERE is in the fate of these unfortunate beings much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their own atrocities; much in their characters which betrays us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? By law of their nature, they seemed destined to a slow but sure extinction. Everywhere at the approach of the white man they fade away. We hear the rustling of their footsteps, like that of the withered leaves of autumn, and they are gone forever. They pass mournfully by us, and they return no more. Two centuries ago the smoke of their wigwams and the fires of their councils rose in every valley from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace and dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance beyond most of the human race. They shrank from no dangers, and they feared no hardships. If they had the vices of savage life they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends, and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love, like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave.

But where are they? Where are the villagers, and warriors, and youth; the sachems and the tribes; the hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No, nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which has eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi. I see them leave their miserable homes—the aged, the helpless, the women, and the warriors—"few and faint, yet fearless still." The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look at their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim nor method. It is courage absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove farther, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial-ground of their race.

Reason as we may, it is impossible not to read in such a fate much that we know not how to interpret; much of provocation to cruel deeds and deep resentments; much of apology for wrong and perfidy; much of pity mingling with indignation; much of doubt and misgiving as to the past; much of painful recollections; much of dark forebodings.

INDIAN NAMES.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

YE say they all have passed away—that noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished from off the crested wave;
That, 'mid the forests where they roamed, there rings no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters—ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow like ocean's surge is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake the echo of the world;
Where red Missouri bringeth rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps on green Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins, that clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves, before the autumn's gale;
But their memory liveth on your hills, their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it upon her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it amid his young renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky breathes it hoarse through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument, though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call those red-browed brethren the insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid the regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands, ye break of faith the seal,
But can ye from the court of heaven exclude their last appeal?

Ye see their unresisting tribes, with toilsome steps and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass, a caravan of woe.
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf? His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soul's blood may not cry from that far land to Him?

DEATH OF KING PHILIP.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

WITH a scanty band of followers, who still remained true to his desperate fortunes, the unhappy Philip wandered back to Mount Hope, the ancient dwelling of his fathers. Here he lurked about like a spectre, among scenes of former power and prosperity, now bereft of home, of family, and friends. There needs no better picture of his destitute and piteous situation than that furnished by the homely pen of the chronicler, who is unwarily enlisting the feelings of the reader in favor of the hapless warrior whom he reviles. "Philip," he says, "like a savage wild beast, having been hunted by the English forces through the woods, above a hundred miles backward and forward, at last was driven to his own den upon Mount Hope, where he retired, with a few of his best friends, into a swamp which proved but a prison to keep him fast till the messengers of death came by divine permission to execute vengeance upon him."

Even in this last refuge of desperation and despair, a sullen grandeur gathers round his memory. We picture him to ourselves, seated among his careworn followers, brooding in silence over his blasted fortunes, and acquiring a savage sublimity from the wildness and dreariness of his lurking-place. Defeated, but not dismayed, crushed to the earth but not humiliated, he seemed to grow more haughty beneath disaster, and to experience a fierce satisfaction in draining the last dregs of bitterness.

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune, but great minds rise above it. The very idea of submission awakened the fury of Philip, and he smote to death one of his followers who proposed an expedient of peace. The brother of the victim made his escape, and in revenge betrayed the retreat of his chieftain. A body of white men and Indians were immediately dispatched to the swamp where Philip lay crouched, glaring with fury and despair. Before he was aware of their approach, they had begun to

surround him. In a little while he saw five of his trustiest followers laid dead at his feet; all resistance was vain; he rushed forth from his covert, and made a headlong attempt to escape, but was shot through the heart by a renegade Indian of his own nation.

Such is the scanty story of the brave but unfortunate King Philip; persecuted while living, slandered and dishonored when dead. If, however, we consider even the prejudiced anecdotes furnished us by his enemies, we may perceive in them traces of amiable and lofty character sufficient to awaken sympathy for his fate, and respect for his memory. We find that, amidst all the harassing cares and ferocious passions of constant warfare, he was alive to the softer feelings of connubial love and paternal tenderness, and to the generous sentiment of friendship. The captivity of his "beloved wife and only son" is mentioned with exultation as causing him poignant misery; the death of any near friend is triumphantly recorded as a new blow on his sensibilities; but the treachery and desertion of many of his followers, in whose affections he had confided, is said to have desolated his heart, and to have bereaved him of all further comfort.

He was a patriot attached to his native soil, a prince true to his subjects and indignant of their wrongs, a soldier daring in battle, firm in adversity, patient of fatigue, of hunger, of every variety of bodily suffering, and ready to perish in the cause he had espoused. Proud of heart, and with an untamable love of natural liberty, he preferred to enjoy it among the beasts of the forest, or in the dismal and famished recesses of swamps and morasses, rather than bow his haughty spirit to submission, and live dependent and despised in the ease and luxury of the settlements. With heroic qualities and bold achievements that would have graced a civilized warrior, and have rendered him the theme of the poet and the historian, he lived a wanderer and a fugitive in his native land, and went down, like a lonely bark foundering amid darkness and tempest, without a pitying eye to weep his fall, or a friendly hand to record his struggle.

THE INDIAN HUNTER.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

WHEN the summer harvest was gathered in,
And the sheaf of the gleaner grew white and thin,
And the ploughshare was in its furrow left,
Where the stubble land had been lately cleft,
An Indian hunter with unstrung bow,
Looked down where the valley lay stretched below.
He was a stranger there, and all that day
Had been out on the hills—a perilous way;
But the foot of the deer was far and fleet,
And the wolf kept aloof from the hunter's feet;
And bitter feelings passed o'er him then,
As he stood by the populous haunts of men.

The winds of autumn came over the woods,
As the sun stole out from their solitudes;
The moss was white on the maple's trunk,
And dead from its arms the pale vine shrunk;
And ripened the mellow fruit hung, and red,
Where the trees withered leaves around it shed.
The foot of the reaper moved slow on the lawn,
And the sickle cut down the yellow corn;
The mower sung loud by the meadow side,
When the mists of evening were spreading wide;
And the voice of the herdsman came up the lea,
And the dance went round by the greenwood tree.

Then the hunter turned away from that scene,
Where the home of his fathers once had been,
And heard, by the distant and measured stroke,
That the woodman hewed down the giant oak;
And burning thoughts flashed over his mind,
Of the white man's faith and love unkind.

The moon of the harvest grew high and bright,
As her golden horn pierced the cloud of white;
A footstep was heard in the rustling brake,
Where the beech overshadowed the misty lake,
And a moaning voice, and a plunge from the shore—
And the hunter was seen on the hills no more.

When years had passed on, by that still lakeside
The fisher looked down through the silver tide,
And there, on the smooth yellow sand displayed,
A skeleton wasted and white was laid;
And 'twas seen, as the waters moved deep and slow,
That the hand was still grasping a hunter's bow.

THE CAPTURE OF TICONDEROGA.

ETHAN ALLEN.

EVER since I arrived at the state of manhood, and acquainted myself with the general history of mankind, I have felt a sincere passion for liberty. The history of nations doomed to perpetual slavery in consequence of yielding up to tyrants their natural-born liberties, I read with a sort of philosophical horror; so that the first systematical and bloody attempt, at Lexington, to enslave America, thoroughly electrified my mind, and fully determined me to take part with my country. While I was wishing for an opportunity to signalize myself in its behalf, directions were privately sent to me from the then colony (now state) of Connecticut, to raise the Green Mountain boys, and, if possible, with them to surprise and take the fortress of Ticonderoga. This enterprise I cheerfully undertook; and after first guarding all the several passes that led thither, to cut off all intelligence between the garrison and the country, made a forced march from Bennington, and arrived at the lake opposite to Ticonderoga on the evening of the ninth day of May, 1775, with two hundred and thirty valiant

Green Mountain boys. It was with the utmost difficulty that I procured boats to cross the lake. However, I landed eighty-three men near the garrison, and sent boats back for the rear-guard, commanded by Col. Seth Warner. But the day began to dawn, and I found myself under the necessity to attack the fort before the rear could cross the lake; and, as it was viewed hazardous, I harangued the officers and soldiers in the manner following:

"Friends and fellow-soldiers:—You have, for a number of years past, been a scourge and terror to arbitrary power. Your valor has been famed abroad and acknowledged, as it appears by the advice and orders to me from the General Assembly of Connecticut to surprise and take the garrison now before us. I now propose to advance before you and, in person, conduct you through the wicket-gate; for we must this morning either quit our pretensions to valor, or possess ourselves of this fortress in a few minutes; and, inasmuch as it is a desperate attempt, which none but the bravest men would dare undertake, I do not urge it on any contrary to his will. You that will undertake voluntarily, poise your firelocks."

The men being, at this time, drawn up in three ranks, each poised his firelock. I ordered them to face to the right, and, at the head of the centre file, marched them immediately to the wicket-gate aforesaid, where I found a sentry posted, who instantly snapped his fusee at me. I ran immediately toward him, and he retreated through the covered way into the parade within the garrison, gave a halloo, and ran under a bomb-proof. My party, who followed me into the fort, I formed on the parade in such a manner as to face the two barracks, which faced each other.

The garrison being asleep, except the sentries, we gave three huzzas which greatly surprised them. One of the sentries made a pass at one of my officers with a charged bayonet, and slightly wounded him. My first thought was to kill him with my sword; but, in an instant, I altered the design and fury of my blow to a slight cut on the side of his head, upon which he dropped his gun and asked quarter, which I readily granted him, and demanded of him the place where the commanding officer slept. He showed me

a pair of stairs in the front part of the garrison, which led up to a second story in said barrack, to which I immediately repaired, and ordered the commander, Capt. De la Place, to come forth instantly, or I would sacrifice the whole garrison; at which the Captain came immediately to the door with his breeches in his hand.

When I ordered him to deliver me the fort instantly, he asked me by what authority I demanded it. I answered him, "In the name of the great Jehovah, and the Continental Congress." The authority of the Congress being very little known at that time, he began to speak again; but I interrupted him, and, with my drawn sword over his head, again demanded an immediate surrender of the garrison, with which he then complied, and ordered his men to be forthwith paraded without arms, as he had given up the garrison.

In the mean time, some of my officers had given orders, and, in consequence thereof, sundry of the barrack doors were beat down, and about one-third of the garrison imprisoned, which consisted of the said commander, a Lieut. Feltham, a conductor of artillery, a gunner, two sergeants, and forty-four rank and file; about one hundred pieces of cannon, one thirteen-inch mortar, and a number of swivels.

This surprise was carried into execution in the gray of the morning of the tenth of May, 1775. The sun seemed to rise that morning with a superior lustre; and Ticonderoga and its dependencies smiled to its conquerors, who tossed about the flowing bowl, and wished success to Congress, and the liberty and freedom of America.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC

WILLIAM WARBURTON.

THE closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on

the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were already men of honorable fame. France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young, heroic Wolfe.

The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man—mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty. Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. That portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up the narrow path Wolfe decided to secretly lead the whole army, and make the plains his battle-ground. Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement, but the plans were all kept secret.

At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, 1,600 strong, silently embarked in flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits. Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide in the friendly shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterward related, repeated in a low voice, to the officers by his side, this stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard:"

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than to take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus gave vent to the intensity of his feelings in the poet's words, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying. At length he recognized the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had, in the mean time, been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain Macdonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence. Without a moment's hesitation, Macdonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half of the ascent was already won when, for the first time, "*Qui vive?*" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round. Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost. But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Wolfe seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body, but he concealed his suf-

fering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him in the breast. He reeled to one side, but at the moment it was not generally observed. "Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell, with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer, seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who runs?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe; "tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order his eyes closed in death. Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They

mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle bravely.

THE INDIAN WARRIOR'S LAST SONG.

J. HOWARD WERT.

THE wood is dyed with varied hue
Of olive, blent with azure blue
Of crescent sky, that, bending low,
Has kissed the burnished autumn's glow;
And far beyond, the dark blue top
Of Tuscarora's mountains prop
The wide-extended sheet of sky,
Where snow-winged cloudlets swiftly fly.
The falling leaf has spread adown
Upon the earth, in red and brown,
A carpet of its own wild wealth;
Thereon, with steps of springing stealth,
An Indian hunter bounds along,
Unconscious of the blackbird's song;
Its melody falls cold and drear
Upon his once retentive ear.
His memory is with the past,
Before the pale-faced warrior cast
A cloud of gloom upon his race—
Had seized the red man's hunting-place,
And cried: "These acres are my own,
These woods belong to me alone;
Toward the west now turn thy face,
Where dwell a fierce and hostile race."

A nameless horror racked his brain,
A struggle with heart-gnawing pain:

"Oh, for the battle-cry again,
To ring throughout this fertile plain!
To see the white man's wigwam burn;
To see his face still whiter turn
As rings the dreadful shout for blood,
From mount to mount, and wood to wood!
As shrieks his scalped and bleeding squaw,
And turns his proud and fierce huzza
To plaintive cries of frenzied woe!
To see, beneath the red man's blow,
His children's life-blood freely flow!
Ah, that would pay for years of shame,
Without a tribe, without a name,
Could I again behold him die,
Beneath our nation's arching sky!

"But ah, my warriors, where are ye?
Ye sleep beneath the greenwood tree!
The grass o'ergrows each silent grave!
Launched on the rapid, tideless wave,
You've reached the happy hunting-land,
Where we, the Spirit's favored band,
Shall bend forevermore the bow,
And safely conquer every foe!

"Too long I linger here below,
I come, I come, ye warrior braves;
I die upon your grass-grown graves!"

PERIOD IV. — REVOLUTIONARY WAR DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

1764—1782.

QUARREL OF SQUIRE BULL AND HIS SON JONATHAN.

JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

JOHN BULL was a choleric old fellow, who held a good manor in the middle of a great mill-pond, and which, by reason of its being quite surrounded by water, was generally called "Bullock Island." Bull was an ingenious man, an exceedingly good blacksmith, a dexterous cutler, and a notable weaver besides. He also brewed capital porter, ale, and small beer, and was, in fact, a sort of Jack-of-all-trades, and good at each.

In addition to these, he was a hearty fellow, a jolly companion, and passably honest, as the times go. But what tarnished all these qualities was an exceedingly quarrelsome, overbearing disposition, which was always getting him into some scrape or other.

The truth is, he never heard of a quarrel going on among his neighbors but his fingers itched to take a part in it; so that he was hardly ever seen without a broken head, a black eye, or a bloody nose.

Such was Squire Bull, as he was commonly called by the country people, his neighbors—one of those odd, testy, grumbling, boasting old codgers, that never get credit for what they are because they are always pretending to be what they are not. The squire was as tight a hand to deal with indoors as out; sometimes treat-

ing his family as if they were not the same flesh and blood, when they happened to differ with him in certain matters.

One day he got into a dispute with his youngest son, Jonathan, who was familiarly called Brother Jonathan, as to whether churches ought to be called churches or meeting-houses, and whether steeples were not an abomination. The squire, either having the worst of the argument, or being naturally impatient of contradiction, I can't tell which, fell into a great passion, and declared he would physic such notions out of the boy's noddle.

So he went to some of his doctors, and got them to draw up a prescription, made up of thirty-nine different articles, many of them bitter enough to some palates. This he tried to make Jonathan swallow, and finding he made wry faces and would not do it, fell upon him and beat him soundly. After this, he made the house so disagreeable to him, that Jonathan, though as hard as a pine-knot and as tough as leather, could bear it no longer.

Taking his gun and his axe, he put himself into a boat and paddled over the mill-pond to some new lands to which the squire pretended to have some sort of claim. Jonathan intended to settle the lands, and build a meeting-house without a steeple, as soon as he grew rich enough. When he got over he found that the land was quite in a state of nature, covered with wood, and inhabited only by wild beasts.

But, being a lad of spirit, he took his axe on one shoulder and his gun on the other, marched into the thickest of the wood, and, clearing a place, built a log hut. Pursuing his labors and handling his axe like a notable woodman, he in a few years cleared the land, which he laid out into *thirteen good farms;* and building himself a large house, which he partly finished, began to be quite snug and comfortable.

But Squire Bull, who was getting old and stingy, and besides was in great want of money, on account of his having lately been made to pay heavy damages for assaulting his neighbors and breaking their heads—the squire, I say, finding Jonathan was getting well-to-do in the world, began to be very much troubled about his welfare;

so he demanded that Jonathan should pay him a good rent for the land which he had cleared and made good for something.

He made up I know not what claim against him, and under different pretences managed to pocket all Jonathan's honest gains. In fact, the poor lad had not a shilling left for holiday occasions; and had it not been for the filial respect he felt for the old man, he would certainly have refused to submit to such impositions. But for all this, in a little time Jonathan grew up to be very large of his age, and became a tall, stout, double-jointed, broad-footed cub of a fellow, awkward in his gait and simple in his appearance, but having a lively, shrewd look, and giving the promise of great strength when he should get his growth.

He was rather an odd looking chap, in truth, and had many queer ways; but everybody who had seen John Bull saw a great likeness between them, and declared he was John's own boy, a true chip of the old block. Like the old squire, he was apt to be blustering and saucy; but, in the main, was a peaceable sort of careless fellow that would quarrel with nobody if you only let him alone. He used to dress in homespun trousers, and always wore a linsey-woolsey coat, the sleeves of which were so short that his hand and wrist came out beyond them, looking like a shoulder of mutton; all of which was in consequence of his growing so fast that he outgrew his clothes.

While Jonathan was coming up in this way Bull kept on picking his pockets of every penny put into them; till at last one day, when the squire was even more than usually pressing in his demands, which he accompanied with threats, Jonathan started up in a passion, and threw the *tea-kettle* at the old man's head.

The choleric Bull was hereupon exceedingly enraged, and, after calling the poor lad an undutiful, ungrateful, rebellious rascal, seized him by the collar, and forthwith a furious scuffle ensued. This lasted a long time; for the squire, though in years, was a capital boxer. At last, however, Jonathan got him under, and before he would let him up, made him sign a paper giving up all claim to the farms, and acknowledging the fee-simple to be in Jonathan forever.

THE CHARTER OAK.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

[Sir Edmund Andros, who had been for some time governor of New York, was appointed by James II. governor also of New England. He arrived in Boston, 1686, and summoned the colonies to surrender their charters. The charter of Massachusetts was given up, but that of Connecticut was concealed by Captain Wadsworth in the hollow of an oak in Hartford. This tree was blown down in a storm in 1856. On the Revolution in England in 1688, Andros was sent back to England for trial.]

TREE of the olden time! A thousand storms
Have hurried through thy branches. Centuries
Have set their signets on thy trunk, and gone
In silence o'er thee like the moonlight's mists,
That move at evening o'er the battlements
Of the eternal mountains! And yet thou
Shakest thy naked banner in the heavens
As proudly still as when great Freedom first
Crowned thee with deathless glory.

Monument
Of nations perished! Since thy form first sprung
From its green throne of forest, many a deep
And burning tide of human tears has flowed
Down to the ocean of the past, until
Its every wave is bitterness, but thou
Art reckless still! No heart has ever throbbed
Beneath thy silent breast, and though thy sighs
Have mingled with the night-storm, they were not
The requiem of the nations that have gone
Down to the dust like thy own withered leaves
Swept by the autumn tempest!

Ay, bloom on,
Tree of the cloud and sun! Gird on thy strength!
Yet there will come a time when thou shalt sleep

Upon thy own hill-tomb. The marshalled storms
Shall seek but find thee not, and the proud clime
That long has been the consecrated home
Of liberty and thee shall lie as erst
In silent desolation! Not a sound
Shall rise from all its confines, save the moan
Of passing winds, the cloud's deep tone of fear,
The noise of stormy waters, and the wild
And fearful murmuring of the earthquake's voice.

THE STAMP ACT.

WILLIAM GRIMSHAW.

[In 1765 was passed the Stamp Act, laying a duty on all paper used for instruments of writing, and declaring writings on unstamped materials null and void. This measure was vigorously opposed by Patrick Henry before the Assembly of Virginia. The Stamp Act was repealed in March, 1766, but a new tax was imposed in June, 1767. Soldiers were quartered in America, and quarrels were frequent between them and the populace. On March 5, 1770, occurred the Boston Massacre.]

AT the time of that disastrous warfare, in which Washington rose upon the ruins of the incautious Braddock, resolutions had passed the British Parliament for laying a stamp duty in America; but they were not followed immediately by any legislative act. The declaratory opinion of that body met with no opposition on either side of the Atlantic, because the "omnipotence of Parliament" was then a familiar phrase; but afterward, when the measure was examined, it was better understood, and constitutional objections were urged by many sagacious statesmen, both in England and America.

But, notwithstanding the powerful reasons offered against this unjust and hazardous experiment, George Grenville, impelled by a partiality for a long-cherished scheme, in the following year, 1765, again brought into the House of Commons this unpopular bill, and succeeded in its enactment. By this, the instruments

of writing in daily use amongst a commercial people were to be null and void, unless executed on paper or parchment stamped with a specific duty. Law documents and leases, articles of apprenticeship and contracts, protests and bills of sale, newspapers and advertisements, almanacs and pamphlets—all must contribute to the British treasury.

When the measure was examined, Charles Townshend delivered a speech in its favor, in concluding which he said: "Will these Americans, children planted by our care, nourished by our indulgence till they are grown up to a degree of strength and opulence, and protected by our arms—will they grudge to contribute their mite to relieve us from the weight of that heavy burden under which we lie?"

"They planted by your care!" replied Colonel Barrè. "No; they were planted by your oppressions. They fled from tyranny to an uncultivated, inhospitable country, where they exposed themselves to all the hardships to which human nature is liable; and, amongst others, to the cruelty of a savage foe, the most subtle, and, I will take it upon me to say, the most formidable, people on the face of this earth. And yet, actuated by principles of true English liberty, they met all hardships with pleasure, compared with what they had suffered in their own country, from the hands of those that should have been their friends.

"They nourished by your indulgence! They grew up by your neglect. As soon as you began to extend your care, that care was displayed in sending persons to rule them, in one department and another, who were, perhaps, the deputies of deputies to some members of the House, sent to spy out their liberties, to misrepresent their actions, and to prey upon their substance; men whose behavior, on many occasions, has caused the blood of those sons of freedom to recoil within them; men promoted to the highest seats of justice, some who, to my knowledge, were glad, by going to a foreign country, to escape their being brought to the bar of a court of justice in their own.

"They protected by your arms! They have nobly taken up arms

in your defence, have exerted a valor amidst their constant laborious industry for the defence of a country whose frontier was drenched in blood, while its interior yielded all its little savings to your emolument. And, believe me, that the same spirit of freedom which actuated these people at first will accompany them still. But prudence forbids me to explain myself further.

"God knows I do not, at this time, speak from any motives of party heat. I deliver the genuine sentiments of my heart. However superior to me, in general knowledge and experience, the respectable body of this House may be, yet I claim to know more of America than most of you, having seen that country, and been conversant with its people. They are, I believe, as truly loyal as any subjects the king has; but a people jealous of their liberties, and who will vindicate them, if ever they should be violated. But the subject is too delicate; I will say no more."

The night after the bill passed, Dr. Franklin wrote to Mr. Charles Thomson: "The sun of liberty is set; you must light up the candles of industry and economy."

Mr. Thomson answered: "I was apprehensive that other lights would be the consequence, and I foresee the opposition that will be made."

THE ELOQUENCE OF REVOLUTIONARY PERIODS.

RUFUS CHOATE.

IF you bear in mind that the aim of deliberative eloquence is to persuade to an action, and that to persuade to an action it must be shown that to perform it will gratify some one of the desires, or affections, or sentiments, then I say that the capital peculiarity of the eloquence of all times of revolution is that the actions it persuades to are the highest and most heroic which men can do, and the passions it would inspire in order to persuade them are the most lofty which man can feel. Hence are his topics

large, simple, intelligible, affecting. Hence are his views broad, impressive, popular; all is elemental, intense, practical, unqualified, undoubting.

It is the rallying cry of patriotism, of liberty in the sublimest crisis of the state—of man. It is a deliberation of empire, of glory, of existence on which they come together. To be or not to be,—that is the question. Shall the children of the men of Marathon become slaves of Philip? Shall the majesty of the Senate and people of Rome stoop to wear the chains forged by the military executors of the will of Julius Cæsar? Shall the assembled representatives of France, just waking from her sleep of ages to claim the rights of man,—shall they disperse, their work undone, their work just commencing? Shall Ireland bound upward from her long prostration and cast from her the last link of the British chain? Shall the thirteen Colonies become and be free and independent states, and come, unabashed, unterrified, an equal into the majestic assembly of the nations?

These are the thoughts with which all bosoms are distended and oppressed. Filled with these, and with these flashing in every eye, swelling every heart, pervading all ages, all orders, like a visitation, an unquenchable public fire, men come together—the thousands of Athens around the Bema, or in the Temple of Dionysius; the people of Rome in the Forum, the Senate in that council chamber of the world; the masses of France, as the spring-tide, into her gardens of the Tuileries, her club-rooms, her hall of the Convention; the representatives, the genius, the grace, the beauty of Ireland into the Tuscan Gallery of her House of Commons; the delegates of the Colonies into the Hall of Independence in Philadelphia,—thus men come, in an hour of revolution, to hang upon the lips from which they hope, they need, they demand to hear the things which belong to their national salvation, hungering for the bread of life.

And then, and thus, comes the orator of that time, kindling with fire; sympathizing with that great beating heart; charged with the very mission of life, yet unassured whether they will bear or forbear;

transcendent good within their grasp, yet a possibility that the fatal and critical opportunity of salvation will be wasted; the last evils of men and of nations overhanging, yet the siren song of peace, peace when there is no peace, chanted madly by some voice of sloth or fear,—there and thus the orators of revolutions come to work their work! Actions, not law nor policy, whose growth and fruits are to be slowly evolved by time and calm; actions daring, doubtful, but instant; the new things of a new world,—these are what the speaker counsels; large, elementary, gorgeous ideas of right, of equality, of independence, of liberty, of progress. These are the principles from which he reasons, when he reasons; these are the pinions of the thought on which he soars and stays. Directness, plainness, a narrow range of topics, few details, few but grand ideas, a headlong tide of sentiment and feeling; vehement, indignant, and reproachful reasonings; an example from Plutarch; a sentence from Tacitus; thoughts going forth as ministers of nature in robes of light and with arms in their hands; thoughts that breathe and words that burn,—these vaguely, approximately, express the general type of all this speech.

THE JOSHUA OF 1776.

W. R. ROSE.

A HOOF-BEAT clatter down the road, a hundred years ago,
Foretold through Carolina woods the coming of the foe;
In dusty clouds they swept along, while, here and there, were seen
A scarlet coat, a tossing plume, a bit of sabre sheen;
Well-mounted men, hard riders all, a scourge by night and day—
The cruel Tarleton and his band were on a wild foray.
No quarter now for patriot souls, for Tarleton, in his wrath,
With blazing ricks and ruined homes will work his cruel path!
The hoof-beats echo far ahead with muffled, throbbing hum,
Until unto a modest home at last they faintly come;

Yet though the sound is faint, it brings a woman to the door
With anxious face, which shows she dreads some misery in store.
She glances down the sandy road—she sees the dusty cloud,
With gleaming scarlet here and there—and then she cries aloud:
"The British, George! They're coming fast! Unto the woods, oh, run!"
A moment more a man springs forth with powder-horn and gun.
A hurried kiss—a dozen strides—he enters in the wood—
The watching woman smiles, and thanks the Giver of all good,
And turns and draws a bright-faced boy with tender clasp more near:
"My darling child, your father's safe, and now we've naught to fear!"
Up ride the sullen British band. "Dismount!" the leader cries;
"Surround the house and search it well; we must not lose this prize."
With heavy clank he enters in and scowls about the room,
At burnished pans, and tall old clock, and ancient spinning-loom.
"Your husband, madam, where is he? Produce the rebel clown!
Refuse, and, madam, here I swear to burn your dwelling down!
Where is he hid?" She shakes her head, "I cannot, cannot tell;"
She turns away to hide the tears that will unbidden well.
"So stubborn, eh? Now mark my words! in but ten minutes more,
At hour of three, by yonder clock, the torch will light your door!"
He turns and calls to waiting men: "Search every crack and nook,
And if you fail, I'll start a light may serve to help us look!"
He strides up to the window, then, and looks out grim and sour
Across the pleasant southern fields, and waits the fatal hour.
The woman's eyes are filled with woe, with pain her heart doth swell,
And yet between her ashy lips she sighs: "I cannot tell!"
The moments fly; then Tarleton turns the tall old clock to see—
"How's this?" he mutters, "time must lag; eight minutes still to three!"
Again he gazes o'er the field with grim, unswerving eye,
While softly weeps the hapless dame, and fast the moments fly.

Then Tarleton swiftly turns again the tall old clock to see—
"What juggling work is this?" he cries; "eight minutes still to three!"
He stands and stares a moment, thus; then strides across the floor,
With hasty gestures wide he throws the tall clock's ancient door—
And there, within the narrow case, that bright-faced boy doth stand,
Holding above his curly head a clock weight in each hand!
Grim Tarleton stares, the mother starts, the little lad alone
As calmly stands within the clock as if to marble grown.
A moment thus, then Tarleton roars: "Come forth, you little knave!"
"No knave, sir," stoutly says the boy, "to try our home to save!"
Grim Tarleton laughs, both loud and long; and "What's your name?" he cries.
"'Tis Joshua," the little man in accents clear replies.
"Well named, well named," roars Tarleton, then—his laugh the room doth fill—
"For though you didn't stop the sun, you've made old time stand still!
Take care, madam, of this young scamp; with such cubs at your back,
We might as well give up the fight and take the homeward track."
He laughs again, and, laughing, clanks across the cottage floor;
He mounts his horse; he cries "Away!" they never saw him more.

LEXINGTON.

PROSPER M. WETMORE.

'TWAS calm at eve as childhood's sleep—
The seraph rest that knows no care;
Still as the slumbering summer deep
When the blue heaven lies dream-like there,
Blending with thoughts of that azure steep,
The bright, the beautiful, and fair;

Like hopes that win from heaven their hue,
As fair, as fleeting, and as few,
Those tranquil Eden moments flew.
The morn beheld the battle strife—
The blow for blow, the life for life,
  The deed of daring done;
The Rubicon of doubt was past—
  An empire lost, a birthright won—
When Freedom's banner braved the blast,
Flashing its splendors far and fast
  From crimsoned Lexington!
There was a fearful gathering seen
  On that eventful day,
And men were there who ne'er had been
  The movers in a fray.
The peaceful and the silent came
  With darkling brows and flashing eyes,
And breasts that knew not glory's flame
  Burned for the patriot sacrifice!
No pomp of march, no proud array,
  There spake no trumpet sound,
But they pressed, when the morn broke dim and gray,
  Dauntless that conflict ground;
Sadly, as if some tie were broken;
  Firmly, with eye and lip severe,
Dark glances passed and words were spoken,
  As men will look and speak in fear.
Yet coursed no coward blood
Where that lone phalanx stood,
  Rock-like, but spirit-wrought.
A strange, unwonted feeling crept
Through every breast; all memories slept,
While passion there a vigil kept
  O'er one consuming thought—
To live a fettered slave,
Or fill a freeman's grave!

Though many an arm hung weaponless,
The clenchèd fingers spake full well
The stern resolve, the fearlessness,
That danger could not quell.
Yet some, with hasty hand,
The rust-encumbered brand
Had snatched from its peaceful sleep,
And held it now with a grasp that told
A freeman's life should be dearly sold—
'Twas courage stern and deep!
Proudly, as conquerors come
From a field their arms have won,
With bugle blast and beat of drum,
The Briton host came on!
Their banners unfurled and gayly streaming;
Their burnished arms in the sunlight gleaming;
Fearless of evil, with valor high,
And in reckless glee, they were idly dreaming
Of a bloodless triumph nigh.
The heavy tread of the war-horse prancing,
The lightning gleam of the bayonets glancing,
Broke on the ear and flashed on the eye,
As the columned foe, in their strength advancing,
Pealed their war-notes to the echoing sky!
'Twas a gallant band that marshalled there,
With the dragon-flag upborne in air;
For England gathered then her pride,
The harvest of a warrior land—
Names to heroic deeds allied,
The strong of heart and hand
They came in their panoplied might,
In the pride of their chivalrous name;
For music to them were the sounds of the fight,
On the red carnage-field was their altar of fame.
They came as the ocean-wave comes in its wrath,

When the storm-spirit frowns on the deep;
They came as the mountain-wind comes on its path,
When the tempest has roused it from sleep.
They were met as the rock meets the wave,
And dashes its fury to air;
They were met as the foe should be met by the brave,
With hearts for the conflict, but not for despair!

What power hath stayed that wild career!
Not mercy's voice, nor a thrill of fear—
'Tis the dread recoil of the dooming wave,
Ere it sweeps the bark to its yawning grave;
'Tis the fearful hour of the brooding storm,
Ere the lightning-bolt hath sped.
The shock hath come, and the life-blood warm
Congeals on the breast of the dead!
The strife, the taunt, the death-cry loud,
Are pealing through the sulphurous cloud,
As, hand to hand, each foe engages,
While hearts that ne'er to monarch bowed,
And belted knights to the combat crowd—
A fearless throng the contest wages.
And eye to eye—the meek, the proud—
Meet darkly 'neath the battle-shroud.
'Tis the feast of death where the conflict rages!

Wo! for the land thou tramplest o'er,
Death-dealing fiend of war!
Thy battle-hoofs are dyed in gore,
Red havoc drives thy car.
Wo! for the dark and desolate,
Down crushed beneath thy tread!
Thy frown has been as a withering fate
To the mourning and the dead!
Vainly they think his step will come—

Their cherished comes no more!
Wo! for the broken-hearted
The lone one by the hearth;
Wo! for the bliss departed,
The Pleiad gone from earth!
'Twas a day of changeful fate
For the foe of the bannered line,
And the host that came at morn in state,
Were a broken throng ere the sun's decline;
And many a warrior's heart was cold,
And many a soaring spirit crushed,
Where the crimson tide of battle rolled,
And the avenging legions rushed.

Wreaths for the living conqueror,
And glory's meed for the perished!
No sculptor's art may their forms restore,
But the hero-names are cherished.
When voiced on the wind rose the patriot-call,
They gave no thought to the glory pall,
But pressed to the fight as a festival!
They bared them to the sabre-stroke,
Nor quailed an eye when the fury broke;
They fought like men who dared to die,
For freedom was their battle-cry,
And loud it rang through the conflict smoke!
Up with the nation's banners! They fly
With an eagle-flight,
To the far blue sky;
'Tis a glorious sight,
As they float abroad in the azure light,
And their fame shall never die!

When nations search their brightest page
For deeds that gild the olden age,

Shining the meteor lights of story,
England with swelling pride shall hear
Of Cressy's field, and old Poictiers,
And deathless Agincourt;
Fair Gallia point with a kindling eye
To the days of her belted chivalry,
And her gallant troubadour;
Old Scotia, too, with joy shall turn
Where beams the field of Bannockburn,
And Stirling's field of glory!
Land of the free! though young in fame,
Earth may not boast a nobler name;
Platæa's splendor is not thine,
Leuctra, nor Marathon;
Yet look where lives in glory's line,
The day of Lexington!

BUNKER HILL.

GEORGE H. CALVERT.

[The Americans attempted to annoy, and, if possible, to dislodge the British forces in Boston. On the 16th of June, 1775, a breastwork was thrown up on Bunker's Hill, Charlestown, and so silently that it was nearly finished before the British discovered it at daybreak, and began to cannonade the work from the ships. From the failure of ammunition, the Americans were obliged to retreat. Gen. Warren was killed and Charlestown laid in ashes.]

"NOT yet, not yet; steady, steady!"
On came the foe in even line,
Nearer and nearer to thrice paces nine.
We looked into their eyes. "Ready!"
A sheet of flame; a roll of death!
They fell by scores; we held our breath!
Then nearer still they came.
Another sheet of flame;

And brave men fled who never fled before.
Immortal fight!
Foreshadowing flight
Back to the astounded shore.

Quickly they rallied, reënforced,
'Mid louder roar of ships' artillery,
And bursting bombs and whistling musketry,
And shouts and groans anear, afar,
All the new din of dreadful war.
Through their broad bosoms calmly coursed
The blood of those stout farmers, aiming
For freedom, manhood's birthright claiming.

Onward once more they came:
Another sheet of deathful flame!
Another and another still.
They broke, they fled;
Again they sped
Down the green, bloody hill.

Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, Gage,
Stormed with commanders' rage.
Into each emptied barge
They crowd fresh men for a new charge
Up that great hill.
Again their gallant blood we spill.
That volley was the last:
Our powder failed.
On three sides fast
The foe pressed in; nor quailed
A man. Their barrels empty, with musket-stocks
They fought, and gave death-dealing knocks,
Till Prescott ordered the retreat.
Then Warren fell; and through a leaden sleet

From Bunker Hill and Breed,
Stark, Putnam, Pomeroy, Knowlton, Read
Led off the remnant of those heroes true;
The foe too weakened to pursue.
The ground they gained; but we
The victory.

The tidings of that chosen band
Flowed in a wave of power
Over the shaken, anxious land,
To men, to man, a sudden dower.
History took a fresh, higher start
From that staunch, beaming hour;
And when the speeding messenger, that bare
The news that strengthened every heart,
Met near the Delaware
The leader, who had just been named,
Who was to be so famed,
The steadfast, earnest Washington,
With hands uplifted, cries,
His great soul flashing to his eyes,
"Our liberties are safe! the cause is won!"
A thankful look he cast to heaven, and then
His steed he spurred in haste to lead such noble men.

BUNKER'S HILL.

JOHN NEAL.

NO shout disturbed the night
Before that fearful fight;
There was no boasting high,
No marshalling of men
Who ne'er might meet again—
No cup was filled and quaffed to victory!

No plumes were there,
No banners fair,
No trumpet breathed around,
Nor the drum's startling sound
Broke on the midnight air.
There was a "still, small voice,"
As of one from out the grave
Who called upon the brave
To perish and rejoice!
There was a sound of woe,
Of heartful agony,
For those who were to go
That day to do and die.
Then fell the widow's tear
Upon her only son—
Her sole surviving one,—
Who, ere the day was done,
Might be upon the bier;
Then was the thick-drawn breath,
And the parent's parting sigh,
And the husband's startling cry,
And the lover's moan swept by,
And all was still as death.

There was no proud array,
No gorgeous show of military power,
That lasteth for an hour
And then hath passed away;
On that eventful day
No monarch gave the word,
No hirelings obey;
No trumpets' sound was heard,
Nor the steeds' startling neigh.
But commanders gathered there,
Stout of heart and strong of limb,

Then heard the chanted hymn,
And the lowly muttered prayer,
And the foeman's sullen gun
As slowly he came on,
And the loud-pealed "Hurrah!"

Then the strongest knees did fail,
And the ruddy cheeks grew pale,
And the balmy summer gale
A chill o'er many cast,
Who had braved the winter's blast.
There was a distant roar,
There was a nearer crash,
There was a shout along the shore,
Along the hill a flash;
Then came the foeman's cry,
And then the foeman's gun;
A single yell of agony,
A groan, and all was done;
A battle fought, a victory won!

DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

JULY 4, 1776.

WHEN, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume, among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pur-

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suit of happiness; that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate, that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these Colonies; and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former system of government. The history of the present King of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world:

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature,—a right inestimable to them, and formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records,

for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, for opposing, with manly firmness, his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused, for a long time after such dissolutions, to cause others to be elected; whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large, for their exercise, the state remaining, in the meantime, exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without, and convulsion within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose, obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has obstructed the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices, and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices, and sent hither swarms of officers, to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independent of, and superior to, the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation,—for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; for protecting them, by a mock trial, from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriving us, in many cases, of the benefits of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be tried for pretended offences; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging its boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and

fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these Colonies; for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws, and altering, fundamentally, the powers of our government; for suspending our own legislatures, and declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here, by declaring us out of his protection, and waging war against us.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, and destroyed the lives of our people.

He is, at this time, transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries, to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, and totally unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow-citizens, taken captive on the high seas, to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends and brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has excited domestic insurrections amongst us, and has endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, and conditions.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms; our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injury. A prince, whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them, from time to time, of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity; and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations, which would inevitably interrupt our connections and correspondence. They, too, have been deaf to the voice of justice and of consanguinity. We must,

therefore, acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our separation, and hold them, as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in General Congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these Colonies, solemnly publish and declare, That these united Colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that, as free and independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, and to do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do. And, for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.

THE BELL OF LIBERTY.

J. T. HEADLEY.

[Congress organized a Continental Army and placed George Washington at its head. The news of the battle of Bunker Hill excited astonishment in England, and induced Lord Chatham to attempt a change in the measures of the British government. But in this he was unsuccessful, and the ministry decided to employ a force powerful enough to reduce the colonies to submission. Thomas Paine advocated the expediency and necessity of a Declaration of Independence, and the motion was carried by a vote nearly unanimous on July 4, 1776.]

THE representatives of the people assembled in solemn conclave, and long and anxiously surveyed the perilous ground on which they were treading. To recede was now impossible; to go on seemed fraught with terrible consequences. The result of the long and fearful conflict that must follow was more than doubtful. For twenty days Congress was tossed on a sea of per-

plexity. At length, Richard Henry Lee, shaking off the fetters that galled his noble spirit, arose, on the 7th of June, and in a clear, deliberate tone, every accent of which rang to the farthest extremity of the silent hall, proposed the following resolution: "*Resolved*, That these united Colonies are, and ought to be, free and independent states, and all political connection between us and the states of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved."

John Adams, in whose soul glowed the burning future, seconded the resolution in a speech so full of impassioned fervor, thrilling eloquence, and prophetic power, that Congress was carried away before it as by a resistless wave. The die was cast, and every man was now compelled to meet the issue. The resolution was finally deferred till the 1st of July, to allow a committee, appointed for that purpose, to draft a Declaration of Independence.

When the day arrived, the Declaration was taken up and debated article by article. The discussion continued for three days, and was characterized by great excitement. At length, the various sections having been gone through with, the next day, July 4th, was appointed for action. It was soon known throughout the city; and in the morning, before Congress assembled, the streets were filled with excited men, some gathered in groups engaged in eager discussion, and others moving toward the state-house. All business was forgotten in the momentous crisis which the country had now reached. No sooner had the members taken their seats than the multitude gathered in a dense mass around the entrance. The bellman mounted to the belfry, to be ready to proclaim the joyful tidings of freedom as soon as the final vote was passed. A bright-eyed boy was stationed below to give the signal. Around the bell, brought from England, had been cast, more than twenty years before, the prophetic motto: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof." Although its loud clang had often sounded over the city, the proclamation engraved on its iron lip had never yet been spoken aloud.

It was expected that the final vote would be taken without delay; but hour after hour wore on, and no report came from the myste-

rious hall where the fate of a continent was in suspense. The multitude grew impatient. The old man leaned over the railing, straining his eye downward, till his heart misgave him, and hope yielded to fear. But at length, about two o'clock, the door of the hall opened, and a voice exclaimed, "It has passed!" The word leaped like lightning from lip to lip, followed by huzzas that shook the building. The boy-sentinel turned to the belfry, clapped his hands, and shouted, "Ring! ring!" The desponding bellman, electrified into life by the joyful news, seized the iron tongue, and hurled it backward and forward with a clang that startled every heart in Philadelphia like a bugle blast. "Clang! Clang!" the bell of Liberty resounded on, higher and clearer and more joyous, blending in its deep and thrilling vibration, and proclaiming in loud and long accents over all the land the motto that encircled it.

Glad messengers caught the tidings as they floated out on the air, and spread off in every direction to bear them onward. When they reached New York, the bells rang out the glorious news, and the excited multitude, surging hither and thither, at length gathered around the Bowling Green, and seizing the leaden statue of George III., which stood there, tore it in fragments. These were afterward run into bullets and hurled against his Majesty's troops. When the Declaration arrived in Boston, the people gathered to the old Faneuil Hall to hear it read; and as the last sentence fell from the lips of the reader, a loud shout went up, and soon from every fortified height and every battery the thunder of cannon reëchoed the joy.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

CARL SCHURZ.

LET your imagination carry you back to the year 1776. You stand in the hall of the old colonial court-house, of Philadelphia. Through the open door you see the Continental Congress assembled; the moment for a great decision is drawing near. The

first little impulses to the general upheaval of the popular spirit, the Tea Tax, the Stamp Act, drop into insignificance; they are almost forgotten; the revolutionary spirit has risen far above them. It puts the claim to independence upon the broad basis of eternal rights, as self-evident as the sun, as broad as the world, as common as the air of heaven.

The struggle of the colonies against the usurping government of Great Britain has risen to the proud dimensions of a struggle of man for liberty and equality. Not only the supremacy of old England is to be shaken off, but a new organization of society is to be built up, on the basis of liberty and equality. That is the Declaration of Independence! That is the American Revolution!

It is a common thing that men of a coarse cast of mind so lose themselves in the mean pursuit of selfish ends, as to become insensible to the grand and sublime. Measuring every character and every event in history by the low standard of their own individualities, incapable of grasping broad and generous ideas, they will belittle every great thing they cannot deny, and drag down every struggle of principle to the sordid arena of aspiring selfishness.

Eighteen hundred years ago there were men who saw in incipient Christianity nothing but a mere wrangle between Jewish theologians, gotten up by a carpenter's boy, and carried on by a few crazy fishermen. Three hundred years ago there were men who saw in the great reformatory movement of the 16th century, not the emancipation of the individual conscience, but a mere fuss raised by a German monk, who wanted to get married. Two hundred years ago there were men who saw in Hampden's refusal to pay the ship's money, not a bold vindication of constitutional liberty, but the crazy antics of a man who was mean enough to quarrel about a few shillings. And now there are men who see in the Declaration of Independence and the American Revolution, not the reorganization of human society upon a basis of liberty and equality, but a dodge of some English colonists who were unwilling to pay their taxes.

It is in vain for demagogism to raise its short arms against the truth of history. The Declaration of Independence stands there.

No candid man ever read it without seeing and feeling that every word of it was dictated by deep and earnest thought, and that every sentence of it bears the stamp of philosophic generality. It is the summing up of the results of the philosophical development of the age; the practical embodiment of the progressive ideas, which, far from being confined to the narrow limits of the English colonies, pervaded the very atmosphere of all civilized countries.

ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D.

NOT out of books, legal researches, historical inquiry, the careful and various studies of language, came the Declaration of Independence; but out of repeated public debate, out of manifold personal and private discussion, out of Jefferson's clear, sympathetic observation of the feeling and thought of men, out of that exquisite personal sensibility to vague and impalpable popular impulses which was in him innately combined with artistic taste, an ideal nature, and rare power of philosophical thought. The voice of the cottage as well as the college, of the church as well as the legislative assembly, was in the paper. It echoed the talk of the farmer in homespun, as well as the classic eloquence of Lee, or the terrible tones of Patrick Henry. It gushed at last from the pen of its writer, like the fountain from the roots of Lebanon, a brimming river when it issues from the rock; but it was because its sources had been supplied, its fulness filled by unseen springs; by the rivulets winding far up among the cedars, and percolating through hidden crevices in the stone; by melting snows, whose white sparkle seemed still on the stream; by fierce rains, with which the basins above were drenched; by even the dews, silent and wide, which had lain in stillness all night upon the hill.

The Platonic idea of the development of the state was thus realized here: first ethics, then politics. A public opinion, energetic and dominant, took its place from the start as the chief

instrument of the new civilization. No dashing manœuvres of skilful commanders, no sudden burst of popular passion, was in the Declaration; but the vast mystery of a supreme and imperative public life, at once diffused and intense—behind all persons, before all plans, beneath which individual wills are exalted, at whose touch the personal mind is inspired, and under whose transcendent impulse the smallest instrument becomes of a terrific force. That made the Declaration; and that makes it now, in its modest brevity, take its place with Magna Charta and the Petition of Right, as full as they of vital force, and destined to a parallel permanence.

A NATION BORN IN A DAY.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

THE Declaration of Independence! The interest which in that paper has survived the occasion upon which it was issued, the interest which is of every age and every clime, the interest which quickens with the lapse of years, spreads as it grows old, and brightens as it recedes, is in the principles which it proclaims. It was the first solemn declaration by a nation of the only legitimate foundation of civil government. It was the corner-stone of a new fabric, destined to cover the surface of the globe. It demolished at a stroke the lawfulness of all governments founded upon conquest. It swept away all the rubbish of accumulated centuries of servitude. It announced in practical form to the world the transcendent truth of the inalienable sovereignty of the people. It proved that the social compact was no figment of the imagination, but a real, solid, and sacred bond of the social union. From the day of this declaration the people of North America were no longer the fragment of a distant empire, imploring justice and mercy from an inexorable master in another hemisphere. They were no longer children, appealing in vain to the sympathies of a heartless mother; no longer subjects, leaning upon the shattered columns of royal promises, and invoking the faith of parchment to secure

their rights. They were a nation, asserting as of right and maintaining by war its own existence. A nation was born in a day.

> "How many ages hence
> Shall this, their lofty scene, be acted o'er
> In states unborn, and accents yet unknown?"

It will be acted o'er, fellow-citizens, but it can never be repeated. It stands, and must forever stand, alone; a beacon on the summit of the mountain, to which all the inhabitants of the earth may turn their eyes for a genial and saving light, till time shall be lost in eternity, and this globe itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind. It stands forever, a light of admonition to the rulers of men, a light of salvation and redemption to the oppressed. So long as this planet shall be inhabited by human beings, so long as man shall be of a social nature, so long as government shall be necessary to the great moral purposes of society, so long as it shall be abused to the purposes of oppression,—so long shall this declaration hold out to the sovereign and to the subject the extent and the boundaries of their respective rights and duties, founded in the laws of nature and of nature's God.

THE BIRTHDAY OF THE REPUBLIC.

THOMAS PAINE.

[September 3, 1783, there was concluded at Versailles a Treaty of Peace, by which the thirteen united colonies were acknowledged to be "Free, sovereign, and independent states."]

THE times that tried men's souls are over, and the greatest and completest revolution the world ever knew is gloriously and happily accomplished. To see it in our power to make a world happy, to teach mankind the art of being so, to exhibit on the theatre of the universe a character hitherto unknown, and to have, as it were, a new creation intrusted to our hands, are honors that command reflection, and can neither be too highly estimated nor too gratefully received. In this pause, then, of recollection, while

the storm is ceasing and the long agitated mind vibrating to a rest, let us look back on the scenes we have passed, and learn from experience what is yet to be done.

Never, I say, had a country so many openings to happiness as this. Her setting out in life, like the rising of a fair morning, was unclouded and promising. Her cause was good, her principles just and liberal, her temper serene and firm. Her conduct was regulated by the nicest steps, and everything about her wore the mark of honor. It is not every country—perhaps there is not another in the world—that can boast so fair an origin. Rome, once the proud mistress of the universe, was originally a band of ruffians; but America need never be ashamed to tell her birth, nor relate the stages by which she rose to empire. The remembrance, then, of what is past, if it operates rightly, must inspire her with the most laudable of all ambition,—that of adding to the fair fame she began with. The world has seen her great in adversity; let then the world see that she can bear prosperity, and that her honest virtue in time of peace is equal to the bravest virtue in time of war.

The debt which America has contracted, compared with the cause she has gained and the advantages to flow from it, ought scarcely to be mentioned. The world is in her hands. She has no foreign power to monopolize her commerce, perplex her legislation, or control her prosperity. With the blessings of peace, independence, and a universal commerce, the states, individually and collectively, will have time to regulate their domestic concerns, and to put it beyond the power of calumny to throw the least reflection on their honor.

But that which must much more forcibly strike a thoughtful, penetrating mind is the union of the states. On this our great national character depends. It is this which must give us importance abroad and security at home. It is through this only that we are or can be nationally known to the world. It is the flag of the *United* States which renders our ships and commerce safe on the seas or in a foreign port. All our treaties, whether of alliance, peace, or commerce, are formed under the sovereignty of the United

States of America, and Europe knows us by no other title or name. The division of the empire into states is for our own convenience, but abroad this distinction ceases. We have no other national sovereignty than as United States. Sovereignty must have power to protect all the parts that compose and constitute it, and as United States we are equal to the importance of the title. Our union, well and wisely regulated and cemented, is the cheapest way of being great, the easiest way of being powerful, the happiest invention in government which the circumstances of America can admit of.

MARQUIS DE LA FAYETTE.

CHARLES SUMNER.

OVERTOPPING all others in character, La Fayette was conspicuous in debate. Especially was he aroused whenever human liberty was in question; nor did he hesitate to vindicate the great revolution in France, at once in its principles and in its practical results, boldly declaring that its evils were to be referred, not so much to the bad passions of men, as to those timid counsels which instituted compromise for principle. His parliamentary career was interrupted by an episode which belongs to the poetry of history—his visit to the United States upon the invitation of the American Congress. The Boston poet at that time gave expression to the universal feeling when he said:

> "We bow not the neck, we bend not the knee,
> But our hearts, La Fayette, we surrender to thee."

As there never was such a guest, so there never was such a host; and yet, throughout all the transcendent hospitality binding him by new ties, he kept the loyalty of his heart—he did not forget the African slave. But his country had further need of his services. Charles X. undertook to subvert the charter under which he held his crown; Paris was again aroused, and France was heaving. Then did all eyes turn to the patriot farmer of Lagrange, to the hero

already of two revolutions, to inspire confidence alike by his bravery and by his principles. Now seventy years of age, with a few friends, among whom was a personal friend of my own—whom some of you also know, Dr. Howe, of Boston,—he passed through the streets where the conflict was hotly raging, and across the barricades, to the City Hall, when he was again placed at the head of the national guard of France.

"Liberty shall triumph," said he in his first proclamation, "or we will perish together." Charles X. fell before the words of that old man. The destinies of France were again in his hand. He might have made himself Dictator; he might have established a republic of which he might have been chief; but, mindful of that moderation which was the rule of his life, unwilling to hazard again the civil conflict which had drenched France with fraternal blood, he proposed a popular throne surrounded by popular institutions. The Duke of Orleans, as Louis Philippe, became King of Fronce. Unquestionably his own desire was for a republic, upon the American model; but he gave up this darling desire of his heart, satisfied that, at least, liberty was secured. If this was not so, it was because, for a moment, he had put his trust in princes. He again withdrew to his farm, but his heart was wherever liberty was in question—now with the Pole, now with the Italian, now with the African slave. For the rights of the latter he had unfailing sympathy, and upon the principle, as he expressed it, "Every slave has the right of immediate emancipation, by the concession of his master or by force, and this principle no man can call in question." Tenderly he approached this great question of our own country, but the constancy with which he did it shows that it haunted and perplexed him like a sphinx, with a perpetual riddle. He could not understand how men who had fought for their own liberty could deny liberty to others. But he did not despair; although at one time in his old age his impatient philanthropy broke forth in the declaration, that he never would have drawn the sword for America had he known that it was to found a government that sanctioned human slavery.

The time was now at hand when his great career was to close. Being taken ill, at first with a cold, the Chamber of Deputies inquired of his son after his health; and upon the next day, May 20, 1834, he died, at the age of seventy-seven. The ruling passion was strong to the last. As at the beginning, so at the end, he was all for freedom; and the last lines traced by his hand, which he rose from his death-bed to write, attest his joy at that great act of emancipation by which England, at an expense of $100,000,000, had given freedom to 800,000 slaves. "Nobly," he writes—and these were the last words of your benefactor—"nobly has the public treasure been employed." And these last words, speaking from the tomb, still sound in our ears. Such was La Fayette. At the tidings of his death there was mourning in two hemispheres, for the whole earth was the sepulchre of the illustrious man.

Judge him by what he did throughout a long life, and you must confess his greatness. Judge him by the principles of his life, and you must bend with reverence before him. In all history he stands alone. There is no one who has done so much for human freedom. In youth showing the firmness of age, and in age showing the ardor of youth; trampling upon the prejudices of birth, upon the seductions of power, upon the blandishments of wealth, setting aside the favor even of that people whom he loved so well; whether placed at the height of worldly ambition, or plunged in the vaults of a dungeon, always true to the same principle.

Great he was, indeed, not as an author, although he has written what we are all glad to read; not as an orator, although he has spoken so often and well; not as a soldier, although always brave, and often working miracles of genius; not as a statesman, although versed in government and intuitively perceiving the relations of men and nations—not on these accounts is he great; but he is great as one of the world's benefactors who possessed the largest measure of that greatest gift of God to man, the genius of beneficence. And great he is as an example which, so long as history endures, shall teach all—the author, the soldier, the statesman,—all alike to labor, and, if need be, to suffer, for human right. The fame of such

a character, brightening with the advance of civilization, can find no limit except in earthly gratitude.

WASHINGTON AT VALLEY FORGE.

THEODORE PARKER.

DURING the winter of 1777–8, Washington went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. What a terrible time it was for the hopes of America! In 1776 he had an army of 47,000 men, and the nation was exhausted by the great effort. In 1777 it was less than 20,000 men. Women who had once melted their pewter plates into bullets, could not do it a second time.

At Valley Forge, within a day's march of the enemy's headquarters, there were not 12,000 soldiers. That winter they lay on the ground. So scarce were blankets that many were forced to sit up all night by their fires. At one time, more than a thousand soldiers had not a shoe to their feet. You could trace their march by the blood which their naked feet left in the ice. At one time, more than one-fourth of all the troops there are reported as "unfit for duty, because barefoot or otherwise naked." Washington offered a prize for the best substitute for shoes made of untanned hides!

Even provisions failed. Once there was a famine in the camp, and Washington must seize provisions by violence, or the army would die. He ordered the Pennsylvania farmers to thresh out the wheat and sell it to him, or he would take it and pay them only for the straw. Congress was disheartened. The men of ability stayed at home, and weaklings took their place. For some time there were only 21 members, and it was difficult to assemble a quorum of states for business.

Tories abounded. There were cabals against Washington in the army. Mifflin, Conway, Gates, Pickering, Schuyler, were hostile, and they found abundant support in Congress. Samuel Adams distrusted Washington. So, too, did John Adams. James Lovell, of Massachusetts, and Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, were not

more friendly, and far less honorable. It is not wholly to be wondered at.

Within a year, Washington had lost New York and its neighborhood—lost Philadelphia and all the strongholds around it. He had gained but one victory worth naming, that at Trenton. In the mean time, Burgoyne, an able soldier, with an admirable army, had walked into a trap on the North River, and had been taken by Gates and the northern army, who were most of them militia of New England. It is not wonderful that men doubted, and thought that the selfish, mean-spirited, and loud-talking General Conway would do better than the modest Washington to command the army.

Samuel Adams wanted democratic rotation in office, that the general should be hired by the year! If he had not been possessed of great wealth, and cared for nothing, I think Washington's command had come to an end before 1778. But Dr. Franklin was on the other side of the sea; and, with consummate art, he had induced the French court to favor America with contributions of money and of arms, and, after the surrender of Burgoyne, to acknowledge the independence of the United States, and to make an open treaty of alliance, furnishing America with money and men, artillery and stores.

Then, first, America began to uplift her drooping head.

WOMEN OF THE REVOLUTION.

MARY E. BLAKE.

HEART of the patriot touched by Freedom's kindling breath,
Pouring its burning words from lips by passion fired!
Sword of the soldier drawn in the awful face of death!
Bounteous pen of the scholar tracing its theme inspired!
Wealth of the rich man's coffers, help of the poor man's dole!
Strength of the sturdy arm and might of the statesman's fame,
These be fit themes for praise, in days that tried the soul,
But where in the list is room for mention of woman's name?

For hers are the virtues cast in finer and gentler mould;
In quiet and peaceful paths her nature finds its scope.
Stronger in loving than hating, fond where the man is bold,
She works with the tools of patience and wonderful gifts of hope.
Nay! When the man is called the woman must swiftly rise,
Ready to strengthen and bless, ready to follow or wait;
Ready to crush in her heart the anguish of tears and sighs,
Reading the message of God in the blind decrees of fate!

So, in days of the past, when Liberty raised her voice,
Weak as a new-born babe in the cradle who wakes and calls,
And the tremulous accents ran through the beautiful land of her choice—
As into the heart of the mother the cry of her infant falls—
So did hand of the woman reach to hand of the man,
Helping with comfort and love, steeling his own for the strife;
Till the calm of her steadfast soul through his wavering pulses ran,
And the blow of the husband's arm was nerved from the heart of the wife.

Wearing a homespun gown, or ruling with easy sway
The world of fashion and pride, gilded by fortune's sun,
Rich or poor, who asks, as we read the record of to-day?
Lowly or great, who cares how the poor distinctions run?
Hallowed be every name in the roll of honor and fame,
Since on hearthstone and field they kindled the sacred fire,
Since with fostering breath they nurtured liberty's name,
And set it aloft on the heights to which heroes' feet aspire.

Molly of Monmouth, staunch in the place of her fallen brave,
Drowning the cry of defeat in the lusty roar of her gun;
Rebecca, the Lady of Buckhead, who, eager for freedom, gave
Home of her heart to the burning, and smiled when the work was done;
Abigail Adams of Quincy, noble of soul and race,
Reader of men and books, wielder of distaff and pen;

Martha Wilson of Jersey, moving with courtly grace;
Deborah Samson, fighting side by side with the men;

Frances Allen, the Tory, choosing the better part,
Led by Ethan, the daring, to follow his glorious way;
Elizabeth Zane of Wheeling, timid, yet brave of heart,
Bearing her burden of powder through smoke and flame of the fray!
Each, on the endless list, through length and breadth of the land,
Winning her deathless place on the golden scroll of time,
Fair as in old Greek days the women of Sparta stand,
Linked with the heroes' fame and sharing their deeds sublime.

Plain of speech and of dress, as fitted their age and place,
Meet companions for men of sterner creed and fame;
Yet knowing the worth of a word, and fair with the old-time grace,
That perfumes like breath of a flower the page that holds their name.
Honor they taught, and right, and noble courage of truth,
Strength to suffer and bear in holy liberty's need;
Framing through turbulent years and fiery season of youth,
Soul for the valor of thought, hand for the valor of deed.

Well that with praise of the brave, song of their triumph should blend!
Well that in joy of the land fame of their glory find part!
For theirs is the tone of the chord that holds its full strength to the end,
When music that dies on the ear still lingers and sings in the heart.
Letter and word may die, but still the spirit survives,
Rounding in ages unborn each frail, distorted plan;
And fittest survival is that when souls of mothers and wives
Bloom in immortal deeds through life of child and of man.

THE FIFER AND DRUMMER OF SCITUATE.

S. H. PALFREY.

[A true incident of the war of 1812.]

"ABBY, Abby, they're a-comin'!"
"Who's a-comin'? What's to do?"

"Oh, the British! an' there ain't a soul to home but me an' you.
Job's gone courtin', Noah's a-fishin', all the neighbors be afar;
Peek; they're two great boat-loads rowin' for our flour-ships at the bar.
When they've took 'em, what's to hender? don't you s'pose they'll come right down,
Pike an' gun an' blood an' murder here, an' rob an' burn the town?"

"No, I don't, not ef I'm spared—an' don't you have a chicken heart.
Le' me think, an' then I'll tell ye; then we both must play our part.
Becky, all we've ever got ter mind is, jest ter do our best;
When that's done, we never need ter fear ter leave ter God the rest.
Nobody can't die but once; an' ef our own turn comes to-day,
Let it find us at our dooty, an' then find us when it may.
Though their swellin' hearts be mighty—though each comes like ten times ten—
Say your prayers, an' jest remember Englishmen ain't naught but men.
I'll run round an' lock the house up, an' you scamper for your life
Up the garret stairs, an' fetch us, to the barn, the drum an' fife,
Make believe we're the milishy comin'. Girls be good as boys
For some things—folks needn't tell me—jest as good ter make a noise."

Becky scampers. Abby makes fast door and window breathlessly,
In her hurry puts the kitten in her pocket with the key,
Calls the dog, and drives the cow in from her grazing in the croft
To her stall, and, dragging Becky, scrambles up into the loft,
Opens wide the great barn window, seizes on her father's drum,
Cries, "You keep the fife, dear Becky—that's right—sound like kingdom come!
Think you've got the trump that Gideon blew against the heathen host,
When the Lord's sword conquered Midian, an' their princes' heads were lost.
Won't the British lose their heads, too? Mebbe, ef we keep our own."
While she chatters, she is drumming, till the grumbling roof doth groan.

"Yankee Doodle," "Hail, Columbia," pealed with many a deafening bout;
Like a cherub's on a tombstone, Becky's dimpled cheeks puffed out,
Abby's hazel eyes flashed lightning, as her rapid stick she plied,
Marching still, and counter-marching, to and fro, from side to side—
O'er the soft gray hills and valleys of the clover-scented hay,
Sounding like an army coming up and down from far away,
Now through rich brown shadows went they—lively, lovely Yankee girls—
Now an elm let stealthy sunlight in on fair and chestnut curls.
Fifing, drumming, panting, stumbling, half in fear and half in fun,
When they dared to reconnoitre, then they saw the British run.
"Now 'The Rogue's March,' little sister—louder, louder! let us play
One more pooty piece o' music jest ter speed 'em on their way."

When the sunset's gold and amber, wrought upon the cobwebbed gloom
Of the straw-hung old barn-chamber, made it seem a tapestried room,

And their townsmen came, each rafter o'er each little merry head,
Rang with peals of girlish laughter as the pair looked down and said:
"Brother, father, uncle, welcome; but a little late you've come!
Now the flour-ships would be taken but for us, an' fife an' drum."

Straight men knew the situation, ran the rescued ships to see,
Thronged the barnyard then, and, shouting, gave the damsels "three times three!"
Wild with mirth; and ever after, oft as general training-day
Called the gallant lads of Scituate from the scythe and forge away,
'Neath the farmhouse' sunset windows, fife and drum were duly played
To those gallant maids of Scituate, in memorial serenade.

CAPTAIN MOLLY AT MONMOUTH.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

[At the opening of the campaign in 1778, Gen. William Howe went to England, and Gen. Sir Henry Clinton succeeded him as commander-in-chief. It was determined by the British to concentrate their forces in the city of New York, and for this purpose the royal army left Philadelphia in June and crossed the Delaware. Gen. Washington, penetrating their design, attempted to interrupt their progress. The two armies met on the 28th of June, near Monmouth Court House, N. J. The British troops were defeated and remained inactive during the summer.]

ON the bloody field of Monmouth flashed the guns of Greene and Wayne;
Fiercely roared the tide of battle, thick the sward was heaped with slain.
Foremost, facing death and danger, Hessian horse and grenadier,
In the vanguard, fiercely fighting, stood an Irish cannoneer.

Loudly roared his iron cannon, mingling ever in the strife,
And beside him, firm and daring, stood his faithful Irish wife;
Of her bold contempt of danger, Greene and Lee's brigade could tell,
Every one knew "Captain Molly," and the army loved her well.

Surged the roar of battle round them, swiftly flew the iron hail;
Forward dashed a thousand bayonets that lone battery to assail;
From the foeman's foremost columns swept a furious fusilade,
Mowing down the massed battalions in the ranks of Greene's brigade.

Fast and faster worked the gunner, soiled with powder, blood, and dust;
English bayonets shone before him, shot and shell around him burst;
Still he fought with reckless daring, stood and manned her long and well,
Till at last the gallant fellow dead beside his cannon fell.

With a bitter cry of sorrow, and a dark and angry frown,
Looked that band of gallant patriots at their gunner stricken down.
"Fall back, comrades! It is folly thus to strive against the foe."
"No, not so!" cried Irish Molly, "we can strike another blow!"

Quickly leaped she to the cannon in her fallen husband's place,
Sponged and rammed it fast and steady, fired it in the foeman's face.
Flashed another ringing volley, roared another from the gun;
"Boys, hurrah!" cried gallant Molly, "for the flag of Washington!"

Greene's brigade, though shorn and shattered, slain and bleeding half their men,
When they heard that Irish slogan, turned and charged the foe again;
Knox and Wayne and Morgan rally, to the front they forward wheel,
And before their rushing onset Clinton's English columns reel.

Still the cannon's voice in anger rolled and rattled o'er the plain,
Till there lay in swarms around it mangled heaps of Hessian slain.
"Forward! charge them with the bayonet!" 'twas the voice of Washington;
And there burst a fiery greeting from the Irishwoman's gun.

Monckton falls; against his columns leap the troops of Wayne and Lee,
And before their reeking bayonets Clinton's red battalions flee;
Morgan's rifles, fiercely flashing, thin the foe's retreating ranks,
And behind them, onward dashing, Ogden hovers on their flanks.

Fast they fly, those boasting Britons, who in all their glory came,
With their brutal Hessian hirelings to wipe out our country's name.
Proudly floats the starry banner; Monmouth's glorious field is won;
And, in triumph, Irish Molly stands beside her smoking gun.

SOLILOQUY OF ARNOLD.

EDWARD C. JONES.

THE plan is fixed; I fluctuate no more
Betwixt despair and hope. As leaves the shore
The hardy mariner, though adverse fate
May merge his bark, or cast him desolate
Upon a savage coast, so, wrought at last
Up to a frenzied purpose, I have passed
The Rubicon. Farewell my old renown!
Here I breathe mildew on my warrior crown;
Here honor parts from me, and base deceit
Steps to the usurper's throne; I cannot meet
The withering censure of the rebel band,
And, therefore, to the strong I yield this heart and hand.

What else befits me? I have misapplied
The nation's funds and ever gratified
Each vaulting wish, though justice wept the deed;
And here, beneath the load of pressing need,
I must have gold. How else the clamorous cry
Of creditors appease, and satisfy

Demands which haunt me more than dreams of blood
And claims which chill more than Canadian flood?
Stay? My accounts betray the swindler's mark.
Go? And my path, though smooth, like Tartarus is dark.

These rocky ridges, how they shelve on high,
Each a stern sentinel in majesty.
Yes, 'tis your own Gibraltar, Washington!
And must the stronghold of his hope be won?
Won? Twenty thousand scarcely could invest
That sure defence, which o'er the river's breast
Casts a gigantic shadow; but my plan
Dispenses with the formidable van,
And Clinton may my garrison surprise,
With few sulphurous clouds to blot these azure skies.

And yet a pang comes over me—I see
Myself at Saratoga; full and free
Goes up the peal of noble-hearted men;
Among the wounded am I numbered then,
And my outgushing feelings cling to those
Who periled all to face their country's foes.
Ah! when that wound a soldier's pride increased,
And gratulation scarce its pæan ceased,
I thought not then, oh, God! the stamp of shame
Would stand imprinted thus upon my hard-earned fame.

Avaunt, compunction! Conscience, to the wind!
Gold, gold I need—gold must Sir Henry find!
A rankling grudge is mine, for why not I
Commander of their forces? To the sky
Ever goes up the peal for Washington.
Is he a god, Virginia's favored son?
Why should the incense fume forevermore?
Must he my skill, my prowess, shadow o'er?

Ere this autumnal moon has filled its horn,
His honors must be nipped, his rising glories shorn.

Ah! he securely rests upon my faith—
Securely, when the spectre dims his path!
How unsuspecting has he ever been;
Above the false, the sinister, the mean!
But hold such eulogy—I will not praise;
Mine is the task to tarnish all his bays.
West Point, thy rocky ridges seem to say,
Be firm as granite, crown the work to-day,
Blot Saratoga, hearth and home adjure,
André I meet again—the gold I must secure.

THE BATTLE OF THE COWPENS.

THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

[In the autumn of 1780, Gen. Nathaniel Greene was appointed to the chief command of the American Southern army. The first action was fought at the Cowpens, where the English were defeated, losing over 800 men, while the Americans lost only 72.]

TO the Cowpens riding proudly, boasting loudly, rebels scorning,
Tarleton hurried, hot and eager for the fight;
From the Cowpens, sore confounded, on that January morning,
Tarleton hurried somewhat faster, fain to save himself by flight.

In the morn he scorned us rarely, but he fairly found his error,
When his force was made our ready blows to feel;
When his horsemen and his footmen fled in wild and pallid terror
At the leaping of our bullets, and the sweeping of our steel.

All the day before we fled them, and we led them to pursue us,
Then at night on Thicketty Mountain made our camp;
There we lay upon our rifles, slumber quickly coming to us,
Spite the crackling of our camp-fires, and our sentries' heavy tramp.

Morning on the mountain border ranged in order found our forces,
Ere our scouts announced the coming of the foe;
While the hoar-frost lying near us, and the distant water courses,
Gleamed like silver in the sunlight, seemed like silver in the glow.

Morgan ranged us there to meet them, and to greet them with such favor
That they scarce would care to follow us again;
In the rear, the Continentals—none were readier nor braver;
In the van with ready rifles, steady, stern, our mountain men.

Washington, our trooper peerless, gay and fearless, with his forces
Waiting panther-like upon the foe to fall,
Formed upon the slope behind us, where, on raw-boned country horses,
Sat the sudden-summoned levies brought from Georgia by McCall.

Soon we heard a distant drumming, near coming, slow advancing—
It was then upon the very nick of nine—
Soon upon the road from Spartanburg we saw their bayonets glancing,
And the moving sunlight playing on their swaying scarlet line.

In the distance seen so dimly, they looked grimly—coming nearer
There was naught about them fearful after all,
Until some one near me spoke in voice than falling water clearer,
"Tarleton's quarter is the sword-blade—Tarleton's mercy is the ball."

Then the memory came unto me, heavy, gloomy, of my brother
Who was slain while asking quarter at their hand;
Of that morning when was driven forth my sister and my mother
From our cabin in the valley by the spoilers of the land.

I remembered of my brother slain, my mother spurned and beaten,
Of my sister in her beauty brought to shame;
Of the wretches' jeers and laughter, as from mud-sill up to rafter,
Of the stripped and plundered cabin, leaped the fierce, consuming flame.

But that memory had no power there in that hour to depress me—
No! it stirred within my spirit fiercer ire;
And I gripped my sword-hilt firmer, and my arm and heart grew stronger,
And I longed to meet the wronger on the sea of steel and fire.

On they came, our might disdaining, when the raining bullets leaden
Pattered fast from scattered rifles on each wing;
Here and there went down a foeman, and the ground began to redden;
And they drew them back a moment, like the tiger ere his spring.

Then said Morgan, "Ball and powder kill much prouder men than Georgia's—
On your rifles and a careful aim rely;
They were trained in many battles, we in work-shops, fields and forges;
But we have our homes to fight for, and we do not fear to die."

Though our leader's words we cheered not, yet we feared not; we awaited,
Strong of heart, the threatened onset, and it came;
Up the sloping hillside swiftly rushed the foe so fiercely hated;
On they came with gleaming bayonet, 'mid the cannon's smoke and flame.

At their head rode Tarleton proudly—ringing loudly o'er the yelling
Of his men who heard his voice's brazen tone—

With his dark eyes flashing fiercely, and his sombre features telling
In their look the pride that filled him as the champion of the throne.

On they pressed, when sudden flashing, ringing, crashing came the firing
Of our forward line upon their close-set ranks;
Then at coming of their steel, which moved with steadiness untiring,
Fled our mountaineers, reforming in good order on our flanks.

Then the combat's raging anger, din and clangor, round and o'er us,
Filled the forest, stirred the air and shook the ground;
Charged with thunder tramp the horsemen, while their sabres shone before us,
Gleaming lightly, streaming brightly through the smoking cloud around.

Through the pines and oaks resounding, madly bounding from the mountain,
Leaped the rattle of the battle and the roar;
Fierce the hand-to-hand engaging, and the human freshet raging
Of the surging current urging past a dark and bloody shore.

Soon the course of fight was altered; soon they faltered at the leaden
Storm that smote them, and we saw their centre swerve;
Tarleton's eye flashed fierce in anger; Tarleton's face began to redden;
Tarleton gave the closing order—"Bring to action the reserve!"

Up the slope his legion thundered, full three hundred, fiercely spurring,
Cheering lustily they fell upon our flanks;
And their worn and wearied comrades, at the sound so spirit-stirring
Felt a thrill of hope and courage pass along their shattered ranks.

By the wind the smoke-cloud lifted lightly, drifted to the nor'ward,
And displayed in all their pride the scarlet foe;
We beheld them with a steady tramp and fearless, moving forward
With their banners proudly waving, and their bayonets levelled low.

Morgan gave his order clearly, "Fall back nearly to the border
Of the hill, and let the enemy come nigher!"
Oh! they thought we had retreated, and they charged in fierce disorder,
When out rang the voice of Howard, "To the right about, face! Fire!"

Then upon our very wheeling came the pealing of our volley,
And our balls made red a pathway down the hill;
Broke the foe, and shrank and cowered; rang again the voice of Howard,
"Give the hireling dogs the bayonet!" and we did it with a will.

In the meanwhile, one red-coated troop, unnoted, riding faster
Than their comrades on our rear in fury bore;
But the light-horse led by Washington soon brought it to disaster,
For they shattered it and scattered it, and smote it fast and sore.

Like a herd of startled cattle from the battlefield we drove them;
In disorder down the Mill-gap road they fled;
Tarleton led them in the racing, fast he fled before our chasing,
And he stopped not for the dying, and he staid not for the dead.

Down the Mill-gap road they scurried and they hurried with such fleetness—
We had never seen such running in our lives!
Ran they swifter than if seeking homes to taste domestic sweetness,
Having many years been parted from their children and their wives.

In their midst I saw one trooper, and around his waist I noted
Tied a simple silken scarf of blue and white;
When my vision grasped it clearly, to my hatred I devoted
Him, from all the hireling wretches who were mingled there in flight.

For that token in the summer had been from our cabin taken
By the robber-hands of wrongers of my kin;
'Twas my sister's—for the moment things around me were forsaken—
I was blind to fleeing foeman, I was deaf to battle's din.

Olden comrades round me lying dead or dying were unheeded—
Vain to me they looked for succor in their need;
O'er the corses of the soldiers, through the gory pools I speeded,
Driving rowel-deep my spurs within my madly-bounding steed.

As I came he turned, and staring at my glaring eyes he shivered;
Pallid fear went quickly o'er his features grim;
As he grasped his sword in terror, every nerve within him quivered—
For his guilty spirit told him why I solely sought for him.

Though the stroke I dealt he parried, onward carried, down I bore him—
Horse and rider—down together went the twain:
"Quarter!"—He! that scarf had doomed him! Stood a son and brother o'er him,
Down through plume and brass and leather went my sabre to the brain—
Never music like that crashing through the skull-bone to the brain.

MARION'S DINNER.

EDWARD C. JONES.

[A British officer, sent to negotiate an exchange of prisoners, was conducted into Marion's encampment. There the scene took place which is here commemorated. The young officer was so deeply affected by the sentiments of Marion, that he subsequently resigned his commission and retired from the British service.]

THEY sat on the trunk of a fallen pine,
And their plate was a piece of bark,
And the sweet potatoes were superfine,
Though bearing the embers' mark;
But Tom, with the sleeve of his cotton shirt,
The embers had brushed away,
And then to the brook, with a step alert,
He hied on that gala day.

The British officer tried to eat,
But his nerves were out of tune,
And ill at ease on his novel seat,
While absent both knife and spoon,
Said he, "You give me but Lenten fare,
Is the table thus always slim?
Perhaps with a Briton you will not share
The cup with a flowing brim!"

Then Marion put his potato down,
On the homely plate of bark;
He had to smile, for he could not frown,
While gay as the morning lark:
"'Tis a royal feast I provide to-day;
Upon roots we rebels dine,
And in freedom's service we draw no pay,
Is that code of ethics thine?"

Then, with flashing eye and with heaving breast,
He looked to the azure sky,
And, said he, with a firm, undaunted crest,
"Our trust is in God on high!
The hard, hard ground is a downy bed,
And hunger its fang foregoes,
And noble and firm is the soldier's tread,
In the face of his country's foes."

The officer gazed on that princely brow,
Where valor and genius shone,
And upon that fallen pine his vow
Went up to his Maker's throne:
"I will draw no sword against men like these,
It would drop from a nerveless hand;
And the very blood in my heart would freeze,
If I faced such a Spartan band."

From Marion's camp, with a saddened mien,
He hastened with awe away,
The Sons of Anak his eyes had seen,
And a giant race were they.
No more on the tented field was he,
And rich was the truth he learned,
That men who could starve for liberty
Can neither be crushed, nor spurned.

THE FIELDS OF WAR.

ISAAC M'LELLAN, JR.

THEY rise, by stream and yellow shore,
By mountain, moor, and fen;
By weedy rock and torrent hoar,
And lonesome forest glen!

From many a woody, moss-grown mound
  Start forth a war-worn band,
As when, of old, they caught the sound
Of hostile arms, and closed around
  To guard their native land.

Hark! to the clanging horn!
  Hark! to the rolling drum!
Arms glitter in the flash of morn—
  The hosts to battle come!
The serried files, the plumèd troop,
  Are marshalled once again,
Along the Hudson's mountain-group,
  Along the Atlantic main!

On Bunker, at the dead of night,
I seem to view the raging fight,
The burning town, the smoky height,
  The onset, the retreat!
And down the banks of Brandywine
I see the levelled bayonets shine,
And lurid clouds of battle twine,
  Where struggling columns meet.

Yorktown and Trenton blaze once more,
And by the Delaware's frozen shore
The hostile guns at midnight roar,
  The hostile shouts arise;
The snows of Valley Forge grow red,
And Saratoga's field is spread
With heaps of undistinguished dead,
  And filled with dying cries!

'Tis o'er! The battle-shout has died
By ocean, stream, and mountain-side,

And the bright harvest, far and wide,
  Waves o'er the blood-drenched field;
The rank grass o'er it greenly grows,
And oft the upturning shares disclose
The buried arms and bones of those
  Who fell, but would not yield!

Time's rolling chariot hath effaced
The very hillocks, where they placed
The bodies of the dead in haste
  When closed the furious fight;
The ancient fort and rampant mound
Long since have settled to the ground,
  On Bunker's famous height;
And the last relics of the brave
Are sinking to oblivion's grave!

AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.

ALL hail! thou noble land,
  Our fathers' native soil!
Oh, stretch thy mighty hand,
  Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore;
For thou, with magic might,
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
  The world o'er.

The genius of our clime,
  From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the great sublime;
  While the Tritons of the deep,

With their conches the kindred league shall proclaim.
Then let the world combine!
O'er the main our naval line,
Like the milky way, shall shine
Bright in fame!

Though ages long have passed
Since our fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravelled seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins;
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame,
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language, free and bold,
Which the bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of heaven rung,
When Satan, blasted, fell with all his host;
While this, with reverence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast.

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts,
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the sun;
Yet still, from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are one!"

WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL TO HIS ARMY.

THE chieftain gazed with moistened eyes upon the veteran band,
Who with him braved the battle's storm for God and native land;
At last the parting hour had come—from prairie, mount, and sea,
The glad shout burst from countless hearts: "Our land, our land is free!"

Then up from every altar rose a hymn of praise to God,
Who nerved the patriot hearts and arms to free their native sod;
The stormy strife of grief and gloom, of blood and death, was o'er,
The heroes who survived its wrath might seek their homes once more.

With bared heads bowed, and swelling hearts, they gathered round their chief;
The parting day to them was one of mingled joy and grief;
They thought of all his love and care, his patience sorely tried,
Of how he shared their wants and woes, and with them death defied.

They looked back to that fearful night when, 'mid the storm, he stood
Beside the icy Delaware to guide them o'er the flood;
Back to red fields where, thick as leaves upon an autumn day,
The tawny savage warriors and British foemen lay.

They thought of many a cheerless camp where lay the sick and dead,
Whereof that stately form was bent o'er many a sufferer's bed;
Well had he won the deathless love of all that patriot band—
Their friend and guide, their nation's hope, the savior of their land.

He, too, saw all they had endured to break their country's chains,
Their naked footprints stamped in blood on Jersey's frozen plains;

The gloomy huts at Valley Forge, where winter's icy breath
Froze many a brave heart's crimson flow, chained many an arm in death.

And, looking on their war-thinned ranks, he sighed for those who fell;
It stirred the depths of his great heart to say the word "Farewell!"
He saw strong men who, facing death, had never thought of fear,
Dash from their scarred and sun-browned cheeks the quickly gushing tear.

He stood in the receding boat, his noble brow laid bare,
And the wild fingers of the breeze tossing his silv'ry hair,
While to his trusty followers, the sternly tried and true,
Whose sad eyes watched him from the shore, he waved a last adieu.

Earth shows no laureled conqueror so truly great as he
Who laid the sword and power aside when once his land was free,
Who calmly sought his quiet home when freedom's fight was won,
While with one voice the nation cried: "God bless our Washington!"

PREDICTIONS CONCERNING THE FOURTH OF JULY.

JOHN ADAMS.

HAD a Declaration of Independence been made seven months ago, it would have been attended with many great and glorious effects. We might, before this hour, have formed alliance with foreign states. We should have mastered Quebec, and been in possession of Canada.

You will, perhaps, wonder how such a declaration would have influenced our affairs in Canada; but if I could speak with freedom, I could easily convince you that it would, and explain to you the manner how. Many gentlemen in high stations and of great

influence have been duped, by the ministerial bubble of commissioners, to treat; and in real sincere expectation of this event, which they so fondly wished, they have been slow and languid in promoting measures for the reduction of that province. Others there are in the Colonies who really wished that our enterprise in Canada would be defeated, that the Colonies might be brought into danger and distress between two fires, and be thus induced to submit. Others really wished to defeat the expedition to Canada, lest the conquest of it should elevate the minds of the people too much to hearken to those terms of reconciliation which they believed would be offered to us. These jarring views, wishes, and designs occasioned an opposition to many salutary measures which were proposed for the support of that expedition, and caused obstructions, embarrassments, and studied delays which have finally lost us the province.

All these causes, however, in conjunction, would have not disappointed us, if it had not been for a misfortune which could not have been foreseen, and perhaps could not have been prevented. I mean the prevalence of the small-pox among our troops. This fatal pestilence completed our destruction. It is a frown of Providence upon us, which we ought to lay to heart.

But, on the other hand, the delay of this declaration to this time has many great advantages attending it. The hopes of reconciliation which were fondly entertained by multitudes of honest and well-meaning, though short-sighted and mistaken, people, have been gradually, and at last totally, extinguished. Time has been given for the whole people maturely to consider the great question of independence, and to ripen their judgment, dissipate their fears, and allure their hopes, by discussing it in newspapers and pamphlets, by debating it in assemblies, conventions, committees of safety and inspection, in town and county meetings, as well as in private conversations; so that the whole people, in every Colony, have now adopted it as their own act. This will cement the union, and avoid those heats, and perhaps convulsions, which might have been occasioned by such a declaration six months ago.

But the day is past. The second day of July, 1776, will be a memorable epoch in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations, as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp, shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations from one end of the continent to the other, from this time forward forever.

You may think me transported with enthusiasm, but I am not. I am well aware of the toil and blood and treasure that it will cost us to maintain this declaration, and support and defend these states. Yet, through all the gloom, I can see the rays of light and glory. I can see that the end is more than worth all the means, and that posterity will triumph, although you and I may rue—which I hope we shall not.

THE SOUTH IN THE REVOLUTION.

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE.

IF there be one State in the Union, and I say it not in a boastful spirit, that may challenge comparisons with any other for a uniform, zealous, ardent, and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that State is South Carolina. From the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made, no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity; but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God. Domestic discord ceased at the sound; every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country.

What was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But, great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create a commercial rivalship, they might have found, in their situation, a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and, fighting for principle, perilled all in the sacred cause of freedom.

Never was there exhibited in the history of the world higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance than by the Whigs of Carolina during the Revolution! The whole state, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens. Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children. Driven from their homes into the gloomy and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived, and South Carolina, sustained by the example of her Sumters and her Marions, proved, by her conduct, that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

PERIOD V.—WAR OF 1812.—MEXICAN WAR.

1812—1849.

THE STORY OF THE SWORDS.

ADELAIDE C. WALDRON.

WHERE the sunset glory falls
On my else so naked walls,
Crossed with a blade of later day
Hangs a sword that far away,
When the world was in its youth,
Fought for country, love, and truth.
Graven in strange characters on the gleaming supple steel,
Sworn by son to sire for centuries to keep through woe and weal,
Is the legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Forth it sprang in righteous wrath
If a coward crossed its path;
Out it leaped like a tongue of flame
If a light word with the name
Of a woman soiled the air;
On it flashed through dull despair,
As through sanguine dream of victory, at the bugle-call;
Whoso held it sworn forever to give love and life and all
For the legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Now it hangeth quietly,
Jewels shining steadily

In its wonderful war-worn head,
In its quaint and war-worn head;
And their beauty, fine and true,
Like eternal drops of dew,
Casts the glamour of the past over all the haunting dreams
Of the deadliness that sleepeth there, while ever brightly gleams
The old legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not"

And the blade of later time—
Straight and plain, unmarked by rhyme,
Bearing no motto old and quaint,
Wearing only, in letters faint,
Date and name, and with no gem
Fit for kingly diadem
Glittering in its slender hilt—deserves as well the poet's rhyme,
And the clinging crown of laurel, as the sword of ancient time,
With the legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Synonym for grace of mien,
And for virtues rarely seen,
Is the old untarnished name
Graven on this blade; and fame
Dropped a wreath of immortelles—
White and golden immortelles—
On the head that Death laid low, face and hand against the foe,
In the hand this sword informèd with the spirit and the glow
Of the legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Heroes many live and die,
Whom fame's trumpet passes by;
Rough of speech, uncouth, unkempt,
Of world's grace they never dreamt:

But within a homely shell
Perfect pearls perchance may dwell;
Thus these homely hearts heroic, in the hour of need are found
Wanting naught; their swords are guided, though they never heard its sound,
By the legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

Swords so wielded worthily
May be crossed with these you see
Hanging now so quietly,
Hanging now so peacefully,
Where the golden glory falls
On my else so barren walls:
Jewelled hilt and bending blade, or the straight and naked steel,
Each is precious if the soul that impelleth it doth feel
The old legend—
"Without reason, draw me not: without honor, sheathe me not."

THE LOST WAR-SLOOP.

[The *Wasp*, 1814.]

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

[In November, 1812, the British sloop *Frolic* was captured by the sloop *Wasp*; but the *Wasp* was taken immediately after by the *Poictiers*, a British seventy-four.]

OH! the pride of Portsmouth water,
Toast of every brimming beaker—
Eighteen hundred and fourteen on land and sea—
Was the *Wasp*, the gallant war-sloop,
Built of oaks Kearsarge had guarded,
Pines of Maine to lift her colors high and free!
Every timber scorning cowards;
Every port alert for foeman

From the masthead seen on weather-side or lee;
With eleven guns to starboard,
And eleven guns to larboard,
All for glory on a morn of May sailed she.

British ships were in the offing;
Swift and light she sped between them—
Well her daring crew knew shoal and wind and tide;
They had come from Portsmouth river,
Sea-girt Marblehead and Salem,
Bays and islands where the fisher-folk abide;
Come for love of home and country,
Come with wrongs that cried for vengeance,
Every man among them brave and true and tried.
"Hearts of oak" are British seamen?
Hearts of fire were these, their kindred,
Flaming till the haughty foe should be descried!

From the mountains, from the prairies
Blew the west winds glad to waft her—
Ah, what goodly ships before her guns went down!
Ships with wealth of London laden,
Ships with treasures of the Indies,
Till her name brought fear to British wharf and town;
Till the war-sloops *Reindeer*, *Avon*
To her valor struck their colors,
Making coast and ocean ring with her renown:
While her captain cried exultant,
"Britain, to the bold Republic,
Of the empire of the seas shall yield the crown!"

Oh, the woful, woful ending
Of the pride of Portsmouth water!
Never more to harbor nor to shore came she!
Springs returned but brought no tidings;

Mothers, maidens, broken-hearted
Wept the gallant lads that sailed away in glee.
Did the bolts of heaven blast her?
Did the hurricanes o'erwhelm her
With her starry banner and her tall masts three?
Was a pirate fleet her captor?
Did she drift to polar oceans?
Who shall tell the awful secret of the sea!

Who shall tell? Yet many a sailor
In his watch at dawn or midnight,
When the wind is wildest and the black waves moan,
Sees a stanch three-master looming;
Hears the hurried call to quarters,
The drum's quick beat and the bugle fiercely blown;
Then the cannon's direful thunder
Echoes far along the billows:
Then the victor's shout for the foe overthrown;
And the watcher knows the phantom
Is the *Wasp*, the gallant war-sloop,
Still a rover of the seas and glory's own!

BOY BRITTON.

[August, 1814.]

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

BOY Britton, only a lad, a fair-haired boy, sixteen
In his uniform.
Into the storm, into the roaring jaws of grim Fort Henry,
Boldly bears the Federal flotilla,
Into the battle storm.

Boy Britton is master's mate aboard the *Essex*,
There he stands, buoyant and eagle-eyed,
By the brave captain's side;

Ready to do or dare; "Aye, aye, sir," always ready
In his country's uniform!
Boom! boom! and now the flag-boat sweeps
And now the *Essex* is plunged
Into the battle's storm.

Boom! boom! till river and fort and field
Are overclouded by the battle's breath;
Then from the fort a gleam and a crashing gun,
And the *Essex* is wrapped and shrouded
In a scalding cloud of steam.

But victory! victory!
Unto God all praise be rendered,
Unto God all praise and glory be;
See, Boy Britton, see, boy, see,
They strike! hurrah! the fort has surrendered!
Shout! shout! my warrior boy,
And wave your cap, and clap your hands for joy.
Cheer answer cheer, and bear the cheer about.
Hurrah! hurrah! for the fiery fort is ours.
"Victory! victory! victory!" is the shout.
Shout! for the fiery fort is ours,
And the field, and the day are ours!
The day is ours, thanks to the brave endeavor
Of heroes, boy, like thee!
The day is ours, the day is ours!
Glory and deathless love to all who shared with thee,
And bravely endured and dared with thee,
The day is ours, the day is ours forever!
Glory and love for one and all, but, for thee,
Home! home! a happy welcome, welcome home, for thee,
And a mother's happy tears, and a virgin's
Bridal wreath of flowers for thee.

Victory! victory!
But suddenly wrecked and wrapped in seething steam
The *Essex* slowly drifted out of the battle storm.
Slowly, slowly, down, laden with the dead and dying,
And there at the captain's feet, among the dead and dying
The shot-marred form of a beautiful boy is lying,
There in his uniform.

Laurels and tears for thee, boy, laurels and tears for thee;
Laurels of light moist with the precious dew
Of the inmost heart of the nation's loving heart,
And blest by the balmy breath of the beautiful and the true,
Moist, moist with the luminous breath of the singing spheres,
And the nation's starry tears;
And tremble touched by the pulse-like gush and start,
Of the universal music of the heart,
And all deep sympathy.
Laurels and tears for thee, boy, laurels and tears for thee,
Laurels of light and tears of love, forevermore for thee.

And laurels of light, and tears of truth,
And the mantle of immortality;
And the flowers of love, and immortal youth,
And the tender heart-tokens of all true ruth,
And the everlasting victory.
And the breath and bliss of liberty,
And the loving kiss of liberty.
And the welcoming light of heavenly eyes,
And the over calm of God's canopy;
And the infinite love-span of the skies,
That covers the valleys of Paradise,
For all of the brave who rest with thee;
And for one and all who died with thee,
And now sleep side by side with thee;
And for everyone who lives and dies

On the solid land, or the heaving sea,
Dear warrior boy, like thee!

On, the victory, the victory belongs to thee!
God ever keeps the brightest crown for such as thou,
He gives it now to thee.
Young and brave, and early and thrice blest,
Thrice, thrice, thrice blest!
Thy country turns once more to kiss thy youthful brow,
And takes thee gently, gently to her breast,
And whispers lovingly, "God bless thee, bless thee now,
My darling, thou shalt rest!"

SPEECH OF RED JACKET.

[Red Jacket—*Sa-go-ye-wat-ha*, his Indian name, meaning "He keeps them awake"—was one of the most powerful chiefs of the Six Nations, the head of the Senecas, New York. During the Revolution his activity and intelligence acquired for him the friendship of the British officers, who, as a compliment or for services rendered, gave him a richly embroidered scarlet jacket which he wore with great pride, and from it was given to him his English name. Red Jacket was a man of great eloquence, and truthfully stated of himself, "I am an orator! I was born an orator!" In the summer of 1805 a missionary was sent to the Six Nations by the Evangelical Missionary Society of Massachusetts to plant a station among the Senecas. A council of chiefs was convoked to hear his proposals, and after two hours' consultation Red Jacket made reply.]

BROTHER, listen to what we say. There was a time when our forefathers owned this great island. Their seats extended from the rising to the setting sun. The Great Spirit had made it for the use of the Indians. He had created the buffalo, the deer, and other animals for food. He had scattered them over the country and taught us how to take them. He had caused the earth to produce corn for bread. All this he had done for his red children, because he loved them. If we had some disputes about our hunting ground, they were generally settled without the shedding of much blood. But an evil day came upon us. Your fore-

fathers crossed the great water and landed on this island. They found friends and not enemies. They told us they had fled from their own country for fear of wicked men, and had come here to enjoy their religion. They asked for a small seat. We took pity on them and granted their request. They sat down among us. We gave them corn and meat. They gave us poison in return. They called us brothers. We believed them, and gave them a larger seat. They wanted more land; they wanted our country. Our eyes were opened and our minds became uneasy. Indians were hired to fight against Indians, and many of our people were destroyed.

Brother, you have now become a great people, and we have scarcely a place left to spread our blankets. You have got our country, but are not satisfied; you want to force your religion upon us. You say that you are sent to instruct us how to worship the Great Spirit agreeably to his mind, and if we do not take hold of the religion which you white people teach, we shall be unhappy hereafter. How do we know this to be true? We only know what you tell us about it. How shall we know when to believe, being so often deceived by the white people? We understand that your religion is written in a book. If there is but one religion, why do you white people differ so much about it? Why not all agree, as you can all read the book?

Brother, we do not understand these things. We are told that your religion was given to your forefathers, and has been handed down from father to son. We also have a religion, which was given to our forefathers and has been handed down to their children. It teaches us to be thankful for all the favors we receive, to love each other, and to be united. We never quarrel about religion. We are told that you have been preaching to the white people in this place. These people are our neighbors. We will wait a little while and see what effect your preaching has upon them. If we find it does them good, makes them honest, and less disposed to cheat Indians, we will consider again what you have said.

THE BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE.

[The battle of Tippecanoe was fought November 5th, 1811, on the banks of Tippecanoe River, Indiana, now the village of Battle Ground, between the Americans under General Harrison and the Indians under a brother of the famous Tecumseh.]

AWAKE! awake! my gallant friends;
To arms! to arms! the foe is nigh;
The sentinel his warning sends
And hark! the treacherous savage cry!
Awake! to arms! The word goes round;
The drum's deep roll, the fife's shrill sound,
The trumpet's blast, proclaim through night
On Indian band, a bloody fight.

Oh, haste thee, Baen! alas! too late;
A red chief's arm now aims the blow;
An early but a glorious fate—
The tomahawk hath laid thee low.
Dread darkness reigns. On, Davies, on!
Where's Boyd and valiant Harrison,
Commander of the white man's force?
And Owen? He's a bleeding corse!

"Stand, comrades brave, stand to your post!
Here's Wells and Floyd and Barton; all
Must now be won or now be lost;
Ply briskly bayonet, sword, and ball."
Thus spoke the general, when a yell
Was heard as though a hero fell;
And, hark! the Indian whoop again—
It is for daring Davies slain!

Oh, fearful is the battle's rage!
No lady's hand is in the fray,
But brawny limbs the contest wage
And struggle for the victor's day.
Lo! Spencer sinks, and Warwick's slain,
And lifeless bodies strew the plain;
And yells and groans and clang and roar
Echo along the Wabash shore.

But mark where breaks upon the eye
Aurora's beam! The coming day
Shall foil a frantic prophecy
And Christian valor well display.
Ne'er did Constantine's soldiers see
With more of joy for victory
Across the arch of heaven adorn
Than these the blushing of the morn.

Bold Boyd led on his steady band
With bristling bayonets burnished bright;
What could their dauntless charge withstand
What stay the warriors' matchless might?
Rushing amain, they cleared the field;
The savage foe compelled to yield
To Harrison, who, near and far,
Gave form and spirit to the war.

Sound, sound the charge!
Spur, spur the steed!
And swift the fugitives pursue;
'Tis vain! rein in—your utmost speed
Could not o'ertake the recreant crew.
In lowland marsh or dell or cave
Each Indian sought his life to save,
Whence, peering forth, with fear and ire
He saw at last his town on fire.

Now the great Eagle of the West
  Triumphant wing was seen to wave;
And now each soldier's manly breast
  Sighed o'er his fallen comrade's grave.
Some dropped a tear and mused awhile,
Then joined in measured march their file;
And here and there cast wistful eye
That might surviving friend descry.

But let a foe again appear
  Or East, or West, or South, or North,
The soldier then shall dry the tear
  And, fearless, gayly sally forth.
With lightning eye and warlike front
He'll meet the battle's deadly brunt;
Come Indian, Briton—if arrayed
For fight, he'll feel a freeman's blade!

TO A PORTRAIT OF RED JACKET.

FITZ GREENE HALLECK.

COOPER, whose name is with his country's woven,
  First in her files, her pioneer of mind—
A wanderer now in other climes, has proven
  His love for the young land he left behind;

And throned her in the senate-hall of nations
  Robed like the deluge rainbow, heaven-wrought,
Magnificent as his own mind's creations
  And beautiful as its green world of thought.

If he were with me, King of Tuscarora!
  Gazing, as I, upon thy portrait now,
In all its medalled, fringed, and beaded glory,
  Its eye's dark beauty, and its thoughtful brow—

Its brow half martial and half diplomatic,
  Its eye upsoaring like an eagle's wing—
Well might he boast that we, the democratic,
  Outrival Europe even in our kings!

For thou wast monarch born. Tradition's pages
  Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
  To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.

Thy name is princely—if no poet's magic
  Could make Red Jacket grace an English rhyme,
Though some one with a genius for the tragic
  Hath introduced it in a pantomime.

Yet it is music in the language spoken
  Of thine own land, and on her herald-roll
As bravely fought for, and as proud a token
  As Cœur de Lion's of a warrior soul.

Thy garb—though Austria's bosom-star would frighten
  That medal pale as diamonds the dark mine,
And George the Fourth wore at his court at Brighton
  A more becoming evening dress than thine—

Yet 'tis a brave one, scorning wind and weather
  And fitted for thy couch on field or flood,
As Rob Roy's tartan for the Highland heather
  Or forest green for England's Robin Hood.

Is strength a monarch's merit, like a whaler's?
  Thou art as tall, as sinewy, and as strong
As earth's first kings—the Argo's gallant sailors,
  Heroes in history and gods in song.

Is eloquence? Her spell is thine that reaches
The heart, and makes the wisest head its sport;
And there's one rare strange virtue in thy speeches,
The secret of their mastery—they are short!

Who will believe? Not I, for in deceiving
Lies the dear charm of life's delightful dream;
I cannot spare the luxury of believing
That all things beautiful are what they seem.

Who will believe that—with a smile whose blessing
Would, like the Patriarch's, soothe a dying hour;
With voice as low, as gentle, and caressing
As e'er won maiden's lip in moonlit bower;

With look like patient Job's eschewing evil;
With motions graceful as a bird's in air,—
Thou art, in sober truth, the veriest devil
That e'er clenched fingers in a captive's hair.

And underneath that face, like summer ocean's,
Its lip as moveless, and its cheek as clear,
Slumbers a whirlwind of the heart's emotions,
Love, hatred, pride, hope, sorrow—all, save fear.

Love for thy land, as if she were thy daughter,
Her pipe in peace, her tomahawk in wars;
Hatred of missionaries and cold water;
Pride in thy rifle trophies and thy scars.

Hope that thy wrongs may be, by the Great Spirit,
Remembered and revenged when thou art gone;
Sorrow that none are left thee to inherit
Thy name, thy fame, thy passions, and thy throne!

WHAT WAKED THE WORLD.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

TIME fled. The world moved faster than ever before. The telegraph was beginning to unify thought. Like a giant centipede it crept over the land. It murdered sloth and ran ahead of time. It stole the merchant's secret and sold it to a rival a thousand leagues away. It made principal and agent one. It fed brain with fact and gave to mind the ubiquity of the Infinite. It made every man an Adam and marshalled the world's life before him.

The curtain of darkness was rent in twain, and beyond the Mississippi a boundless empire was revealed. The Golden Gates were uplifted, and the traditions of the Orient were beggared by the facts of the Occident. For two hundred years the world had hungered for gold and found no new supply. The temples and palaces of India had been ravaged by ruthless hands to satisfy the greed of civilization. The jewels of her gods shone in the royal crowns of Europe. Brave men wore with pride the gems that valor had won from heathen hands. The world was base and man was greedy. For a hundred years the supply of the precious metals had steadily diminished. Commerce had increased meanwhile a thousandfold. The accepted basis of exchange had grown less and less sufficient for the world's need. Already the human mind was busy devising substitutes. Production was limited, not by demand or by capacity for supply, but by the difficulty of transport and the paucity of an indestructible measure of value. "Gold! Gold! Gold!" was the hopeless cry of all the world. It was generally believed that the earth was virtually exhausted of precious minerals, and no one supposed that the supply would ever be materially enhanced.

The width of the continent transformed boundless wealth into pitiable poverty. Where nothing was expected, infinite possibility uprose. Fifteen years before, a Congressional report had said:

"No man will, after a moment's reflection, suppose that the country beyond the sandy prairies in the West and North can ever become members of this Union. They are scarcely less distant than the coast of Africa, and are separated from us by a breadth of continent requiring more time and expense to traverse than the ocean itself." A noted politician, who yet lives to laugh at his own folly, said in a public speech upon the acquisition of California, holding a well-worn pencil up before his auditors, "I would not give that pencil-stub for all the gold that will ever be found there," and his hearers applauded his wisdom.

No wonder the world woke with amazement from such dreams and ran wild when golden plains and silver mountains outspread themselves before its famished eyes. All Christendom felt the throb of an insatiable greed. The lust of sudden wealth thrilled peer and pauper. The desert that lay between was robbed of fear. The tropic sun blazed down in vain upon the reckless wayfarers. The glint of gold outshone the stars. Distance could not dim it. Difficulty could not quench desire. A grain of yellow dust inflamed a hundred hearts. A single nugget fired a thousand souls to new exertion. Men who would have died clods lived to be envied of princes through the lust born of a gold-streaked lump of snowy quartz shown in a shop window. Thousands failed. Thousands died. The highways to the land of promise became endless charnels. Dead men's bones pointed the way to those who came after. The sharks of the southern seas grew fat on frequent corpses; yet over the dead all the more greedily pressed the living. For everyone that fell there were a thousand that sprang up. For everyone that went there were ten thousand that sought to go. For everyone that came back laden there were a million who dreamed that they might some time know a like good fortune; and, because of this dream, wrought more earnestly, saved more persistently, and so achieved more richly than they otherwise would have done. Thus science and greed stirred the world into new life.

Wherever trade went the fever flew. Gold flowed through the

world like water in comparison with the dearth that had been. Half a decade yielded more than half a century had given before. "Dust," and "nugget" grew familiar to all eyes. The slang of the mining-camp crept into the world's speech. Palms that had only known shillings were gladdened with crowns. The child leaped from his cradle to join in the struggle for gold. The peasant's heart grew big and his arm waxed strong as he saw a possibility that he might yet be richer than his king. Mammon gave his right hand to Democracy. The yellow, molten torrent undermined the throne and made the crown look dim. The highways of empire were opened to the humblest feet. The doors of kings' palaces were unbarred, and unwashed feet poured through the sanctuaries of power. Wooden shoes gave place to golden sandals. Miracles were multiplied. Where one had risen a step before, a thousand were to reach the top thereafter. Rank was cheapened, manhood magnified. Those above were not dragged down, but those below were forced upward. The world was started on a race which grew more fierce and headlong as the years went by. The past was swept away as with a burning besom. The future bloomed with hope. A flood-tide marked the century's zenith.

In that same hour freedom and slavery cast their eyes upon the new domain. Both were inspired by greed. The free North demanded that at least a part of the fertile plains, the golden sands and the silver-veined heights should be held as an arena, wherein every man might struggle with his fellow for the prizes of life without let or hindrance from another's will. The South demanded that the institution most favored by the Constitution, and especially nourished and protected by the laws of the states in which it had taken root, should also be protected in the territories of the United States not yet organized under municipal forms or erected into self-governing states. A thrill of angry apprehension passed through the whole North. People knew that a great crisis was at hand, but none could trace its outcome. A few were confident that liberty would triumph. Others counted slavery the victor, and yet sullenly resisted; while still others thought the whole

matter ended, and looked for the old parties to muster their hosts again on the old familiar grounds that had been fought over quadrennially for threescore years.

DEATH OF HARRISON.

N. P. WILLIS.

[William Henry Harrison, ninth President of the United States, was inaugurated March 4, 1841, and died April 4, just one month after his inauguration. He was the son of Benjamin Harrison, of Virginia, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. In 1801 he was Governor of Indiana. In the war of 1812 he was at the head of the American army, and displayed great military talent. He was the first President who died in office, and his loss was universally lamented.]

WHAT! soared the old eagle to die at the sun!
Lies he stiff with spread wings at the goal he had won!
Are there spirits more blest than the "planets of even,"
Who mount to their zenith, then melt into heaven—
No waning of fire, no quenching of ray,
But rising, still rising, when passing away?
Farewell, gallant eagle!—thou'rt buried in light!
God speed into heaven, lost star of our night!

Death! Death in the White House! Ah, never before,
Trod his skeleton foot on the President's floor!
He is looked for in hovel, and dreaded in hall,
The king in his closet keeps hatchment and pall,
The youth in his birthplace, the old man at home,
Make clean from the door-stone the path to the tomb;
But the lord of this mansion was cradled not here—
In a church-yard far off stands his beckoning bier.

He is here as the wave-crest heaves flashing on high,
As the arrow is stopped by its prize in the sky,

The arrow to earth and the foam to the shore—
Death finds them when swiftness and sparkle are o'er;
But Harrison's death fills the climax of story,
He went, with his old stride, from glory to glory!

Lay his sword on his breast! There's no spot on its blade
In whose cankering breath his bright laurels will fade!
'Twas the first to lead on at humanity's call,
It was stayed with sweet mercy when "glory" was all!
As calm in the council as gallant in war,
He fought for his country, and not its "hurrah!"
In the path of the hero with pity he trod;
Let him pass, with his sword, to the presence of God!

What more? Shall we on with his ashes? Yet, stay!
He hath ruled the wide realm of a king in his day!
At his word, like a monarch's, went treasure and land,
The bright gold of thousands has passed through his hand;
Is there nothing to show of his glittering hoard?
Nor jewel to deck the rude hilt of his sword?
No trappings? no horses? what had he, but now?
On, on with his ashes! he left but his plough!
Brave old Cincinnatus! Unwind ye his sheet!
Let him sleep as he lived—with his purse at his feet!

Follow now, as ye list! The first mourner to-day
Is the nation, whose father is taken away!
Wife, children, and neighbor, may moan at his knell;
He was "lover and friend" to his country, as well!
For the stars on our banner, grown suddenly dim,
Let us weep, in our darkness, but weep not for him!
Not for him, who, departing, leaves millions in tears;
Not for him, who has died full of honor and years;
Not for him, who ascended fame's ladder so high
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!

PERIOD VI.—CIVIL WAR.—EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

1861—1864.

REAWAKENING.

[1861—1889.]

CARL SPENCER.

UPON their arms they lay and slept;
Ashamed the mother o'er them wept!
They, who were set to lead the van,
Had stayed the forward march of man,
Nor half their ancient promise kept.

Far off, they heard the earthquake's shock,
They heard insurgent Europe's mock.
It said, "The Pilgrims' faith is cold,
Their children care for naught but gold."
They heard and lingered, dreaming still,
Whose fathers fought at Bunker's Hill,
Whose mothers prayed on Plymouth Rock.

Upon their arms they slept, they dreamed;
Valor seemed dead—but only seemed;
For suddenly a bugle blew—
Up sprang the warriors, false and true,
And all the sleeping palace rang
With trumpet peal and sabre clang,
And freedom's beauty bloomed anew.

Ah, for those days when men were men!
Each house had heroes in it then.
Ah, for those days when faith illumed
The hearts it burned in, unconsumed!
Women were angels then, in truth;
And age grew young again, and youth
Had tenfold life to lavish then.

Ah, then the mother rose up proud,
And, smiling through the sorrow cloud,
Once more her eye shot forth the ray
That lights the nations on their way.
Fast flowed the glorious, awful strife,
A thousand years of mortal life
Melted in one immortal day.

O God of battles! breathe again
The spirit that makes gods of men!
For now the patriot heart beats low;
A sordid age hath dimmed the glow.
Once in our markets men were sold;
Now, they sell freedom's self for gold,
And freemen bear to have it so!

O God of nations! stoop to break
This spell, ere yet Thy judgments wake!
Strike through this later, darker crime,
The light of that revealing time!
Shame back the robbers from the soil
Thou gav'st our martyrs for a spoil,
And save us for the fathers' sake!

Save us who, counting triumphs won,
Add Gettysburg to Lexington!
Whose priceless heritage profaned

Hath twice been hallowed, twice regained.
Oh, shame on us, if we despair,
Knowing what kindred hearts could dare,
Or leave our lighter work undone!

THE PRESENT CRISIS.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHEN a deed is done for freedom, through the broad earth's aching breast
Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from East to West;
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb,
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of time.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along
Round the earth's electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity's vast frame
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame—
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Backward look across the ages, and the beacon moments see
That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through oblivion's sea;
Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry
Of those crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff must fly;
Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great avenger; history's pages but record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;
Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne,
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own.

We see dimly in the present what is small and what is great;
Slow of faith, how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate!
But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the delphic cave within,
"They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Then to side with truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,
Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,
And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes—they were souls that stood alone,
While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone;
Stood serene and down the future, saw the golden beam incline
To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,
By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,
Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,
And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned
One new word of that grand credo which in prophet-hearts hath burned,
Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For humanity sweeps onward; where to-day the martyr stands,
On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands;
Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,
While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return
To glean up the scattered ashes into history's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves
Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves.
Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime;
Was the *Mayflower* launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?
Turn those tracks toward past or future that make Plymouth Rock sublime?

They have rights who dare maintain them; we are traitors to our sires,
Smothering in their holy ashes freedom's new-lit altar fires.
Shall we make their creed our jailer? Shall we, in our haste to slay,
From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away
To light the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day?

New occasions teach new duties; time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires! We ourselves must Pilgrims be,
Launch our *Mayflower*, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the future's portal with the past's blood-rusted key.

THE RISING OF THE PEOPLE.

ELBRIDGE JEFFERSON CUTLER.

THE drum's wild roar wakes the land; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners blaze on town, on bay, on hill;
Our crowded streets are throbbing with the soldiers' measured tramp;

Among our bladed cornfields gleam the white tents of the camp.
The thunders of the rising war hush labor's drowsy hum,
And heavy to the ground the first dark drops of battle come.
The souls of men flame up anew; the narrow heart expands,
And woman brings her patient faith to nerve her eager hands.
Thank God! we are not buried yet, though long in trance we lay;
Thank God! the fathers need not blush to own their sons to-day.
Oh! sad and slow the weeks went by; each held his anxious breath
Like one who waits in helpless fear some sorrow great as death.
Oh! scarcely was there faith in God nor any trust in man,
While fast along the Southern sky the blighting shadow ran.
It veiled the stars, one after one; it hushed the patriot's song;
And stole from men the sacred sense that parteth right and wrong.
Then a red flash—the lightning across the darkness broke,
And with a voice that shook the land, the guns of Sumter spoke:
"Wake! sons of heroes, wake! the age of heroes dawns again;
Truth takes in hand her ancient sword, and calls her loyal men.
Lo! brightly o'er the day shines freedom's holy star,
Peace cannot cure the sickly time. All hail, the healer, war!"

That call was heard by Plymouth Rock; 'twas heard in Boston Bay;
Then up the piney streams of Maine sped on its ringing way;
New Hampshire's rocks, Vermont's green hills, it kindled into flame;
Rhode Island felt her mighty soul bursting her little frame;
The Empire city started up, her golden fetters rent,
And, meteor-like, across the North, the fiery message sent;
Over the breezy prairie lands, by bluff and lake it ran,
Till Kansas bent his arm, and laughed to find himself a man;
Then on by cabin and by camp, by stony wastes and sands,
It ran exultant down the sea where the Golden City stands.

And wheresoe'er the summons came, there rose an angry din,
As when upon a rocky coast, a stormy tide comes in.
Straightway the fathers gathered voice, straightway the sons arose,
With flushing cheeks, as when the East with day's red current glows.

Hurrah! the long despair is past; our fading hopes renew;
The fog is lifting from the land, and lo! the ancient blue!
We learn the secret of the deeds the sires have handed down,
To fire the youthful soldier's zeal, and tend his green renown.
Who lives for country, through his arm feels all her forces flow;
'Tis easy to be brave for truth, as for the rose to blow.

Oh, Law! fair form of Liberty! God's light is on thy brow,
Oh, Liberty! thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou,
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green,
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the water in—
Friends, whom we cannot think apart, seeming each other's foe,
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
Oh, fair ideas! we write your names across our banner's fold;
For you the sluggard's brain is fire, for you the coward bold.
Oh! daughter of the bleeding past! Oh! hope the prophets saw!
God give us law in liberty, and liberty in law!

Full many a heart is aching with mingled joy and pain
For those who go so proudly forth, and may not come again;
And many a heart is aching for those it leaves behind,
As a thousand tender histories throng in upon the mind.
The old men bless the young men, and praise their bearing high;
The women in the doorways stand to wave them bravely by.
One threw her arms about her boy and said, "Good-by, my son;
God help thee do the valiant deeds thy father would have done."
One held up to a bearded man a little child to kiss,
And said, "I shall not be alone, for thy dear love and this."
And one, a rosebud in her hand, leaned at a soldier's side;
"Thy country weds thee first," she said, "be I thy second bride."

O mothers! when around your hearths ye count your cherished ones,
And miss from the enchanted ring the flower of all your sons;

O wives! when o'er the cradled child ye bend at evening's fall,
And voices which the heart can hear across the distance call;
O maids! when in the sleepless nights ye ope the little case,
And look till ye can look no more upon the proud young face;
Not only pray the Lord of life, who measures mortal breath,
To bring the absent back unscathed out of the fire of death—
Oh, pray with that divine content which God's best favor draws,
That whosoever lives or dies, He save His holy cause!

So out of shop and farmhouse, from shore and inland glen,
Thick as the bees in clover time, are swarming armèd men;
Along the dusty roads in haste the eager columns come,
With flash of sword and musket's gleam, the bugle and the drum.
Ho, comrades! mark the tender light, on the dear emblems spread!
Our fathers' blood has hallowed it; 'tis part of their renown,
And palsied be the caitiff hand would pluck its glories down!
Hurrah! hurrah! it is our home where'er thy colors fly;
We win with thee our victory, or in thy shadow die!

O women! drive the rattling loom, and gather in the hay,
For all the youth worth love and truth are marshalled in the fray.
Southward the hosts are hurrying, with banners wide unfurled,
From where the stately Hudson floats the wealth of half the world;
From where, amid his clustered isles, Lake Huron's waters gleam;
From where the Mississippi pours an unpolluted stream;
From where Kentucky's fields of corn bend in the Southern air;
From broad Ohio's luscious vines; from Jersey's orchards fair;
From where, between his fertile slopes, Nebraska's rivers run;
From Pennsylvania's iron hills; from woody Oregon;
And Massachusetts led the van, as in the days of yore,
And gave her reddest blood to cleanse the stones of Baltimore.

O mothers! sisters! daughters! spare the tears ye fain would shed;
Who seem to die in such a cause, ye cannot call them dead.

They live upon the lips of men, in picture, bust, and song,
And nature folds them in her heart, and keeps them safe from wrong.
Oh! length of days is not a boon the brave man prayeth for;
There are a thousand evils worse than death or any war—
Oppression, with his iron strength, fed on the souls of men,
And License, with the hungry brood that haunt his ghastly den.
But like bright stars ye fill the eye, adoring hearts ye draw;
Oh, sacred grace of liberty! oh, majesty of law!

Hurrah! the drums are beating; the fife is calling shrill;
Ten thousand starry banners flame on town, and bay, and hill;
The thunders of the rising war drown labor's peaceful hum;
Thank God that we have lived to see the saffron morning come—
The morning of the battle-call, to every soldier dear!
O joy! the cry is "Forward!" O joy! the foe is near!
For all the crafty men of peace have failed to purge the land,
Hurrah! the ranks of battle close! God takes His cause in hand!

THE VISION OF LIBERTY.

HENRY WARE, JR.

THE evening heavens were calm and bright;
No dimness rested on the glittering light,
That sparkled from that wilderness of worlds on high;
Those distant suns burned on with quiet ray;
The placid planets held their modest way;
And silence reigned profound o'er earth and sea and sky.

Oh! what an hour for lofty thought!
My spirit burned within; I caught

A holy inspiration from the hour.
Around me man and nature slept;
Alone my solemn watch I kept,
Till morning dawned, and sleep resumed her power.

A vision passed upon my soul.
I still was gazing up to heaven,
As in the early hours of even;
I still beheld the planets roll,
And all those countless suns of light
Flame from the broad blue arch, and guide the moonless night.

When, lo! upon the plain,
Just where it skirts the swelling main,
A massive castle, far and high,
In towering grandeur broke upon my eye.
Proud in its strength and years, the ponderous pile
Flung up its time-defying towers;
Its lofty gates seemed scornfully to smile
At vain assaults of human powers,
And threats and arms deride.
Its gorgeous carvings of heraldic pride,
In giant masses, graced the walls above;
And dungeons yawned below.
Yet ivy there and moss their garlands wove,
Grave, silent chroniclers of time's protracted flow.

Bursting on my steadfast gaze
See, within, a sudden blaze!
So small at first the zephyr's slightest swell,
That scarcely stirs the pine-tree top,
Nor makes the withered leaf to drop,
The feeble fluttering of that flame would quell.
But soon it spread,
Waving, rushing, fierce, and red,

From wall to wall, from tower to tower,
Raging with resistless power;
Till every fervent pillar glowed,
And every stone seemed burning coal,
Instinct with living heat that flowed
Like streaming radiance from the kindled pole.

Beautiful, fearful, grand,
Silent as death, I saw the fabric stand.
At length a crackling sound began;
From side to side, throughout the pile it ran;
And louder yet and louder grew,
Till now in rattling thunder-peals it flew.
Huge shivered fragments from the pillars broke,
Like fiery sparkles from the anvil's stroke.
The shattered walls were rent and riven,
And piecemeal driven,
Like blazing comets, through the troubled sky.
'Tis done; what centuries have reared,
In quick explosion disappeared,
Nor even its ruins met my wondering eye.

But in their place,
Bright with more than human grace,
Robed in more than mortal seeming,
Radiant glory in her face,
And eyes with heaven's own brightness beaming,
Rose a fair majestic form,
As the mild rainbow from the storm.
I marked her smile, I knew her eye;
And when, with gesture of command,
She waved aloft a cap-crowned wand,
My slumbers fled 'mid shouts of "Liberty!"

Read ye the dream? and know ye not
How truly it unlocked the world of fate?

Went not the flame from this illustrious spot,
And spread it not, and burns in every state?
And when their old and cumbrous walls,
Filled with this spirit, glow intense,
Vainly they rear their impotent defence:
The fabric falls!
That fervent energy must spread,
Till despotism's towers be overthrown,
And in their stead
Liberty stands alone!

Hasten the day, just heaven!
Accomplish thy design,
And let the blessings thou hast freely given,
Freely on all men shine,
Till equal rights be equally enjoyed,
And human power for human good employed;
Till law, not man, the sovereign rule sustain,
And peace and virtue undisputed reign.

BULL RUN.

[Sunday, July 21.]

ALICE B. HAVEN.

[The first battle of Bull Run took place July 1, 1861; the second, August 30, 1862. In both engagements the Union forces were disastrously defeated.]

WE—walking so slowly adown the green lane,
With Sabbath bells chiming, and birds singing psalms;
He—eager with haste pressing on o'er the slain,
'Mid the trampling of hoofs and the drum-beat to arms,
In that cool, dewy morning.

We—waiting with faces all reverent and still,
The organ's voice vibrant with praise unto God;
His face set like flint with the impress of will,
To press back the foe, or die on the sod—
My fair, brave young brother!

We—kneeling to hear benedictions of love,
Our hearts all at peace with the message from heaven!
He—stretched on the field, gasping, wounded, to prove
If mercy were found when such courage had striven,
In the midst of the slaughter.

O God! can I live with the horrible truth?
Stabbed through as he lay with their glittering steel;
Could they look in that face, like a woman's for youth,
And crush out its beauty with musket and heel,
Like hounds or like demons?

That brow I have blessed in my dead mother's place,
Each morning and evening since she went unto rest;
Smoothing down the fair cheek as my own baby's face,
Those eyes with her look where my kisses were pressed,
For I saw hers—so tender!

Curses spring to my lips! O my God! send the hail
Of swift, ready vengeance for deeds such as this!
Forego all Thy mercy, if judgment must fail!
Forgive my wild heart if it prayeth amiss—
His blood crieth upward!

"Amiss!" and the strife of my clamorous grief
Is hushed into stillness: what grief like to Thine?
If my poor human heart, with its passions so brief,
Is tortured with pangs, can we guess the divine,
With depths past all searching?

I know eyes more tender looked upward to Thee,
That visage, so marred by the torturing crown;
Those smooth, noble limbs, racked with anguish I see;
The side where the blood and the water gushed down,
From stroke fierce and brutal.

Help lips white with anguish to take up His prayer;
Help hearts that are bursting to stifle their cries;
The shout of the populace, too, has been there,
To drown pleas for justice, to clothe truth in lies,
To enrage and to madden.

They know not we loved them; they know not we prayed
For their weal as our own; "we are brethren," we plead.
Unceasing those prayers to our Father were made;
When they flung down the palm for palmetto, we said,
"Let us still hope to win them!

"God so loved that He gave!" We are giving to these
The lives that were dearer to us than our own;
Let us add prayer for blood, trusting God to appease
Our heart's craving pain, when He hears on His throne,
"Oh, Father, forgive them!"

BETHEL.

A. J. H. DUGANNE.

WE mustered at midnight, in darkness we formed,
And the whisper went round of a fort to be stormed;
But no drum-beat had called us, no trumpet we heard,
And no voice of command, but our colonel's low word—
"Column! Forward!"

And out, through the mist and the murk of the moon,
From the beaches of Hampton our barges were borne;
And we heard not a sound, save the sweep of the oar,
Till the word of our colonel came up from the shore—
"Column! Forward!"

Through green-tasselled cornfields our columns were thrown,
And like corn by the red scythe of fire we were mown;
While the cannon's fierce ploughings new-furrowed the plain,
That our blood might be planted for liberty's grain—
"Column! Forward!"

Oh! the fields of fair June have no lack of sweet flowers,
But their rarest and best breathe no fragrance like ours;
And the sunshine of June, sprinkling gold on the corn,
Hath no harvest that ripeneth like Bethel's red morn—
"Column! Forward!"

When our heroes, like bridegrooms, with lips and with breath
Drank the first kiss of danger, and clasped her in death;
And the heart of brave Winthrop grew mute with his lyre,
When the plumes of his genius lay moulting in fire—
"Column! Forward!"

Where he fell shall be sunshine as bright as his name,
And the grass where he slept shall be green as his fame;
For the gold of the pen and the steel of the sword
Write his deeds, in his blood, on the land he adored—
"Column! Forward!"

And the soul of our comrade shall sweeten the air,
And the flowers and the grass-blades his memory upbear;
While the breath of his genius, like music in leaves,
With the corn-tassels whisper, and sings in the sheaves—
"Column! Forward!"

THE CAVALRY SCOUT.

EDMUNDUS SCOTUS.

"SPARE man nor steed, use utmost speed; before the sun goes down,
Thou, sir, must ride," the colonel cried, "unto Helena town."

"Colonel," the stern lieutenant said, "to hear is to obey!
Comrades! the path is fringed with death; who rides with me to-day?"

Instant a gallant sergeant spoke: "I ride with thee to-day!"
Along the ranks a wild shout broke: "We follow! lead the way!"

Out sprang a little trumpeter, and clasped the courier's knees:
"I'll sound the charge, I'll call the halt—me, too! let me go, please!"

"Nay, boy! I want not trumpet-note, nor arm nor sword so small;
The ranger's ball shall sound the charge, the halt but death shall call."

To horse! the steeds impatient neigh; to horse! the way is long;
Brave hearts are light, keen sabres bright, and willing arms are strong.

The clatter of hoofs, the clash of steel, the day is nearly done;
There will be need of armèd heel ere the far-off goal be won.

Lo! the entrance to Cyril's Wood gapes like the mouth of hell;
The dauntless courier mutters, "Good! the rebel dogs watch well!"

No rein is drawn at the line of flame; tally, a score and six.
"My place to lead," is the sergeant's claim. "Ho! for the River Styx!"

"Thou follow!" rings the quick reply; "for God and liberty!"
And the well-closed column dashes by—tally, a score less three.

"Comrades!"—the courier turned his head—"if I fall, pass me by;
'Whom the gods love die young,' 'tis said; it is no shame to die!"

The sunless swamp is near at hand; gleameth each hostile tree;
Eyes to the front, the lessening band, reckless, ride rapidly.

"Help ho! the sergeant!" One hath seen whence the death bearing sped;
Aimeth the ranger's eyes between, pierceth the ranger's head.

Under the giant cypress him the rough hands gently place;
Give water to cool the fevered lips, to lave the burning face.

Not here! his thoughts are far away in the home he loved so well;
Like a sleepy child he murmurs: "Hark! do you hear the vesper bell?"

Hid in his bosom, bathed in blood, is a cherished lock of hair;
He snatches it forth from the welling flood, and takes of his own so fair,

And puts them into his comrade's hand: "You know the happy spot,
Give her who waits these tresses twain, and say I ne'er forgot."

Away! away! think not to stay! no bootless vigil keep,
Give little heed to a comrade's need; a soldier may not weep.

Away! away! the passing day warns to use utmost speed;
Hark to the shouts of the rebel scouts! Away! away! good steed!

Come hither and see the glory with me—are thine eyes so weak, my love?
Sunlit mountains stand on either hand, and a purple sky above.

"There's a path goes out at the golden west," trod by the parting day,
That leads to the fabled home of the blest "over the hills away."

The sun swells big in a last fond gaze, big with the light of love;
Come hither and see, it will not daze, for the purple grows misty above.

Drive home the spur! a riderless horse into the night leads on;
Follow! faint not! his master's corpse is many a mile by-gone.

On! on! deem not the danger passed till the wished-for goal be won,
"Who goes?" "Thank God the lines at last!" The hard race is done.

"Boys! who is here?" a trooper cried; "how many are alive?"
And the stern courier's voice replied: "Brave comrades, we are five!"

THE CRUISE OF THE "MONITOR."

GEORGE M. BAKER.

OUT of a Northern city's bay,
'Neath lowering clouds, one bleak March day.
Glided a craft—the like I ween,
On ocean's crest was never seen
Since Noah's float, that ancient boat,
Could o'er a conquered deluge gloat.

No raking masts, with clouds of sail,
Bent to the breeze, or braved the gale;
No towering chimney's wreaths of smoke
Betrayed the mighty engine's stroke;
But low and dark, like the crafty shark,
Moved in the waters this novel bark.

The fishers stared as the flitting sprite
Passed their huts in the misty light,
Bearing a turret huge and black,
And said, "The old sea-serpent's back,
Carting away by light of day,
Uncle Sam's fort from New York Bay."

Forth from a Southern city's dock,
Our frigates' strong blockade to mock,
Crept a monster of rugged build,
The work of crafty hands, well skilled—
Old *Merrimac*, with an iron back
Wooden ships would find hard to crack.

Straight to where the *Cumberland* lay,
The mail-clad monster made its way;
Its deadly prow struck deep and sure,
And the hero's fighting days were o'er.
Ah! many the braves who found their graves,
With that good ship, beneath the waves!

But with their fate is glory wrought,
Those hearts of oak like heroes fought
With desperate hope to win the day,
And crush the foe that 'fore them lay.
Our flag up run, the last-fired gun,
Tokens how bravely duty was done.

Flushed with success, the victor flew,
Furious, the startled squadron through;
Sinking, burning, driving ashore,
Until that Sabbath day was o'er,
Resting at night to renew the fight
With vengeful ire by morning's light.

Out of its den it burst anew,
When the gray mist the sun broke through,
Steaming to where, in clinging sands,
The frigate *Minnesota* stands,
A sturdy foe to overthrow,
But in woful plight to receive a blow.

But see! Beneath her bow appears
A champion no danger fears;
A pigmy craft, that seems to be
To this new lord who rules the sea,
Like David of old to Goliath bold—
Youth and giant, by Scripture told.

Round the roaring despot playing,
With willing spirit, helm obeying,
Spurning the iron against it hurled,
While belching turret rapid whirled,
And swift shot's seethe, with smoky wreath,
Told that the shark was showing his teeth—

The *Monitor* fought. In grim amaze
The Merrimacs upon it gaze,
Cowering 'neath the iron hail,
Crashing into their coat of mail;
They swore "this craft, the devil's shaft,
Looked like a cheese-box on a raft."

Hurrah! little giant of '62!
Bold Worden with his gallant crew
Forces the fight; the day is won;
Back to his den the monster's gone
With crippled claws and broken jaws,
Defeated in a reckless cause.

Hurrah for the master mind that wrought,
With iron hand, this iron thought!
Strength and safety with speed combined,
Ericsson's gift to all mankind;
To curb abuse, and chains to lose,
Hurrah for the *Monitor's* famous cruise!

KING COTTON.

ROBERT MACKENZIE.

WHEN Europeans first visited the southern parts of North America, they found in abundant growth there a plant destined to such eminence in the future history of the world as no other member of the vegetable family ever attained. It was an unimportant-looking plant two or three feet in height, studded with pods somewhat larger than a walnut. In the appropriate season these pods opened, revealing a wealth of soft, white fibre, imbedded in which lay the seeds of the plant.

This was cotton. It was not unknown to the Old World. The Romans used cotton fabrics before the Christian era. India did so from a still more remote period, but the extent to which its use had been carried was trivial. Men clothed themselves as best they might, in linen or woollen cloth, or simply in the skins of the beasts which they slew. The time was now at hand when an ampler provision for their wants was to be disclosed to them.

In 1768 Richard Arkwright invented a machine for spinning cotton, vastly superior to anything hitherto in use. Next year a greater than he, James Watt, announced a greater invention—his steam-engine. England was now ready to begin her great work of weaving cotton for the world; but where was the cotton to be found?

Three or four years before Watt patented his engine and Arkwright his spinning-frame, there was born in a New England farmhouse a boy whose work was needed to complete theirs. His name

was Eli Whitney. Eli was a born mechanic. It was a necessity of his nature to invent and construct. As a mere boy he made nails, pins, and walking-canes by novel processes, and thus earned money to support himself at college. In 1792 he went to Georgia to visit Mrs. Greene, the widow of that General Greene who so troubled Lord Cornwallis in the closing years of the war.

In that primitive society, where few of the comforts of civilized life were yet enjoyed, no visits were so like those of the angels as the visits of a skilful mechanic. Eli constructed marvellous amusements for Mrs. Greene's children. He overcame all household difficulties by some ingenious contrivance. Mrs. Greene learned to wonder at him, and to believe nothing was impossible for him.

One day Mrs. Greene entertained a party of her neighbors. The conversation turned upon the sorrows of the planter. That unhappy tenacity with which the seeds of the cotton adhered to the fibre was elaborately bemoaned. With an urgent demand from England for cotton, with boundless lands which grew nothing so well as cotton, it was hard to be so utterly baffled. Mrs. Greene had unlimited faith in her friend Eli. She begged him to invent a machine which should separate the seeds of cotton from the fibre. Eli was of Northern upbringing and had never even seen cotton in seed. He walked into Savannah, and there, with some trouble, obtained a quantity of uncleaned cotton. He shut himself in his room, and brooded over the difficulty which he had undertaken to conquer.

All that winter Eli labored, devising, hammering, building up, rejecting, beginning afresh. He had no help. He could not even buy tools, but had to make them with his own hands. At length his machine was completed, rude-looking, but visibly effective. Mrs. Greene invited the leading men of the state to her house. She conducted them in triumph to the building in which the machine stood. The owners of unprofitable cotton-lands looked on, with a wild flash of hope lighting up their desponding hearts. Possibilities of untold wealth to each of them lay in that clumsy

structure. The machine was put in motion. It was evident to all that it could perform the work of hundreds of men. Eli had gained a great victory for mankind. In that rude log-hut of Georgia cotton was crowned king, and a new era was opened for America and the world.

Ten years after Whitney's cotton-gin was invented, a huge addition was made to the cotton-growing districts of America. In 1803 Europe enjoyed a short respite from the mad Napoleon wars. France had recently acquired from Spain vast regions bordering on the Gulf of Mexico, and stretching far up the valley of the Mississippi and westward to the Pacific. It was certain that peace in Europe would not last long. It was equally certain that when war was resumed France could not hold these possessions against the fleets of England. America wished to acquire, and was willing to pay for them. It was better to sell to the Americans, and equip soldiers with the price, than wait till England was ready to conquer. Napoleon sold, and America added Louisiana to her vast possessions.

Mark well these two events—the invention of a machine for cheaply separating the seeds of cotton from the fibre, and the purchase of Louisiana from the French. Out of those two events flows the American history of the next half century. Not any other event since the War of Independence, not all other events put together, have done so much to shape and determine the career of the American people.

THE KEYNOTE OF ABOLITION.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON.

THERE is much declamation about the sacredness of the compact which was formed between the free and the slave states on the adoption of the Constitution. A sacred compact, forsooth! We pronounce it the most bloody and heaven-daring arrangement ever made by men for the continuance and protection of a system

of the most atrocious villany ever exhibited on earth. Yes, we recognize the compact, but with feelings of shame and indignation; and it will be held in everlasting infamy by the friends of justice and humanity throughout the world. It was a compact formed at the sacrifice of the bodies and souls of millions of our race, for the sake of achieving a political object—an unblushing and monstrous coalition to do evil that good might come.

Such a compact was, in the nature of things and according to the law of God, null and void from the beginning. No body of men ever had the right to guarantee the holding of human beings in bondage. Who or what were the framers of our government, that they should dare confirm and authorize such high-handed villany, such a glaring violation of all the precepts and injunctions of the Gospel, such a savage war upon a sixth part of our whole population? They were men like ourselves—as fallible, as sinful, as weak as ourselves. By the infamous bargain which they made between themselves, they virtually dethroned the Most High God, and trampled beneath their feet their own solemn and heaven-attested declaration that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They had no lawful power to bind themselves or their posterity for one hour—for one moment—by such an unholy alliance. It was not valid then; it is not valid now. Still they persisted in maintaining it, and still do their successors—the people of Massachusetts, of New England, and of the twelve free states, persist in maintaining it. A sacred compact! a sacred compact! What, then, is wicked and ignominious?

It is said that if you agitate this question you will divide the Union. Believe it not; but should disunion follow, the fault will not be yours. You must perform your duty faithfully, fearlessly and promptly, and leave the consequences to God; that duty clearly is to cease from giving countenance and protection to Southern kidnappers. Let them separate, if they can muster courage enough—and the liberation of their slaves is certain. Be

assured that slavery will very speedily destroy this Union if it be let alone. But even if the Union can be preserved by treading upon the necks, spilling the blood, and destroying the souls of millions of your race, we say it is not worth a price like this, and that it is in the highest degree criminal for you to continue the present compact. Let the pillars thereof fall, let the superstructure crumble into dust, if it must be upheld by robbery and oppression!

A CHANGE OF BASE.

ALBION W. TOURGÉE.

THE time had come when he who should untie the Gordian knot of slavery was to appear. Thousands of the best and bravest had grappled with the problem in vain. Many a gallant knight had graven "liberty" upon his helm, only to find himself sooner or later doing battle for slavery. The high and the low had been baffled. What seemed at the beginning an insoluble enigma had grown daily more intricate and difficult. Slavery, which had grown from a little speck to cover half the political horizon, had, from the first, falsified all theories. Instead of dying, it had flourished; instead of losing strength, it had gained power; instead of yielding to the sentiment of the world, it openly defied it. It ruled not only the states where it existed, but those which fattened on its results.

Some there were who demanded the forcible removal of the obstacle. One man who had not ceased to declare for many years that only blood could wash away the evil, was preparing to make good his prophecy. He looked forward to a day when the slave should win his way to freedom by force. There were many who agreed with him that there was no other method. Some listened to his plans and vaguely indorsed his designs. To many they were partially disclosed, but none knew their details. He had one thought only—slavery must be destroyed. He cared little for the Constitution, or the nation builded thereon. Laws, customs, and

institutions were nothing to him; only the men who were subject to them were sacred in his eyes. For him the universe held but two facts: God, who created all things, and man, made in His image. That slavery was an evil was all he needed to know. That it was doomed to destruction was, by the mere fact of its unholiness, rendered certain beyond question to his mind. How it should be destroyed he did not care, he did not know. That men should die in compassing its destruction he did not doubt; whether one or ten millions, it mattered not. He counted liberty as part of the revealed Word, which he devoutly believed; and to him it was of infinitely less moment that men should die than that its lightest syllable should fail. So, too, while he lived for humanity, he thought it far better that a nation or a race even should perish from the face of the earth than that they should live to suffer wrong. On the plains of Kansas, in the swamps of the South, among the snows of the Adirondacks, he thought of but one thing—how he might redeem the slave from the wrong of servitude. Poverty and ignorance and hopelessness rocked his cradle. Laughter and tears were strangely mingled in his nature. Little by little he came to know himself. More than thirty years he served before he knew that he had a mission to perform. He was always a dreamer. He had few books and no teachers. Man and nature were the volumes which he read most easily and studied most assiduously.

It has become the fashion in these later days to look upon Lincoln as the accident of an accident, rather than as the man of the age—the greatest of all who have borne the name American. It was not luck but intellect that brought him from obscurity to the forefront of the greatest movement in history. He alone of all the men of that time had the sagacity to discover the key of the position, to unite all the discordant elements in the attack upon it, and to hold them up in the conflict till the victory was won. Those who saw the apparent ease with which he achieved these results only half realized his greatness. Pure, simple, unassuming, kindly, touched with sadness and relieved with mirth, but never stained

with falsehood or treachery or any hint of shameful act; his heart was tender as his life was grand—he stands in history a little child in his humility, a king in power. Offspring of the sadly-smitten South; a nursling of the favored North; giant of the great West—his life was the richest fruitage of the liberty he loved!

TRUE STORY OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

"I'D like to see the President," a timid woman said.
A poor and tidy gown she wore, and on her whitening head
A bonnet, faded as her hair,
But comely still with decent care.

Around, on costly couches, sat statesmen of high degree,
And, conscious of their greatness, she stood back most patiently,
Till some coarse menial, with a smile,
Whispered that she must wait awhile;

Then muttered "green," with many a wink, till every glance was turned
On the poor woman, gray and old, while hot her thin cheeks burned
With wounded feelings, griefs and fears,
And her dim eyes were filled with tears.

And still the hours rolled onward—still the mighty came and went;
But all neglected stood the dame, nor saw the President;
While those whom fortune favors told
Their pompous tales of fame and gold.

And so the sun came fainter down upon the brilliant floor;
The aged woman started at the opening of a door,
And one who caught her haggard eye
All sudden, stopped through sympathy.

"Oh, sir," she said, "these many hours I've waited patiently;
Perhaps the President cannot be seen by such as I;

I'm poor and old and careworn, too,
And he has burdens not a few."

The stranger turned—a sudden light seemed kindled in his eye;
He spoke with kindly tone and mien, with gentle gravity:
"They should have sent you in to me
Before they did the rest," said he.

The old dame flushed with quick surprise,—was this the nation's chief?
This grave, tall man, who, pitying, said, "Come—tell me all your grief,
The poor and needy never went
Unaided from the President."

She told her simple tale; he heard with royal gentleness;
Then, as her wrongs his interest woke, he promised her redress,
And, gazing on the silvered head,
He smiled to see her comforted.

"Thank God!" and freely fell her tears; "our land is blest," she said,
"When one who honors poverty stands nobly at its head.
If an old woman's benison be
Of any weight or worth to thee,

"I give it from a grateful heart, and heaven will surely hear,
God bless thee, Abraham Lincoln—bless all that thou holdest dear,
And make thee glorious in the land
Now smitten by the oppressor's hand;

"And make thee strong to dare to do, even though the proud condemn,
And keep thee honest, brave and true, till thou hast conquered them;
And ere thou diest thou shalt see,
Through God's good grace, a nation free!"

PICCIOLA.

IT was a sergeant, old and gray
  Well singed and bronzed from siege and pillage,
Went tramping in an army's wake,
  Along the turnpike of the village.

For days and nights the winding host
  Had through the little place been marching,
And ever loud the rustics cheered,
  Till every throat was hoarse and parching.

The squire and farmer, maid and dame,
  All took the sight's electric stirring,
And hats were waved and staves were sung,
  And kerchiefs white were countless whirring.

They only saw a gallant show
  Of heroes stalwart under banners,
And in the fierce heroic glow,
  'Twas theirs to yield but wild hosannas.

The sergeant heard the shrill hurrahs,
  Where he behind in step was keeping;
But glancing down beside the road
  He saw a little maid sit weeping.

"And how is this?" he gruffly said,
  A moment pausing to regard her;
"Why weepest thou, my little chit?"
  And then she only cried the harder.

"And how is this, my little chit,"
  The sturdy trooper straight repeated,
"When all the village cheers us on,
  That you, in tears, apart are seated?

"We march two hundred thousand strong,
And that's a sight, my baby beauty,
To quicken silence into song,
And glorify the soldier's duty."

"It's very, very grand, I know,"
The little maid gave soft replying;
"And father, mother, brother, too,
All say 'Hurrah!' while I am crying;

"But think, O Mr. Soldier, think
How many little sisters' brothers
Are going all away to fight;
And may be killed, as well as others!"

"Why, bless thee, child," the sergeant said,
His brawny hand her curls caressing,
"'Tis left for little ones like you
To find that war's not all a blessing."

And "Bless thee!" once again he cried,
Then cleared his throat and looked indignant,
And marched away with wrinkled brow
To stop the struggling tear benignant.

And still the ringing shouts went up
From doorway, thatch, and fields of tillage;
The pall behind the standard seen
By one alone, of all the village.

The oak and cedar bend and writhe
When roars the wind through gap and braken;
But 'tis the tenderest reed of all
That trembles first when earth is shaken.

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND, MARCH 7, 1862.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

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"STAND to your guns, men!" Morris cried; small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves before the drum was heard.
And then began the sailors' jests: "What thing is that, I say?
A 'long-shore meeting-house adrift is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face; the strange, dark craft he knew:
"That is the iron Merrimac, manned by a rebel crew.
So shoot your guns and point them straight; before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made." A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours has seldom left its place;
And where it falls, the deck it strikes is covered with disgrace.
I ask but this; or sink or swim, or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be to see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile, the shapeless iron mass came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse, as silent as the grave.
Her ports were closed; from stem to stern no sign of life appeared;
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes, joked—everything but feared.

She reached our range. Our broadside rang; our heavy pivots roared;
And shot and shell, a fire of hell, against her side we poured.
God's mercy! from her sloping roof the iron tempest glanced
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch, and round her leaped and danced!

Or when against her dusky hull we struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty, solid iron globes were crumbled up like snow.

On, on, with fast increasing speed, the silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery was one long line of flame.

She heeded not; no guns she fired; straight on our bows she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame her furious way she tore.
Alas! our beautiful keen bow, that in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas, they hardly felt we passed.

Alas! alas! my Cumberland, that ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep the tusk of that sea-boar!
Once more she backward drew apace; once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate, her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay, but our foeman lay abeam;
Her open port-holes maddened us, we fired with shot and scream.
We felt our vessel settling fast; we knew our time was brief;
"Ho! man the pumps!" But they who worked, and fought not, wept with grief.

"Oh! keep us but an hour afloat! oh! give us only time
To mete unto yon rebel crew the measure of their crime!"
From captain down to powder-boy, no hand was idle then;
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard, fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand, some bold marine stepped out,
And jerked his braided jacket off, and hauled the gun about.
Our forward magazine was drowned, and up from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood, and round us gasping lay—

Yes, cheering, calling us by name, struggling with failing breath
To keep their shipmates at the post where glory strove with death.
With decks afloat and powder gone, the last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers, and handspikes— as men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks, and at our quarters stood.
"Up to the spar-deck! save yourselves!" cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live to fight yon ship again!"

We turned; we did not like to go; yet staying seemed but vain,
Knee-deep in water; so we left; some swore, some groaned with pain.
We reached the deck. There Randall stood: "Another turn, men— so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun: "Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear the song our pivot sang,
As rushing on from wave to wave the whirring bomb-shell sprang.
Brave Randall leaped upon the gun, and waved his cap in sport;
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot; the deck was overflown
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port, and gave a living groan.
Down, down, as headlong through the waves our gallant vessel rushed;
A thousand gurgling watery sounds around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more; one look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw our spotless ensign wave.
I tried to cheer. I cannot say whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes, and everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad, all dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks, was bending over me.
I tried to speak. He understood the wish I could not speak.
He turned me. There, thank God! the flag still fluttered at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread, oh, let that ensign
fly!
The noblest constellation set against the northern sky,—
A sign that we who live may claim the peerage of the brave;
A monument that needs no scroll, for those beneath the wave.

THE WOOD OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

DELIA R. GERMAN.

THE ripe, red berries of the wintergreen
Lure me to pause awhile
In this deep, tangled wood. I stop and lean
Down where these wild flowers smile,
And rest me in this shade; for many a mile
Through lane and dusty street,
I've walked with weary, weary feet;
And now I tarry 'mid this woodland scene,
Long ferns and mosses sweet.
Here all around me blows the pale primrose.
I wonder if the gentle blossom knows
The feeling at my heart—the solemn grief
So whelming and so deep
That it disdains relief,
And will not let me weep.
I wonder that the woodbine thrives and grows,
And is indifferent to the nation's woes;
For while these mornings shine, these blossoms bloom,
Impious rebellion wraps the land in gloom.

Nature, thou art unkind,
Unsympathizing, blind!
Yon lichen, clinging to th' o'erhanging rock,
Is happy, and each blade of grass
O'er which unconsciously I pass,

Smiles in my face and seems to mock
Me with its joy. Alas! I cannot find
One charm in bounteous nature, while the wind
That blows upon my cheek bears on each gust
The groans of my poor country, bleeding in the dust.
The air is musical with notes
That gush from wingèd warblers' throats,
And in the leafy trees
I hear the drowsy hum of bees.
Prone from the blinding sky
Dance rainbow-tinted sunbeams, thick with motes,
Daisies are shining, and the butterfly
Wavers from flower to flower; yet in this wood
The ruthless foeman stood,
And every turf is drenched with human blood.

O heartless flowers!
O trees! clad in your robes of glistening sheen,
Put off this canopy of gorgeous green!
These are the hours
For mourning, not for gladness.
While this smart
Of treason dire gashes the nation's heart,
Let birds refuse to sing,
And flowers to bloom upon the lap of spring!
Let nature's face itself with tears o'erflow,
In deepest anguish for a people's woe.
While rank rebellion stands
With blood of martyrs on his impious hands;
While slavery and chains,
And cruelty and direst hate,
Uplift their heads, within th' afflicted state,
And freeze the blood in every patriot's veins,—
Let these old woodlands fair
Grow black with gloom, and from its thunder-lair

Let lightning leap, and scorch the accursed air,
Until the suffering earth,
Of treason sick, shall spew the monster forth,
And each regenerate sod
Be consecrate anew to freedom and to God!

HIGH TIDE AT GETTYSBURG.

WILL H. THOMPSON.

A CLOUD possessed the hollow field,
The gathering battle's smoky shield;
Athwart the gloom the lightning flashed,
And through the cloud some horsemen dashed
And from the heights the thunder pealed.

Then at the brief command of Lee
Moved out that matchless infantry,
With Pickett leading grandly down,
To rush against the roaring crown
Of those dread heights of destiny.

Far heard above the angry guns
A cry across the tumult runs—
The voice that rang through Shiloh's woods
And Chickamauga's solitudes—
The fierce South cheering on her sons!

Ah, how the withering tempest blew
Against the front of Pettigrew!
A Kamsin wind that scorched and singed
Like that infernal flame that fringed
The British squares at Waterloo!

"Once more in glory's van with me!"
Virginia cried to Tennessee;

"We two together, come what may,
Shall stand upon those works to-day!"
(The reddest day in history.)

But who shall break the guards that wait
Before the awful face of fate?
The tattered standards of the South
Were shrivelled at the cannon's mouth,
And all her hopes were desolate.

In vain the Tennessean set
His breast against the bayonet!
In vain Virginia charged and raged,
A tigress in her wrath uncaged,
Till all the hill was red and wet!

Above the bayonets, mixed and crossed,
Men saw a gray gigantic ghost
Receding through the battle-cloud,
And heard across the tempest loud
The death-cry of a nation lost!

The brave went down! Without disgrace
They leaped to ruin's red embrace,
They only heard fame's thunders wake,
And saw the dazzling sun-burst break
In smiles on glory's bloody face.

They fell, who lifted up a hand
And bade the sun in heaven to stand!
They smote and fell, who set the bars
Against the progress of the stars,
And stayed the march of mother-land.

They stood, who saw the future come
On through the fight's delirium!

They smote and stood, who held the hope
Of nations on that slippery slope
Amid the cheers of Christendom!

God lives! He forged the iron will
That clutched and held that trembling hill—
God lives and reigns! He built and lent
The heights for freedom's battlement
Where floats her flag in triumph still!

Fold up the banners! Smelt the guns!
Love rules. Her gentler purpose runs.
A mighty mother turns in tears
The pages of her battle years,
Lamenting all her fallen sons!

THE REASON WHY.

J. P. PRICKETT.

[The assault on Port Hudson was pending. It was to test the fitness of the colored race for freedom. The white colonel of the colored regiment called the colored standard-bearer to him and implored him not to dishonor the flag and bring reproach upon his race by being recreant to duty. This lowly representative of a despised people replied, "I'll bring these colors back with honor or report to God the reason why."]

THERE, like ebon statues in the starlight, stood the Black Brigade,
As adown the ranks the colonel strode, and, walking, silent prayed;
Prayed that God might fill with patriot zeal each darkened soul, and light
In each lowly breast a bright pathway to freedom's new birthright;
That these new-born sons of freedom, in whose swelling hearts and breasts
Burned the memories of centuries of bondage and of wrong,

In the morrow's dreadful slaughter, might, as heroes bear the tests—
In their race's vindication might be brave and true and strong.

Over yonder in the moonlight floated out the Stars and Bars;
Here the Black Brigade in silence stood beneath the Stripes and Stars.
Over there were trained artill'rymen asleep by silent guns;
Here were loyal hearts in swelling breasts of freedom's new-born sons,
Raised from chattelhood to manhood by the stroke of patriot pen,
Wond'ringly, and sometimes doubting, loyal hearts looked on to see
If these slaves and serfs and chattels, lifted to the plane of men,
In the shock of strife and battle won their right to liberty.

'Twas the morning of the battle, and the colonel's heart was sore;
Knowing well that with the rise of sun the cannon's awful roar
Would reverberate from hill to plain, and death in blood arrayed,
Striking grim in smoke of conflict would assail his Black Brigade.
Would they prove by deeds of valor in the carnage of war's stage,
That their race, despite its bondage, was entitled to be free?
Would they write in bloody characters on hist'ry's living page?
Write a race's right to freedom—write a race's destiny?

Grimly stood these erstwhile chattels—freemen now, of dusky hue—
Bay'nets gleaming in the starlight; what their thoughts—ah, no one knew!
Would they stand the test of freemen? Would they craven prove and quail?
Would they stains of slavery wipe out in the battle's leaden hail?
Had the iron-rust of bondage entered deeply in the soul?
Had the cruelty of centuries the springs of manhood dried?
Would they, in the blood of conflict and the battle's awful roll,
Prove, despite the years of bondage, patriots, heroes, true and tried?

Said he to the color-bearer, and his voice was earnest, low:
"Ere the coming day is ended patriot blood will freely flow;
In the wild assault on frowning guns, think only of the years
Of your race's cruel bondage, of its groans and cries and tears.
'Tis the starry flag of freedom that you bear aloft to-day;
Bear it bravely in the conflict, and your race is ever free;
Do not falter; bear it proudly in the thickest of the fray;
Let this day in blood inaugurate your race's jubilee."

Then up spoke the color-bearer, and his face in starlight's gleam
Glowed with patriotic fire and ardor, as the past—a horrid dream—
Drifted by with all its cruelty, its bondage, and its wrong,
And his voice showed in its firm tones that his heart was true and strong:
"Though my race has been in serfdom, yet we're freemen here to-night.
And the Stars and Stripes our beacon light that gleams athwart the sky.
Yes, I'll bring it back in honor, bear it bravely in the right,
Or beyond the mystic river tell to God the reason why."

'Twas a horrid day of slaughter, and the crash of shot and shell
Told that men were bravely battling for the cause they loved so well.
A shout, a cheer, a wild assault—and then the Stripes and Stars
Floated proudly from the ramparts where had waved the Stars and Bars.
Bravely fought the dusky Black Brigade; in blood had rent the chains;—
Chains of slavery from a fettered race; and where, in blood, they'd trod,
Lay, in death, the color-bearer; his life's blood the banner stains.
Ah, beyond the silent river, he's reporting now to God!

FOR FREEDOM.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

[Response of the Colored Soldiers to the Call of the President, Jan., 1864.]

THANK God! 'Tis the war cry! They call us! We come!
Clear summons the bugle, bold beckons the drum!
Our "Ready" rings clearer; our hearts bolder beat
As under the bright flag rejoicing we meet;
For still we have trusted, through darkest delay,
That the flash of these guns would be dawn of our day.

'Tis dawning! 'tis morning! the hills are aglow!
God's angels roll backward the clouds of our woe!
One grasp of the rifle, one glimpse of the fray,
And chattel and bondman have vanished for aye!
Stern men they will find us who venture to feel
The shock of our cannon, the thrust of our steel.

The bright flag above us exultant we hail;
Beneath it what rapture the ramparts to scale!
Or, true to our leader, o'er mountain, through hollow,
Its stars never-setting, with fleet foot to follow,
Till, shrill for the battle, the bugle-notes blow,
And proudly we plant it in face of the foe!

And then, when the conflict is done, in the gleam
Of the camp-fire at midnight, how gayly we'll dream:
The slave is the citizen—coveted name
That lifts him from loathing, that shields him from shame!
His cottage unravished; and, gladsome as he,
His wife by the hearthstone, his babe on her knee.

The cotton grows fair by the sea, as of old;
The cane yields its sugar, the orange its gold;

Light rustle the corn-leaves; the rice-fields are green;
And, free as the white man, he smiles on the scene;
The drum beats—we start from our slumbers and pray
That the dream of the night find an answering day.

To God be the glory! They call us! We come!
How welcome the watchword, the hurry, the hum!
Our hearts are on fire as our good swords we bare;
"For freedom! for freedom!" soft echoes the air.
The bugles ring cheerly; the banners float high;
O comrades, strike boldly! Our triumph is nigh!

THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

GEORGE H. BOKER.

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"GIVE me but two brigades," said Hooker, frowning at fortified Lookout,
"And I'll engage to sweep yon mountain clear of that mocking rebel rout!"
At early morning came an order that set the general's face aglow:
"Now," said he to his staff, "draw out my soldiers. Grant says that I may go!"

Hither and thither dashed each eager colonel to join his regiment,
While a low rumor of the daring purpose ran on from tent to tent;
For the long-roll was sounding in the valley, and the keen trumpets' bray,
And the wild laughter of the swarthy veterans, who cried, "We fight to-day!"

The solid tramp of infantry, the rumble of the great jolting gun,
The sharp, clear order, and the fierce steeds neighing, "Why's not the fight begun?"

All these plain harbingers of sudden conflict broke on the startled ear;
And, last, arose a sound that made your blood leap—the ringing battle-cheer.

The lower works were carried at one onset. Like a vast roaring sea
Of steel and fire, our soldiers from the trenches swept out the enemy;
And we could see the gray-coats swarming up from the mountain's leafy base,
To join their comrades in the higher fastness—for life or death the race!

Then our long line went winding round the mountain in a huge serpent track,
And the slant sun upon it flashed and glimmered as on a dragon's back.
Higher and higher the column's head pushed onward ere the rear moved a man;
And soon the skirmish-lines their straggling volleys and single shots began.

Then the bald head of Lookout flamed and bellowed, and all its batteries woke,
And down the mountain poured the bomb-shells, puffing into our eyes their smoke;
And balls and grape-shot rained upon our column, that bore the angry shower
As if it were no more than that soft dropping which scarcely stirs the flower.

O glorious courage that inspires the hero, and runs through all his men!
The heart that failed beside the Rappahannock, it was itself again!

The star that circumstance and jealous faction shrouded in envious night,
Here shone with all the splendor of its nature, and with a freer flight!

Hark! hark! there go the well-known crashing volleys, the long-continued roar,
That swells and falls, but never ceases wholly until the fight is o'er.
Up toward the crystal gates of heaven ascending, the mortal tempests beat,
As if they sought to try their cause together before God's very feet!

We saw our troops had gained a footing almost beneath the topmost ledge,
And back and forth the rival lines went surging upon the dizzy edge.
Sometimes we saw our men fall backward slowly, and groaned in our despair;
Or cheered when now and then a stricken rebel plunged out in open air,
Down, down, a thousand empty fathoms dropping, his God alone knows where!

At eve thick haze upon the mountain gathered, with rising smoke stained black,
And not a glimpse of the contending armies shone through the swirling rack.
Night fell o'er all; but still they flashed their lightnings and rolled their thunders loud,
Though no man knew upon what side was going that battle in the cloud.

Night! what a night of anxious thought and wonder! but still no tidings came
From the bare summit of the trembling mountain, still wrapped in mist and flame.

But toward the sleepless dawn, stillness, more dreadful than the
fierce sound of war,
Settled o'er nature, as if she stood breathless before the morning
star.

As the sun rose, dense clouds of smoky vapor boiled from the
valley's deeps,
Dragging their torn and ragged edges slowly up through the tree-
clad steeps,
And rose and rose, till Lookout, like a vision, above us grandly
stood,
And over his black crags and storm-blanched headlands burst the
warm golden flood.

Thousands of eyes were fixed upon the mountain, and thousands
held their breath,
And the vast army, in the valley watching, seemed touched with
sudden death.
High o'er us soared great Lookout, robed in purple, a glory on his
face,
A human meaning in his hard, calm features beneath that heav-
enly grace.

Out on a crag walked something. What! an eagle that treads
yon giddy height?
Surely, no man! But still he clambered forward into the full, rich
light;
Then up he started with a sudden motion, and from the blazing
crag
Flung to the morning breeze and sunny radiance the dear old starry
flag!

Ah! then what followed? Scarred and war-worn soldiers, like
girls, flushed through their tan,
And down the thousand wrinkles of the battles a thousand tear-
drops ran;

Men seized each other in returned embraces, and sobbed for very love;
A spirit which made all that moment brothers seemed falling from above.

And, as we gazed, around the mountain's summit our glittering files appeared;
Into the rebel works we saw them marching; and we—we cheered, we cheered!
And they above waved all their flags before us, and joined our frantic shout,
Standing, like demigods, in light and triumph, upon their own Lookout!

THE FIGHT OF LOOKOUT.

RICHARD L. CARY, JR.

HERE, sit ye down 'longside of me: I'm getting old and gray;
But something in the paper, boy, has riled my blood to-day,
To steal a purse is mean enough, the most of men agree;
But stealing reputation seems a meaner thing to me.

A letter in the *Herald* says some generals allow
That there wa'n't no fight where Lookout rears aloft its shaggy brow;
But this coat-sleeve swinging empty here beside me, boy, to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

When sunbeams flashed o'er Mission Ridge that bright November morn,
The misty cap on Lookout's crest gave tokens of the storm;
For grim King Death had draped the mount in grayish, smoky shrouds;
Its craggy peaks were lost to sight above the fleecy clouds.

Just at the mountain's rocky base we formed in serried lines,
While lightning, with its jagged edge, played on us from the pines;
The mission ours to storm the pits 'neath Lookout's crest that lay—
We stormed the very gates of hell with Fighting Joe that day.

The mountain seemed to vomit flames; the boom of heavy guns
Played bass to Dixie's music, while a treble played the drums;
The eagles, waking from their sleep, looked down upon the stars
Slow climbing up the mountain's side with morning's broken bars.

We kept our eyes upon the flag that upward led the way,
Until we lost it in the smoke on Lookout's side that day;
And then, like demons loosed from hell, we clambered up the crag,
"Excelsior" our motto, and our mission "Save the flag!"

In answer to the rebel yell, we gave a ringing cheer;
We left the rifle-pits behind, the crest loomed upward near;
A light wind playing 'long the peaks just lifted Death's gray shroud;
We caught a gleam of silver stars just breaking through the cloud.

A shattered arm hung at my side that day on Lookout's crag,
And yet I'd give the other now to save the dear old flag.
The regimental roll, when called on Lookout's crest that night,
Was more than doubled by the roll Death called in realms of light.

Just as the sun sank slowly down behind the mountain's crest,
When mountain-peaks gave back the fire that flamed along the West,
Swift riding down along the ridge upon a charger white
Came "Fighting Joe," the hero now of Lookout's famous fight.

He swung his cap as tears of joy slow trickled down his cheek,
And as our cheering died away the general tried to speak.
He said: "Boys, I'll court-martial you—yes, every man that's here;
I said to take the rifle-pits"—we stopped him with a cheer—

"I said to take the rifle-pits upon the mountain's edge,
And I'll court-martial you because—because you took the ridge!"

Then such a laugh as swept the ridge where late King Death had strode!
And such a cheer as rent the skies, as down our lines he rode!
I'm getting old and feeble; I've not long to live, I know;
But there was a fight at Lookout—I was there with Fighting Joe!

So them generals in the *Herald*, they may reckon and allow
That there wa'n't no fight at Lookout on the mountain's shaggy brow;
But this empty coat-sleeve swinging here beside me, boy, to-day
Tells a mighty different story in a mighty different way.

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

THERON BROWN.

[Gen. Sherman joined Gen. Grant in November, 1863. On the 23d, 24th and 25th of that month were fought the famous battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain.]

BY the banks of Chattanooga, watching with a soldier's heed,
In the chilly, autumn morning, gallant Grant was on his steed;
For the foe had climbed above him, with the banners of their land,
And their cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders: "Howard, Thomas to the Bridge!
One brigade aboard the Dunbar, storm the heights of Mission Ridge!
On the left, the ledges, Sherman, charge, and hurl the rebels down;
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout, and the slope before the town."

Fearless, from the Northern summit, looked the traitors, where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster-day;

Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward from the farms,
And they dropped their idle glasses, in a sudden rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands surely, swiftly swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country soared in smoke o'er Orchard Knob.

Day and night and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the range;
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled heaven's mist of rain,
Till the ascending squadron vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city, anxious eyes the clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them fathers, brothers, sons,
Where they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! charge for God and country! up! aha, they rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-clouded skies,
And the battle-field is bloody, where a dewdrop never falls,
For a voice of tearless justice for a tearless vengeance calls!

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions; well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in the mountain temple, 'gainst the terrors of His aid.
And the clouds might fitly echo pæan loud and parting gun,
When, from upper light and glory, sank the traitor host undone

They have conquered! Through the region where our brothers
plucked the palm
Rings the noise with which they won it with the sweetness of a
psalm;
And our wounded sick and dying hear it in their crowded wards,
And they whisper, "Heaven is with us! lo, our battle is the Lord's!"

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison-hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming, glad as freedom's morning
bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and, panting, with their cheeks against the
bars,
Feel God's breath of hope and see it playing with the Stripes and
Stars.

Tories safe in serpent treason startle as those airy cheers
And that wild, ethereal war-drum falls like doom upon their ears;
And that rush of cloud-borne armies rolling back a nation's shame
Frights them with its sound of judgment, and the flash of angry
flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal sires despondent grown,
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven
blown;
And the patriots' children wonder in their simple hearts to know
In the land above the thunder our embattled champions go.

CASSY.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

ONE morning, when the hands were mustered for the field, Tom noticed, with surprise, a new-comer among them, whose appearance excited his attention. It was a woman, tall and slenderly formed, with remarkably delicate hands and feet, and dressed in neat and respectable garments. Where she came from,

or who she was, Tom did not know. The first he did know, she was walking by his side, erect and proud in the dim gray of the dawn. To the gang, however, she was known, for there was much looking and turning of heads, and a smothered yet apparent exultation among the miserable, ragged, half-starved creatures by whom she was surrounded.

"Got to come to it at last; glad of it!" said one.

"Ha! he! he!" said another; "you'll know how good it is, Missie!"

"We'll see her work!"

"Wonder if she'll get a cutting up, at night, like the rest of us!"

"I'd be glad to see her down for a flogging, I'll be bound!" said another.

The woman took no notice of these taunts, but walked on, with the same expression of angry scorn, as if she heard nothing. Tom had always lived among refined and cultivated people, and he felt intuitively, from her air and bearing, that she belonged to that class; but how or why she could be fallen to those degrading circumstances he could not tell. The woman neither looked at him nor spoke to him, though, all the way to the field, she kept close to his side.

In the course of the day Tom was working near the mulatto woman who had been bought in the same lot with himself. She was evidently in a condition of great suffering, and Tom often heard her praying, as she wavered and trembled, and seemed about to fall down. Tom silently, as he came near to her, transferred several handfuls of cotton from his own sack to hers.

"Oh, don't, don't!" said the woman, looking surprised; "it'll get you into trouble."

Just then Sambo came up. He seemed to have a special spite against this woman; and, flourishing his whip, said, in brutal, guttural tones, "What dis yer, Luce,—foolin'?" and, with the word, kicking the woman with his heavy cowhide shoe, he struck Tom across the face with his whip.

Tom silently resumed his task; but the woman, before at the last point of exhaustion, fainted.

"I'll bring her to!" said the driver, with a brutal grin. "I'll give her something better than camphire!" and taking a pin from his coat-sleeve he buried it to the head in her flesh. The woman groaned, and half rose. "Get up, you beast, and work, will yer, or I'll show yer a trick more!"

The woman seemed stimulated, for a few moments, to an unnatural strength, and worked with desperate eagerness.

"See that you keep to dat ar," said the man, "or yer'll wish yer's dead to-night, I reckin!"

At the risk of all that he might suffer, Tom came forward again, and put all the cotton in his sack into the woman's.

"Oh, you mustn't! you donno what they'll do to ye!" said the woman.

"I can bar it!" said Tom, "better'n you," and he was at his place again. It passed in a moment.

Suddenly the stranger woman, who had in the course of her work come near to Tom, said: "You know nothing about this place, or you wouldn't have done that. When you've been here a month, you'll be done helping anybody; you'll find it hard enough to take care of your own skin!"

"The Lord forbid, Missis!" said Tom, using instinctively to his field companion the respectful form proper to the high-bred with whom he had lived.

"The Lord never visits these parts," said the woman, bitterly, as she went nimbly forward with her work; and again the scornful smile curled her lips. But the action of the woman had been seen by the driver across the field; and, flourishing his whip, he came up to her.

"What! what!" he said to the woman, with an air of triumph, "you a-foolin'? Go along! yer under me now—mind yourself, or yer'll cotch it!"

A glance like sheet-lightning suddenly flashed from those black eyes; and, facing about, with quivering lip and dilated nostrils,

she drew herself up, and fixed a glance, blazing with scorn and rage, on the driver.

"Dog!" she said, "touch me, if you dare! I've power enough yet to have you torn by the dogs, burnt alive, cut to inches! I've only to say the word!"

"What de devil you here for, den?" said the man, evidently cowed, and sullenly retreating a step or two. "Didn't mean no harm, Missie Cassy."

"Keep your distance, then!" said the woman. And, in truth, the man seemed greatly inclined to attend to something at the other end of the field, and started off in quick time.

A SPOOL OF THREAD.

SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

[The last battle of the war was at Brazos, Tex., May 13th, 1865, resulting in the surrender of the Texan army.]

WELL, yes, I've lived in Texas, since the spring of '61;
And I'll relate the story, though I fear, sir, when 'tis done,
'Twill be little worth your hearing, it was such a simple thing,
Unheralded in rondeaus that the grander poets sing.

There had come a guest unbidden, at the opening of the year,
To find a lodgment in our hearts, and the tenant's name was fear;
For secession's drawing mandate was a call for men and arms,
And each recurring eventide but brought us fresh alarms.

They had notified the General that he must yield to fate,
And all the muniments of war surrender to the state,
But he sent from San Antonio an order to the sea
To convey on board the steamer all the fort's artillery.

Right royal was his purpose, but the foe divined his plan,
And the wily Texans set a guard to intercept the man

Detailed to bear the message; they placed their watch with care
That neither scout nor citizen should pass it unaware.

Well, this was rather awkward, sir, as doubtless you will say,
But the Major who was chief of staff resolved to have his way,
Despite the watchful provost guard; so he asked his wife to send,
With a little box of knick-knacks, a letter to her friend;
And the missive held one sentence I remember to this day:
"The thread is for your neighbor, Mr. French, across the way."

He dispatched a youthful courier. Of course, as you will know,
The Texans searched him thoroughly and ordered him to show
The contents of the letter. They read it o'er and o'er,
But failed to find the message they had hindered once before.

So it reached the English lady, and she wondered at the word,
But gave the thread to Major French, explaining that she heard
He wished a spool of cotton. And great was his surprise
At such a trifle sent, unasked, through leagues of hostile spies.

"There's some hidden purpose, doubtless, in the curious gift," he said.
Then he tore away the label, and inside the spool of thread
Was Major Nichols' order, bidding him convey to sea
All the arms and ammunition from Fort Duncan's battery.
"Down to Brazos speed your horses," thus the Major's letter ran,
"Shift equipments and munitions, and embark them if you can."

Yes, the transfer was effected, for the ships lay close at hand.
Ere the Texans guessed their purpose they had vanished from the land.
Do I know it for a fact, sir? 'Tis no story that I've read—
I was but a boy in war time, and I carried him the thread.

—*N. Y. Independent.*

STONEWALL JACKSON'S DEATH.

PAUL M. RUSSELL.

[Gen. Joseph Hooker, in command of the Army of the Potomac lying opposite Fredericksburg, Md., crossed the Rappahannock River early in May, 1863, and fought the severe battle of Chancellorsville, in which was killed the famous Southern general, Thomas J. Jackson, commonly known as Stonewall Jackson. He received this name at the first battle of Bull Run. Defeat seemed imminent, and one of the Confederate generals exclaimed: "Here stands Jackson like a stone wall, and here let us conquer or die!" Gen. Jackson's last words were: "Let us cross over the river and lie down under the trees."]

THE lightning flashed across the heaven, the distant thunder rolled,
And, swayed by gusts of angry winds, the far-off church-bell tolled,
The billows crashed against the rocks that kiss the ocean's foam,
And eager pilots trimmed their sails and turned their skiffs for home.

As darkness fell upon the earth, and we were gathered round
Our blazing hearth, and listening to the storm's ter.ific sound,
We all looked up to Uncle Tom, who sat beside the fire,
A-dreaming of the bygone days, and of disaster dire.

For memory brought us back again to times of darkest woe,
When, strong in hand and light in heart, he fought the Northern foe.
He often spoke of '46—the fight on Mexic's plain—
How Buena Vista heights were reached while bullets fell like rain.

How Shields had gained Chapultepec, how Santa Anna fled,
And how the Sisters labored even where the bullets sped;
And oft he spoke of later times, but always with a sigh,
When South and North rose up to fight *en masse* for cause or die.

And as beside the fire he sat and piped his meerschaum well,
We asked, to pass the time away, that he a tale should tell.
He paused a moment, then he laid his good old pipe aside,
And said, "I'll tell you boys, to-night, how Stonewall Jackson died.

"We were retreating from the foe, for Fredericksburg was lost,
And on our flank, still threatening, appeared the Union host;
Down by the Rappahannock, in our dismal tents we lay,
And the lightest heart was heavy with our grave defeat that day.

"For 'tis better for a soldier like Montgomery to die,
Than live to see his comrades from a hated foeman fly;
But reverses often come upon defenders of the right,
And justice seldom conquers, boys, when nations go to fight.

"With heavy hearts we laid us down, but, mind you, not to sleep,
Nor did we turn aside to sing, or turn aside to weep.
But as we pondered o'er our griefs, a sudden moan was heard,
Far louder than the willow's moan, when by the wind 'tis stirred.

"It woke the camp from reverie, it woke the camp to fear;
And louder, louder grew the wail, most dreadful then to hear.
And nearer came the weeping crowd, and something stiff and still
Was borne, we knew not what it was, but followed with a will.

"At last within our Gen'ral's tent the precious load was laid,
And then a pallid soldier turned unto us all, and said:
'We thought it hard, my comrades brave, to lose the field to-day;
But harder will our struggle be, to labor in the fray;
For he is gone, our gallant chief, who could our hopes restore,
And rout and ruin is our fate, since Stonewall is no more.'

"I cannot tell you how we felt, or how we acted then,
For words are weak to tell a tale when grief has mastered men;
But this I know, I pulled the cloth from off brave Jackson's face,
And almost jumped with joy to see him gaze around the place.

"But, boys, it was a fleeting dream, a vacant stare he cast;
He did not see the canvas shaken by the sudden blast;
He did not see us weeping as we staunched the flowing blood,
But again in battle fighting, he was where the foemen stood.

"'Order Gen'ral Hill to action!' loud he cried, as he was wont;
And then he quickly added: 'Bring the infantry to front!'
As he saw the corps pass by him—as it were—in duty's call,
Suddenly he shouted: 'Drive them! charge upon them, one and all!'

"Then he turned aside, and, smiling, said with voice of one in ease:
'Let us cross the foaming river; let us rest beneath the trees.'
Then we waited, boys, and watched him, but no other word he said;
For adown the foaming river had our leader's spirit sped."

THE BAY FIGHT.

HENRY H. BROWNELL.

[One of the most notable naval exploits of the Civil War was performed in Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864. Rear-Admiral Farragut ran the batteries of Forts James and Morgan, and destroyed the rebel fleet. Farragut was made Vice-Admiral by Congress in December, 1864.]

THREE days through sapphire seas we sailed,
The steady trade blew strong and free,
The Northern Light his banners paled,
The ocean stream our channels wet,
We rounded low Canaveral's lee,
And passed the isles of emerald set
In blue Bahama's turquoise sea.

But weary to the hearts of all
The burning glare, the barren reach
Of Pensacola's ruined wall,
And Santa Rosa's withered beach.

And weary was the long patrol,
The thousand miles of shapeless strand,
From Brazos to San Blas that roll
Their drifting dunes of desert sand.

A weary time; but to the strong
  The day at last, as ever, came;
And the volcano, laid so long,
  Leaped forth in thunder and in flame!

"Man your starboard battery!" Kimberly shouted;
  The ship, with her hearts of oak,
  Was going, 'mid roar and smoke,
On to victory! none of us doubted,
  No, not our dying—
  Farragut's flag was flying!

Gaines growled low on our left,
  Morgan roared on our right;
Before us, gloomy and fell,
With breath like the fume of hell,
Lay the dragon of iron shell
  Driven at last to the fight!

Our lofty spars were down,
To bide the battle's frown,
(Wont of old renown)—
  But every ship was drest
  In her bravest and her best,
As if for a July day;
  Sixty flags and three.
As we floated up the bay,
  At every peak and masthead flew
  The brave red, white, and blue.
We were eighteen ships that day.

Forging boldly ahead,
The great flagship led,
  Grandest of sights!
On her lofty mizzen flew

Our leader's dauntless blue,
  That had waved o'er twenty fights;
So we went, with the first of the tide,
  Slowly, 'mid the roar
  Of the rebel guns ashore
And the thunder of each full broadside.

On, in the whirling shade
  Of the cannon's sulphury breath,
  We drew to the line of death
That our devilish foe had laid;
Meshed in a horrible net,
  And baited villainous well,
Right in our path were set
  Three hundred traps of hell!

Then, in that deadly track,
A little the ships held back,
  Closing up in their stations.
There are minutes that fix the fate
  Of battles and of nations,
  (Christening the generations)
When valor were all too late,
  If a moment's doubt be harbored.
From the main-top, bold and brief,
Came the word of our grand old chief,—
    "Go on!" 'twas all he said,
  Our helm was put to starboard,
    And the Hartford passed ahead.

  Trust me, our berth was hot.
  Ah, wickedly well they shot—
How their death-bolts howled and stung!
  And the water-batteries played
  With their deadly cannonade

Till the air around us rung;
So the battle raged and roared.
Ah, had you been aboard
To have seen the fight we made!

How they leaped, the tongues of flame,
From the cannon's fiery lip!
How the broadsides, deck and frame,
Shook the great ship!

And how the enemy's shell
Came crashing, heavy and oft,
Clouds of splinters flying aloft
And falling in oaken showers;—
But ah, the pluck of the crew!
Had you stood on that deck of ours,
You had seen what men may do.

Still, as the fray grew louder,
Boldly they worked and well—
Steadily came the powder,
Steadily came the shell.
And if tackle or truck found hurt,
Quickly they cleared the wreck.
And the dead were laid to port,
All in a row on our deck.

Never a nerve that failed,
Never a cheek that paled,
Not a tinge of gloom or pallor;
There was bold Kentucky's grit,
And the old Virginian valor,
And the daring Yankee wit.

Grand was the sight to see
How by their guns they stood,

Right in front of our dead,
  Fighting square abreast,
  Each brawny arm and chest
All spotted with black and red,
  Chrism of fire and blood!

Worth our watch, dull and sterile,
  Worth all the weary time,
Worth the woe and the peril,
  To stand in that strait sublime!

Fear? A forgotten form!
  Death? A dream of the eyes!
We were atoms in God's great storm
  That roared through the angry skies.

From the first of the iron shower
  Till we sent our parting shell,
'Twas just one savage hour
  Of the roar and the rage of hell.

With the lessening smoke and thunder,
  Our glasses around we aim,—
What is that burning yonder?
  Our Philippi—aground and in flame!

Below, 'twas still all a-roar,
As the ships went by the shore,
  But the fire of the fort had slacked,
(So fierce their volleys had been)—
And now, with a mighty din,
The whole fleet came grandly in,
  Though sorely battered and wracked.

So, up the Bay we ran,
  The flag to port and ahead,
And a pitying rain began
  To wash the lips of our dead.

A league from the fort we lay,
And deemed that the end must lag.
When lo! looking down the Bay,
There flaunted the rebel rag;—
The ram is again under way
And heading dead for the flag!

Quickly breasting the wave,
Eager the prize to win,
First of us all the brave
Monongahela went in
Under full head of steam;
Twice she struck him abeam,
Till her stem was a sorry work,
She might have run on a crag!
The Lackawanna hit fair,
He flung her aside like cork,
And still he held for the flag.

High in the mizzen shroud,
Lest the smoke his sight o'erwhelm,
Our Admiral's voice rang loud,
"Hard-a-starboard your helm!
Starboard! and run him down!"
Starboard it was; and so,
Like a black squall's lifting frown,
Our mighty bow bore down
On the iron beak of the foe.

We stood on the deck together,
Men that had looked on death
In battle and stormy weather,
Yet a little we held our breath,
When, with the hush of death,
The great ships drew together.

Our Captain strode to the bow,
  Drayton, courtly and wise,
  Kindly, cynic, and wise,
(You hardly had known him now,
  The flame of fight in his eyes)—
His brave heart eager to feel
How the oak would tell on the steel!

But, as the space grew short,
  A little he seemed to shun us,
Out peered a form grim and lanky,
  And a voice yelled: "Hard-a-port!
Hard-a-port!—here's the damned Yankee
  Coming right down on us!"

He sheered, but the ships ran foul
With a jarring shudder and growl.
  He gave us a deadly gun;
But as he passed in his pride,
Rasping right alongside,
  The old flag, in thunder-tones,
Poured in her port broadside,
Rattling his iron hide,
  And cracking his timber bones!

Ah, then
The hurrahs that, once and again,
Rang from three thousand men,
  All flushed and savage with fight!
Our dead lay cold and stark,
But our dying, down in the dark,
  Answered as best they might,
Lifting their poor lost arms,
  And cheering for God and right!

Ended the mighty noise,
  Thunder of forts and ships;
  Down we went to the hold—
Oh, our dear dying boys!
  How we pressed their poor brave lips,
  Ah! so pallid and cold,
And held their hands to the last—
  Those that had hands to hold.

Our ship and her fame to-day
  Shall float on the storied stream
When mast and shroud have crumbled away,
  And her long white deck is a dream.

One daring leap in the dark,
  Three mortal hours, at the most,
And hell lies stiff and stark
  On a hundred leagues of coast.

For the mighty Gulf is ours,—
    The bay is lost and won,
    An empire is lost and won!
Land, if thou yet hast flowers,
Twine them in one more wreath
  Of tenderest white and red,
Twin buds of glory and death,
  For the brows of our brave dead,—
    For thy navy's noblest son.

O motherland! this weary life
  We led, we lead, is 'long of thee;
Thine the strong agony of strife,
  And thine the lonely sea.

Thine the long decks all slaughter-sprent,
The weary rows of cots that lie
With wrecks of strong men, marred and rent,
'Neath Pensacola's sky.

And thine the iron caves and dens
Wherein the flame our war-fleet drives;
The fiery vaults, whose breath is men's
Most dear and precious lives!

Ah, ever, when with storm sublime
Dread nature clears our murky air,
Thus in the crash of falling crime
Some lesser guilt must share.

Full red the furnace fires must glow
That melt the ore of mortal kind:
The mills of God are grinding slow,
But ah, how close they grind!

Be strong. Already slants the gold
Athwart these wild and stormy skies;
From out this blackened waste, behold
What happy homes shall rise!

And never fear a victor foe,
Thy children's hearts are strong and high;
Nor mourn too fondly; well they know
On deck or field to die.

Nor shalt thou want one willing breath,
Though, ever smiling round the brave,
The blue sea bear us on to death,
The green were one wide grave.

LITTLE GIFFEN.

DR. FRANCIS ORRERY TICKNOR.

[A ballad of such unique and really transcendent merit that it ought to rank with the rarest gems of modern martial poetry.—PAUL H. HAYNE.]

OUT of the focal and foremost fire,
Out of the hospital walls as dire;
Smitten of grape-shot and gangrene.
(Eighteenth battle, and he sixteen!)
Spectre! such as you seldom see—
Little Giffen, of Tennessee!

"Take him and welcome!" the surgeons said;
Little the doctor can help the dead!
So we took him, and brought him where
The balm was sweet in the summer air;
And we laid him down on a wholesome bed—
Utter Lazarus heel to head!

And we watched the war with abated breath—
Skeleton boy against skeleton death.
Months of torture, how many such?
Weary weeks of the stick and crutch;
And still a glint of the steel-blue eye
Told of a spirit that wouldn't die,

And didn't. Nay, more! in death's despite
The crippled skeleton learned to write!
"Dear mother," at first, of course; and then
"Dear captain," inquiring about the men.
Captain's answer: "O' eighty-and-five,
Giffen and I are left alive."

Word of gloom from the war, one day;
Johnson pressed at the front, they say.
Little Giffen was up and away;

A tear—his first—as he bade good-bye,
Dimmed the glint of his steel-blue eye.
"I'll write if spared." There was news of the fight,
But none of Giffen—he did not write.

I sometimes fancy that were I king
Of the princely knights of the golden ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the tender legend that trembles here,
I'd give the best, on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,
For little Giffen, of Tennessee.

THE FREEMAN'S DEFENCE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"YES, Eliza," said George, "I know all you say is true. You are a good child—a great deal better than I am, and I will try to do as you say. I'll try to act worthy of a free man. I'll try to feel like a Christian. God Almighty knows that I've meant to do well—tried hard to do well—when everything has been against me; and now I'll forget all the past, and put away every hard and bitter feeling, and read my Bible, and learn to be a good man."

"And when we get to Canada," said Eliza, "I can help you. I can do dress-making very well, and I understand fine washing and ironing; and between us we can find something to live on."

"Yes, Eliza, so long as we have each other and our boy. O Eliza, if these people only knew what a blessing it is for a man to feel that his wife and child belong to *him*. I've often wondered to see men that could call their wives and children their own, fretting and worrying about anything else. Why, I feel rich and strong, though we have nothing but our bare hands. I feel as if I could scarcely ask God for any more. Yes, though I have worked

hard every day till I am twenty-five years old, and have not a cent of money, nor a roof to cover me, nor a spot of land to call my own, yet, if they will only let me alone now, I will be satisfied—thankful. I will work, and send back the money for you and my boy. As to my old master, he has been paid five times over for all he spent for me. I don't owe him anything."

"But yet we are not quite out of danger," said Eliza; "we are not yet in Canada."

"True, but it seems as if I smelt the free air, and it makes me strong."

At this moment, voices were heard in the outer apartment, in earnest conversation, and very soon a rap was heard on the door. Eliza started and opened it.

Simeon Halliday was there, and with him a Quaker brother, whom he introduced as Phineas Fletcher.

"Our friend Phineas," said Simeon, "hath discovered something of importance to the interests of thee and thy party, George; it were well for thee to hear it."

"That I have," said Phineas, "and it shows the use of a man's always sleeping with one ear open, in certain places, as I've always said. I heard them say something about Quakers. 'So,' says one, 'they are up in the Quaker settlement,' says he. Then I listened with both ears, and I found that they were talking about this very party. So I lay and heard them lay off their plans. This young man, they said, was to be sent back to Kentucky, to his master, who was going to make an example of him to keep niggers from running away; and his wife two of them were going to run down to New Orleans to sell, on their own account, and they calculated to get sixteen or eighteen hundred dollars for her; and the child, they said, was going to a trader, who had bought him; and then there was the boy Jim and his mother—they were to go back to their masters in Kentucky. They said that there were two constables in a town a little piece ahead, who would go in with 'em to get 'em taken up, and the young woman was to be taken before a judge; and one of the fellows, who is small and smooth-spoken,

was to swear to her as his property, and get her delivered over to him to take South. They've got a right notion of the track we are going to-night, and they'll be down after us, six or eight strong. So, now, what's to be done?"

The group that stood in various attitudes, after this communication, was worthy of a painter. Rachel Halliday, who had taken her hands out of a batch of biscuit, to hear the news, stood with them upraised and floury, and with a face of the deepest concern; Simeon looked profoundly thoughtful; Eliza had thrown her arms around her husband, and was looking up to him; George stood with clinched hands and glowing eyes, and looking as any other man might look whose wife was to be sold at auction and son sent to a trader, all under the shelter of a Christian nation's laws.

"What shall we do, George?" said Eliza, faintly.

"I know what I shall do," said George, as he stepped into the little room, and began examining his pistols.

"Ay, ay," said Phineas, nodding his head to Simeon; "thou seest, Simeon, how it will work."

"I see," said Simeon, sighing; "I pray it come not to that."

"I will attack no man," said George. "All I ask of this country is to be let alone, and I will go out peaceably; but"—he paused, his brow darkened and his face worked,—"I've had a sister sold in that New Orleans market. I know what they are sold for; and am I going to stand by and see them take my wife and sell her, when God has given me a pair of strong arms to defend her? No, God help me! I'll fight to the last breath before they shall take my wife and son. Can you blame me?"

"Mortal man cannot blame thee, George. Flesh and blood could not do otherwise," said Simeon. "Woe unto the world because of offences, but woe unto them through whom the offence cometh."

"Eliza," said George, "people that have friends, and houses and lands, and money, and all those things *can't* love as we do, who have nothing but each other. Till I knew you, Eliza, no creature ever had loved me, but my poor heart-broken mother and sister. I saw poor Emily that morning the trader carried her off,

She came to the corner where I was lying asleep, and said, 'Poor George, your last friend is going. What will become of you, poor boy?' And I got up and threw my arms around her and cried and sobbed, and she cried, too; and those were the last kind words I got for ten long years, and my heart all withered up, and felt as dry as ashes, till I met you. Your loving me—why, it was almost like raising one from the dead! I've been a new man ever since. And now, Eliza, I'll give my last drop of blood, but they shall not take you from me. Whoever gets you must walk over my dead body!"

"O Lord, have mercy!" said Eliza, sobbing. "If He will only let us get out of this country together, that is all we ask."

"Is God on their side?" said George, speaking less to his wife than pouring out his own bitter thoughts. "Does He see all they do? Why does He let such things happen? And they tell us that the Bible is on their side. Certainly all the power is. They are rich and healthy and happy; they are members of churches, expecting to go to heaven; and they get along so easy in the world, and have it all their own way, and poor, honest, faithful Christians—Christians as good or better than they are—lying in the very dust under their feet. They buy 'em and sell 'em, and make trade of their hearts' blood and groans and tears, and God lets 'em."

Later in the day George and Eliza were taken in a covered wagon by Phineas Fletcher, who had planned to aid their escape into Canada, but the pursuers were upon them—"right on behind, eight or ten of them, hot with brandy, swearing, and foaming like so many wolves."

The party in pursuit consisted of Tom Loker and Marks, the two constables, and a posse made up of such rowdies at the last tavern as could be engaged by a little brandy to go and help the fun of trapping a lot of negroes.

At this moment George appeared on the top of a rock above them, and speaking in a calm, clear voice said: "Gentlemen, who are you, down there, and what do you want?"

"We want a party of runaway niggers," was the answer. "One George Harris and Eliza Harris and their son, and Jim Selden, and an old woman. We've got the officers here and a warrant to take 'em; and we're going to have 'em, too. D'ye hear? Ain't you George Harris that belongs to Mr. Harris, of Shelby County, Kentucky?"

"I am George Harris. A Mr. Harris, of Kentucky, did call me his property. But now I'm a free man, standing on God's free soil. My wife and my child I claim as mine. Jim and his mother are here. We have arms to defend ourselves and we mean to do it. You can come up if you like, but the first one of you that comes within the range of our bullets is a dead man, and the next, and the next, and so on till the last."

"Oh, come, come, young man, this ain't no kind of talk at all for you. You see, we're officers of justice. We've got the law on our side, and the power, and so forth; so you'd better give up peaceably, you see, for you'll certainly have to give up at last."

"I know very well that you've got the law on your side and power," said George, bitterly. "You mean to take my wife to sell in New Orleans, and put my boy, like a calf, in a trader's pen, and send Jim's old mother to the brute that whipped and abused her. You want to send Jim and me back to be whipped and tortured and ground down under the heels of them that you call masters; and your laws will bear you out in it, more shame for you and them! But you haven't got us. We stand here as free, under God's sky, as you are; and by the great God who made us will fight for our liberty till we die!"

George stood on the top of the rock as he made his declaration of independence. The glow of dawn gave a flush to his swarthy cheek, and bitter indignation and despair gave fire to his dark eye, and as if appealing from man to the justice of God, he raised his hand to heaven as he spoke.

The attitude, eye, voice and manner of the speaker for a moment struck the party to silence. There is something in boldness and determination that for a time hushes even the rudest nature.

One man, however, the constable, Loker, remained wholly untouched. He was deliberately cocking his pistol, and in the momentary silence that followed George's speech he fired at him.

"Ye see ye git jist as much for him dead as 'live in Kentucky," he said, coolly. "I'm going right up, for one. I never was afraid of niggers, and I ain't going to be now. Who goes after?" he said, springing up the rocks.

George fired. The shot entered Loker's side; but though wounded he would not retreat. With a yell like that of a wild bull he was leaping right across the chasm into the party.

"Friend," said Phineas, suddenly stepping to the front and meeting him with a push from his long arms, "thee isn't wanted here." Down he fell into the chasm thirty feet below.

"Lord help us, they are perfect devils!" said Marks, heading the retreat down the rocks, while all the party came tumbling precipitately after him.

A BATTLE POEM.

BENJAMIN F. TAYLOR.

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BREAK up camp, drowsy World!
For the shrouds are unfurled,
And the dead drummers beat the long-roll through the morn,
And the bugle-blown orders
Invade the dumb borders
Where the grave-digger dreamed he had laid them forlorn.

From old Saratoga,
From old Ticonderoga,
From Bennington, Bunker, and Lexington Green,
They have marched back sublime
To the sentries of time,
And have passed on triumphant, unchallenged between!

I can hear the flint-locks,
The old click of the clocks
That timed liberty's step, to no pendulum swing!
When the bullets all sped,
Woman smilingly said,
"Let us charm the dull weights till they fly and they sing!"

Ah! those old blackened ladles
Where glory's own cradles
Rocked a red-coat to sleep with each birth from the mould,
And the old-fashioned fire
Blazed hotter and higher,
Till it welded the New World and walled out the Old.

By battalions they come,
To the snarl of the drum!
Bleeding feet that turned beautiful, printing the snow.
For roses seem blowing
Where'er they are going,
As if June, with her blushes, were buried below.

Hail, mighty campaigners!
The Lord's old retainers,
Eighty winters on furlough, the tidings ye bring,
Of the old royal Georges
And the old Valley Forges,
Our cannon are telling: the people are king!

Clear and strong, far and near,
Rings a Green Mountain cheer,
And they lower their dim colors, all shivered and shred,
And their swords red with rust,
And their guns gray with dust,
And then shoulder to shoulder, the living and dead!

The broad age is a line—
Past and present entwine—

We will finish the work that the Fathers begun;
Then those to their sleeping,
And these to their weeping,
And one faith and flag for the Federal gun!

Speak, helmsman, the words
Half battles, half swords—
Let the "President's March" be resounding abroad;
With the pen and the page
Keeping time with the age,
Till thy swords without scabbards flash grandly for God!

Then the rattling roll of the musketeers,
And the ruffled drums, and the rallying cheers,
And the rifles burn with a keen desire,
Like the crackling whips of the hemlock fire;
And the singing shout, and the shrieking shell,
And the splintery fire of the shattered hell,
And the great white breaths of the cannon smoke,
As the growling guns by batteries spoke
In syllables dropped from the thunder of God—
The throb of the cloud where the drummer boy trod!
And the ragged gaps in the walls of blue
Where the iron surge rolled heavily through,
That the colonel builds with a breath again,
As he cleaves the din with his "Close up, men!"
And the groan torn out from the blackened lips,
And the prayer doled slow with the crimson drips,
And the beamy look in the dying eye,
As under the cloud the Stars go by!
But his soul marched on, the captain said,
For the boy in blue can never be dead!

And the troopers sit in their saddles all,
As the statues carved in an ancient hall,

And they watch the whirl from their breathless ranks,
And their spurs are close to the horses' flanks,
And the fingers work of the sabre hand—
Oh! to bid them live, and to make them grand!
And the bugle sounds to the charge at last,
And away they plunge, and the front is past,
And the jackets blue grow red as they ride,
And the scabbards, too, that clank by their side,
And the dead soldiers deaden the strokes iron shod,
As they gallop right on o'er the plashy red sod;
Right into the clouds all spectral and dim,
Right up to the guns, black-throated and grim,
Right down on the hedges bordered with steel,
Right through the dense columns, then "Right about, wheel!"
Hurrah! a new swath through the harvest again!
Hurrah for the flag! To the battle, amen!
O glimpse of clear heaven!
Artillery riven.
The Fathers' old fallow God seeded with stars;
Thy furrows were turning,
When ploughshares were burning,
And half of each "bout" is redder than Mars!

Flaunt forever thy story,
O wardrobe of glory
Where the Fathers laid down their mantles of blue;
And challenged the ages,
O grandest of pages
In covenant solemn, eternal, and true.

O flag! glory-rifted,
To-day thunder-drifted,
Like a tower of strange grace, on the crest of a surge;
On some Federal fold
A new tale shall be told,
And the record immortal emblazon thy verge.

VICKSBURG.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE.

FOR sixty days and upward a storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower, but still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish," our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foes shall scale be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upward the eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn, o'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult, as if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith in the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses, there was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered, 'mid the silent thrill of hearts;
But the Lord, our shield, was with us, and ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets with scarce one throb of dread;

And the little children gambolled, their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment, as the huge bombs whirled and blazed;
Then turned with silvery laughter to the sports which children love
Thrice-mailed in the sweet instinctive thought that the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster from scores of flame-clad ships,
And above us, denser, darker, grew the conflict's wild eclipse;
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us, like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hand of angels those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy ruled o'er the battle-tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing and through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with the step of hope, to the music in their hearts.

THE NINETEENTH OF APRIL, 1861.

LUCY LARCOM.

[I think your purpose is a good one—to keep our national history a reality for the younger peoople; and I will explain that these verses were written on the very day that the news came by telegraph of our soldiers being fired upon as they passed through Baltimore. I had seen that very regiment leave Boston the day before. It was an intense experience. The "To-day for us have bled" was literally true, and if you wish to make use of the fact, you can do so.—LUCY LARCOM.]

THIS year, till late in April, the snow fell thick and light;
The flag of peace, dear nature, in clinging drifts of white
Hung over field and city; now everywhere is seen,
In place of that white quietness, a sudden glow of green.

The verdure climbs the Common, beneath the ancient trees,
To where the glorious Stars and Stripes are floating on the breeze,
There, suddenly spring awoke from winter's snow-draped gloom,
The passion flower of Seventy-six is bursting into bloom.

Dear is the time of roses, when earth to joy is wed,
And garden-plot and meadow wear one generous flush of red;
But now in dearer beauty, to freedom's colors true,
Blooms the old town of Boston in red and white and blue.

Along the whole awakening North are those true colors spread;
A summer noon of patriotism is burning overhead,
No party badges flaunting now, no word of clique or clan;
But "Up for God and Union!" is the shout of every man.

Oh, peace is dear to Northern hearts, our hard-earned homes more dear;
But freedom is beyond the price of any earthly cheer;
And freedom's flag is sacred; he who would work it harm,
Let him, although a brother, beware our strong right arm!

A brother! ah, the sorrow, the anguish of that word!
The fratricidal strife begun, when shall its end be heard?
Not this the boon that patriot hearts have prayed and waited for;
We loved them, and we longed for peace; but they would have it war.

Yea, war! On this memorial day, the day of Lexington,
A lightning thrill along the wires from heart to heart has run;
Brave men we gazed on yesterday, to-day for us have bled;
Again is Massachusetts blood the first for freedom shed.

To war, and with our brethren, then, if only this can be!
Life hangs as nothing in the scale against dear liberty!
Though hearts be torn asunder, we for motherland will fight;
Our blood may seal the victory, but God will shield the right!

PERIOD VII.—THE DAWNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

AMERICA.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

LOOK now abroad,—another race has filled
These populous borders,—wide the wood recedes,
And towns shoot up, and fertile realms are tilled;
The land is full of harvests and green meads;
Streams numberless, that many a fountain feeds,
Shine, disembowered, and give to sun and breeze
Their virgin waters; the full region leads
New colonies forth that toward the western seas
Spread, like a rapid flame among the autumnal trees.

Here the free spirit of mankind at length,
Throws its last fetters off; and who shall place
A limit to the giant's unchained strength,
Or curb his swiftness in the forward race;
Far, like the comet's way through infinite space,
Stretches the long untravelled path of light
Into the depths of ages; we may trace,
Distant, the brightening glory of its flight,
Till the receding rays are lost to human sight.

Europe is given a prey to sterner fates,
And writhes in shackles; strong the arms that chain
To earth her struggling multitude of states;
She too is strong and might not chafe in vain

Against them, but shake off the vampire train
That fatten on her blood, and break their net.
Yes, she shall look on brighter days, and gain
The meed of worthier deeds; the moment set
To rescue and raise up, draws near—but is not yet.

But thou, my country, thou shalt never fall,
But with thy children, thy maternal care,
Thy lavish love, thy blessings showered on all—
These are thy fetters; seas and stormy air
Are the wide barrier of thy borders, where,
Among thy gallant sons that guard thee well,
Thou laugh'st at enemies. Who shall then declare
The date of thy deep-founded strength, or tell
How happy, in thy lap, the sons of men shall dwell?

FOURTH OF JULY.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

MAINE, from her farthest border, gives the first exulting shout,
And from New Hampshire's granite heights the echoing peal rings out;
The mountain farms of staunch Vermont prolong the thundering call,
And Massachusetts answers "Bunker Hill"—a watchword for us all.

Rhode Island shakes her sea-wet locks, acclaiming with the free,
And staid Connecticut breaks forth in joyous harmony;
The giant joy of proud New York, loud as an earthquake's roar,
Is heard from Hudson's crowded banks to Erie's crowded shore.

Still on the booming volley rolls, o'er plains and flowery glades,
To where the Mississippi's flood the turbid gulf invades;
There, borne from many a mighty stream upon her mightier tide,
Come down the swelling, long huzzas from all that valley wide.

And wood-crowned Alleghany's call, from all her summits high,
Reverberates among the rocks that pierce the sunset sky;
While on the shores and through the swales round the vast inland seas,
The Stars and Stripes, 'midst freemen's songs, are flashing to the breeze.

The woodsman, from the mother, takes his boy upon his knee,
And tells him how their fathers fought and bled for liberty.
The lonely hunter sits him down the forest spring beside,
To think upon his country's worth, and feel his country's pride;

While many a foreign accent, which our God can understand,
Is blessing Him for home and bread in this free, fertile land.
Yes, when upon the Eastern coast we sink to happy rest,
The Day of Independence rolls still onward to the West,

Till dies on the Pacific shore the shout of jubilee
That woke the morning with its voice along the Atlantic Sea.
O God, look down upon the land which Thou hast loved so well,
And grant that in unbroken truth her children still may dwell;

Nor, while the grass grows on the hill and streams flow through the vale,
May they forget their fathers' faith, or in their covenant fail;
Keep, God, the fairest, noblest land that lies beneath the sun—
"Our country, our whole country, and our country ever one."

THE GRAY FOREST EAGLE.

ALFRED B. STREET.

WITH storm-daring pinion, and sun-gazing eye,
The gray forest eagle is king of the sky!
Oh, little he loves the green valley of flowers,
Where sunshine and song cheer the bright summer hours,

But the dark, gloomy gorge, where down plunges the foam
Of the fierce, rocky torrent, he claims as his home;
There he blends his keen shriek with the roar of the flood,
And the many-voiced sounds of the blast-smitten wood.

A fitful red glaring, a low, rumbling jar,
Proclaim the storm-demon, yet raging afar;
The black cloud strides upward, the lightning more red,
And the roll of the thunder, more deep and more dread:
The gray forest eagle, where, where has he sped?
Does he shrink to his eyry, and shiver with dread?
Does the glare blind his eyes? Has the terrible blast
On the wing of the sky-king a fear-fetter cast?

Oh no! the brave eagle! He thinks not of fright;
The wrath of the tempest but rouses delight;
To the flash of the lightning his eye casts a gleam,
To the shriek of the wild blast he echoes his scream,
And with front like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
And a clapping of pinions, he's up and away!
Away, oh away, soars the fearless and free!
What recks he the sky's strife? its monarch is he!

The lightning darts round him—undaunted his sight;
The blast sweeps against him—unwavered his flight;
High upward, still upward he wheels, till his form
Is lost in the dark scowling gloom of the storm.
The tempest glides o'er with its terrible train,
And the splendor of sunshine is glowing again;
And full on the form of the tempest in flight,
The rainbow's magnificence gladdens the sight!

The gray forest eagle! Oh, where is he now,
While the sky wears the smile of its God on its brow?

There's a dark floating spot by yon cloud's pearly wreath,
With the speed of the arrow 'tis shooting beneath;
Down, nearer and nearer, it draws to the gaze—
Now over the rainbow—now blent with its blaze;
'Tis the eagle, the gray forest eagle! Once more
He sweeps to his eyry; his journey is o'er!

Time whirls round his circle, his years roll away,
But the gray forest eagle minds little his sway;
The child spurns its buds for youth's thorn-hidden bloom;
Seeks manhood's bright phantoms, finds age and a tomb;
But the eagle's eye dims not, his wing is unbowed,
Still drinks he the sunshine, still scales he the cloud.

An emblem of freedom stern, haughty, and high,
Is the gray forest eagle, that king of the sky!
When his shadows steal black o'er the empires of kings,
Deep terror, deep heart-shaking terror, he brings;
Where wicked oppression is armed for the weak,
There rustles his pinion, there echoes his shriek;
His eye flames with vengeance, he sweeps on his way,
And his talons are bathed in the blood of his prey.

Oh, that eagle of freedom! When cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my own native land with a shroud,
When lightnings gleamed fiercely, and thunderbolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung!
Though the wild blast of battle rushed fierce through the air
With darkness and dread, still the eagle was there;
Unquailing, still speeding, his swift flight was on,
Till the rainbow of peace crowned the victory won.

Oh, that eagle of freedom! Age dims not his eye,
He has seen earth's mortality spring, bloom, and die!

He has seen the strong nations rise, flourish, and fall;
He mocks at time's changes, he triumphs o'er all;
He has seen our own land with wild forests o'erspread,
He sees it with sunshine and joy on its head;
And his presence will bless this his own chosen clime,
Till the archangel's fiat is set upon time.

HISTORY OF OUR FLAG.

REV. ALBERT B. PUTNAM.

THE history of our glorious old flag is of exceeding interest, and brings back to us a throng of sacred and thrilling associations. The banner of St. Andrew was blue, charged with a white altier or cross, in the form of the letter X, and was used in Scotland as early as the eleventh century. The banner of St. George was white, charged with the red cross, and was used in England as early as the first part of the fourteenth century. By a royal proclamation, dated April 12th, 1700, these two crosses were joined together upon the same banner, forming the ancient national flag of England.

It was not until Ireland, in 1801, was made a part of Great Britain, that the present national flag of England, so well known as the Union Jack, was completed. But it was the ancient flag of England that constituted the basis of our American banner. Various other flags had, indeed, been raised at other times by our colonial ancestors. But they were not particularly associated with, or, at least, were not incorporated into and made a part of the destined "Stars and Stripes."

It was after Washington had taken command of the first army of the Revolution, at Cambridge, that (January 2d, 1776) he unfolded before them the new flag of thirteen stripes of alternate red and white, having upon one of its corners the red and white crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, on a field of blue. And this was

the standard which was borne into the city of Boston when it was evacuated by the British troops, and was entered by the American army.

Uniting, as it did, the flags of England and America, it showed that the colonists were not yet prepared to sever the tie that bound them to the mother-country. By that union of flags they claimed to be a vital and substantial part of the empire of Great Britain, and demanded the rights and privileges which such a relation implied. Yet it was by these thirteen stripes that they made known the union also of the thirteen colonies, the stripes of white declaring the purity and innocence of their cause, and the stripes of red giving forth defiance to cruelty and oppression.

On the 14th day of June, 1777, it was resolved by Congress, "That the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white, and the Union be thirteen white stars in the blue field." This resolution was made public September 3d, 1777, and the flag that was first made and used in pursuance of it was that which led the Americans to victory at Saratoga. Here the thirteen stars were arranged in a circle, as we sometimes see them now, in order better to express the union of the states.

In 1794, there having been two more new states added to the Union, it was voted that the alternate stripes, as well as the circling stars, be fifteen in number, and the flag, as thus altered and enlarged, was the one which was borne through all the contests of the war of 1812. But it was thought that the flag would at length become too large if a new stripe should be added with every freshly-admitted state. It was therefore enacted, in 1818, that a permanent return should be made to the original number of thirteen stripes, and that the number of stars should henceforth correspond to the growing number of states.

Thus the flag would symbolize the Union as it might be at any given period of its history, and also as it was at the very hour of its birth. It was at the same time suggested that these stars, instead of being arranged in a circle, should be formed into a single star —a suggestion which we occasionally see adopted. In fine, no

particular order seems now to be observed with respect to the arrangement of the constellation. It is enough if only the whole number be there upon that azure field—the blue to be emblematical of perseverance, vigilance, and justice, each star to signify the glory of the state it may represent, and the whole to be eloquent forever of a Union that must be "one and inseparable."

What precious associations cluster around our flag! Not alone have our fathers set up this banner in the name of God over the well-won battle-fields of the Revolution, and over the cities and towns which they rescued from despotic rule; but think where also their descendants have carried it, and raised it in conquest or protection! Through what clouds of dust and smoke has it passed—what storms of shot and shell—what scenes of fire and blood! Not only at Saratoga, at Monmouth, and at Yorktown, but at Lundy's Lane and New Orleans, at Buena Vista and Chapultepec. It is the same glorious old flag which, inscribed with the dying words of Lawrence, "Don't give up the ship," was hoisted on Lake Erie by Commodore Perry just on the eve of his great naval victory; the same old flag which our great chieftain bore in triumph to the proud city of the Aztecs, and planted upon the heights of her national palace. Brave hands raised it above the eternal regions of ice in the Arctic seas, and have set it up on the summits of the lofty mountains of the distant West.

Where has it not gone, the pride of its friends and the terror of its foes? What countries and what seas has it not visited? Where has not the American citizen been able to stand beneath its guardian folds and defy the world? With what joy and exultation seamen and tourists have gazed upon its stars and stripes, read in it the history of their nation's glory, received from it the full sense of security, and drawn from it the inspirations of patriotism! By it, how many have sworn fealty to their country!

What bursts of magnificent eloquence it has called forth from Webster and from Everett! What lyric strains of poetry from Drake and Holmes! How many heroes its folds have covered in death! How many have lived for it, and how many have died for

it! How many, living and dying, have said, in their enthusiastic devotion to its honor, like that young wounded sufferer in the streets of Baltimore, "Oh, the flag! the Stars and Stripes!" And wherever that flag has gone, it has been the herald of a better day; it has been the pledge of freedom, of justice, of order, of civilization, and of Christianity. Tyrants only have hated it, and the enemies of mankind alone have trampled it to the earth. All who sigh for the triumph of truth and righteousness love and salute it.

THE AMERICAN FLAG.

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

A THOUGHTFUL mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag only, but the nation itself; and whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history, which belong to the nation which sets it forth.

When the French tricolor rolls out to the wind, we see France. When the new-found Italian flag is unfurled, we see resurrected Italy. When the other three-cornered Hungarian flag shall be lifted to the wind, we shall see in it the long-buried but never dead principles of Hungarian liberty. When the united crosses of St. Andrew and St. George on a fiery ground set forth the banner of Old England, we see not the cloth merely; there rises up before the mind the noble aspect of that monarchy, which, more than any other on the globe, has advanced its banner for liberty, law, and national prosperity. This nation has a banner, too; and wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes, for the American flag has been the symbol of liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope for the captive, and such glorious tidings.

The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light.

As at early dawn the stars stand first, and then it grows light, and then as the sun advances, that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. And wherever the flag comes, and men behold it, they see in its sacred emblazonry no rampant lion and fierce eagle, but only light, and every fold significant of liberty.

The history of this banner is all on one side. Under it rode Washington and his armies; before it Burgoyne laid down his arms. It waved on the highlands at West Point; it floated over old Fort Montgomery. When Arnold would have surrendered these valuable fortresses and precious legacies, his night was turned into day, and his treachery was driven away by the beams of light from this starry banner. It cheered our army, driven from New York, in their solitary pilgrimage through New Jersey. It streamed in light over Valley Forge and Morristown. It crossed the waters rolling with ice at Trenton; and when its stars gleamed in the cold morning with victory, a new day of hope dawned on the despondency of the nation. And when, at length, the long years of war were drawing to a close, underneath the folds of this immortal banner sat Washington while Yorktown surrendered its hosts and our Revolutionary struggles ended with victory.

Let us, then, twine each thread of the glorious tissue of our country's flag about our heartstrings; and looking upon our homes and catching the spirit that breathes upon us from the battle-fields of our fathers let us resolve, come weal or woe, we will, in life and in death, now and forever, stand by the Stars and Stripes. They have been unfurled from the snows of Canada to the plains of New Orleans, in the halls of the Montezumas and amid the solitude of every sea; and everywhere, as the luminous symbol of resistless and beneficent power, they have led the brave to victory and to glory. They have floated over our cradles; let it be our prayer and our struggle that they shall float over our graves.

COLUMBIA AND LIBERTY.

ROBERT TREAT PAINE.

YE sons of Columbia, who bravely have fought
For those rights which, unstained, from your sires have descended,
May you long taste the blessings your valor has bought,
And your sons reap the soil which your fathers defended.
'Mid the reign of mild peace
May your nation increase.
With the glory of Rome and the wisdom of Greece;
And ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

In a clime whose rich vales feed the masts of the world,
Whose shores are unshaken by Europe's commotion,
The trident of commerce shall never be hurled
To increase the legitimate powers of the ocean.
But should pirates invade,
Though in thunder arrayed,
Let your cannon declare the free charter of trade.
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

The fame of our arms, of our laws the mild sway,
Had justly ennobled our nation in story,
Till the dark clouds of faction obscured our young day,
And enveloped the sun of American glory.
But let traitors be told,
Who their country have sold,
And bartered their God for His image in gold,
That ne'er will the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

While France her huge limbs bathes recumbent in blood,
And society's base threats with wide dissolution;
May peace, like the dove who returned from the flood,
Find an ark of abode in our mild constitution.
But, though peace is our aim,
Yet the boon we disclaim,
If bought by our sovereignty, justice, or fame;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

'Tis the fire of the flint each American warms;
Let Rome's haughty victors beware of collision.
Let them bring all the vassals of Europe in arms—
We're a world by ourselves, and disdain a division.
While with patriot pride
To our laws we're allied,
No foe can subdue us, no faction divide;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Our mountains are crowned with imperial oak,
Whose roots, like our liberties, ages have nourished;
But long ere our nation submits to the yoke,
Not a tree shall be left on the field where it flourished.
Should invasion impend,
Every grove would descend
From the hill-tops they shaded, our shores to defend;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let our patriots destroy anarch's pestilent worm,
Lest our liberty's growth be checked by corrosion;
Then let clouds thicken round us—we heed not the storm,
Our realm fears no shock but the earth's own explosion.
Foes assail us in vain,
Though their fleets bridge the main,

For our altars and laws with our lives we'll maintain;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Should the tempest of war overshadow our land,
Its bolts could ne'er rend freedom's temple asunder;
For, unmoved, at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder!
His sword from the sleep
Of its scabbard would leap,
And conduct, with its point, every flash to the deep;
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

Let fame to the world sound America's voice;
No intrigues can her sons from their government sever.
Her pride are her statesmen; their laws are her choice,
And shall flourish till liberty slumbers forever.
Then unite heart and hand,
Like Leonidas' band,
And swear to the God of the ocean and land,
That ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant, or the sea rolls its waves.

MY COUNTRY.

GEORGE E. WOODBERRY.

LOOK forth, O Land, thy mountain-tops
Glitter; look, the shadow drops;
On the warder summits hoary
Bursts the splendor-voicèd story!
Round the crags of watching, rolled,
The purple vales of heaven unfold,
And far-shining ridges hang in air—
Northward beam, and to the South thy promise bear.

Unto isle and headland sing it,
O'er the misty midland fling it,
  From a hundred glorious peaks, the Appalachian gold!
O'er the valley of the thousand rivers,
  O'er the sea-horizoned lakes,
Through heaven's wide gulf the marvelous fire quivers,
  Myriad-winged, and every dwindling star o'ertakes;
On where earth's last ranges listen,
  Thunder-peaks that cloud the West;
With the flashing signal waken;
  All the tameless Rockies own it—
One great edge of sunrise glisten;
  All the skied Sierras throne it;
And lone Shasta, high uplifted,
O'er the snowy centuries drifted,
  Hears, and through his lands is splendor shaken
From the morning's jewel in his crest!
    O chosen Land
    God's hand
  Doth touch thy spires,
  And lights on all thy hills his rousing fires!
O beacon of the nations, lift thy head;
  Firm be thy bases under
Now thy earth might with heaven wed
  Beyond hell's hate to sunder!
O Land of promise, whom all eyes
  Have strained through time to see,
Since poets, cradled in the skies,
  Flashed prophecy on thee!
Joy, joy! Thy destiny hath found thee;
Now the oceans brighten round thee;
  To thy heaven-born fate ascending
Thou, earth's darling! Thou, the yearning
Of the last hope in her burning!

Titan, crowner of the ages,
Now the eagle seeks thy hand:
Poets, statesmen, heroes, sages,
In thy lustrous portals stand!
Well may mount to mount declare thee,
Ocean unto ocean sound thee,
To the skies loud hymns upbear thee,
Earth embrace, and heaven bound thee—
God hath found thee,
Through the world the tidings pour,
And fill it o'er and o'er,
As the wave of morning fills the long Atlantic shore.

O destined Land, unto thy citadel
What founding fates even now doth peace compel,
That through the world thy name is sweet to tell!
O thronèd Freedom, unto thee is brought
Empire; nor falsehood, nor blood payment asked
Who never through deceit thy ends hast sought,
Nor toiling millions for ambition tasked.
For thou art founded in the eternal fact
That every man doth greaten with the act
Of freedom; and doth strengthen with the weight
Of duty; and diviner moulds his fate
By sharp experience taught the thing he lacked,
God's pupil; thy large maxim framed, though late,—
Who masters best himself, best serves the state.
Large-limbed they were, the pioneers;
Cast in the iron mold that fate reveres.
They could not help but frame the fabric well
Who squared the stones for heaven's eye to tell;
Who knew from old, and taught posterity
That the true workman's only he who builds of God's necessity.

O Land beloved!
My country! dear, my own!
May the young heart that moved
For the weak words atone.
The mighty lyre not mine, nor the full breath of song,
To happier sons shall these belong.
My trembling reed's too frail
To bear thee time's all-hail!
Faint is my heart and ebbing with the passion of thy praise;
The poets come who cannot fail.
Happy are they who sing thy perfect days!
All the hopes of mankind blending
Earth awaking, heaven descending,
While the new day steadfastly
Domes the blue deeps over thee!
Happy am I who see the vision splendid
In the glowing of the dawn before me,
All the grace of heaven blending
Man arising, Christ descending,
While God's hand, in secrecy,
Builds thy bright eternity.

NATIONAL HYMN.

F. MARION CRAWFORD.

HAIL, Freedom! Thy bright crest
And gleaming shield, thrice blest,
Mirror the glories of a world thine own:
Hail, heaven-born Peace! Our sight,
Led by thy gentle light,
Shows us thy paths with deathless flowers strewn.
Peace, daughter of a strife sublime,
Abide with us till strife be lost in endless time.

Her one hand seals with gold
The portals of night's fold,
  Her other the broad gates of dawn unbars;
O'er silent wastes of snows,
Crowning her lofty brows,
  Gleams high her diadem of Northern stars,
While clothed in garlands of warm flowers
Round Freedom's feet the South her wealth of beauty showers.

Sweet is the toil of peace,
Sweet the year's rich increase
  To loyal men who live by Freedom's laws;
And in war's fierce alarms
God gives stout hearts and arms
  To freemen sworn to save a rightful cause.
Fear none, trust God, maintain the right,
And triumph in unbroken union's peerless might.

Welded in war's fierce flame
Forged on the hearth of fame,
  The sacred Constitution was ordained;
Tried in the fire of time,
Tempered in woes sublime,
  An age has passed and left it yet unstained.
God grant its glories still may shine,
While ages fade forgotten in time's slow decline!

Honor the few who shared
Freedom's first fight, and dared
  To face war's desperate tide at the full flood;
Who fell on hard-won ground
And into Freedom's wound
  Poured the sweet balsam of their brave hearts' blood.
They fell, but o'er their glorious grave
Floats free the banner of the cause they died to save.

In radiance heavenly fair
Floats on the peaceful air
  That flag that never stooped from victory's pride;
Those stars that softly gleam,
Those stripes that o'er us stream,
  In war's grand agony were sanctified;
A holy standard, pure and free,
To light the home of peace, or blaze in victory.

Father, whose mighty power
Shields us through life's short hour,
  To thee we pray: Bless us and keep us free;
All that is past forgive,
Teach us henceforth to live,
  That through our country we may honor Thee;
And when this mortal life shall cease
Take Thou at last our souls to Thine eternal peace.

THE CENTENNIAL OF 1876.

WILLIAM MAXWELL EVARTS.

THE spirit of the nation is at the highest. Its triumph over the inborn, inbred perils of the Constitution has chased away all fears, justified all hopes, and with universal joy we greet this day. We have not proved unworthy of a great ancestry; we had the virtue to uphold what they so wisely, so firmly established. With these proud possessions of the past, with powers matured, with principles settled, with habits formed, the nation passes, as it were, from preparatory growth to responsible development of character and the steady performance of duty. What labors await it, what trials shall attend it, what triumphs for human nature, what glory for itself are prepared for this people in the coming century, we may not assume to foretell. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh, but the earth abideth for-

ever;" and we reverently hope that these our constituted liberties shall be maintained to the unending line of our posterity, and so long as the earth itself shall endure.

In the great procession of nations, in the great march of humanity, we hold our place. Peace is our duty, peace is our policy. In its arts, its labors, and its victories, then, we find scope for all our energies, rewards for all our ambitions, renown enough for all our love of fame. In the august presence of so many nations which, by their representatives, have done us the honor to be witnesses of our commemorative joy and gratulation, and in sight of the collective evidences of the greatness of their own civilization with which they grace our celebration, we may well confess how much we fall short, how much we have to make up in the emulative competitions of the times. Yet even in this presence, and with a just deference to the age, the power, the greatness of other nations of the earth, we do not fear to appeal to the opinion of mankind whether, as we point to our land, our people, and our laws, the contemplation should not inspire us with a lover's enthusiasm for our country.

THE TWO BANNERS OF AMERICA.

HERRICK JOHNSON.

IT makes the blood tingle and the cheeks glow to read how men have gone into battle under the inspiration of the "red, white and blue." It is enough to make the nation weep for joy, their devotion to the dear old flag; "Old Glory," they call it.

I saw a young sergeant in the hospital at Fredericksburg. He was dying there with the "Stars and Stripes" about him. Arms, haversack, canteen, blanket, all were lost; but he had clung to "Old Glory." His lips moved; we stooped to listen. He was making his last charge: "Come on, boys! our country and our flag forever;" and, wrapped in stars, he went up among the stars.

Lift aloft, then, the "star-spangled banner." Unfurl it to the

breeze that every zephyr may kiss the sacred folds, red with the blood of God's heroes, white with God's justice, and blue with heaven's own azure. Bear it upward and onward, O braves of a free people! until over the whole vast extent of liberty's soil shall again be seen "the gorgeous ensign of the Republic, once more full high advanced."

I believe that God has made this whole land a cradle of liberty; and is rocking, rocking it to and fro, to and fro, with omnipotent arms; and, as the nations hear the thunder of that rocking, we pray God that it may never cease till liberty shall need rocking no more in her cradle, but shall stand up, fair and young and strong—true liberty, liberty for the body and liberty for the soul, and shall walk as a queen through the land, the daughter of our Christianity, the nursling of God and America.

Yet above the banner of the Constitution, above the banners of the American soldiers and sailors, above even the "Stars and Stripes," high over all, let us raise the banner of the cross, that we and the world may read its sacred motto: "Immanuel—God with us." And then, with the mystic cords of memory stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave, to every living heart and hearthstone over all this broad land, swelling again the chorus of the Union, we shall go on, giving light to the nations and liberty to man and honor to God!

DANGERS TO OUR REPUBLIC.

HORACE MANN.

WHO are this host of voters crowding to use the freeman's right at the ballot-box? In all the dread catalogue of mortal sins there is not one but, in that host, there are hearts which have willed and hands which have perpetrated it. The gallows has spared its victims; the prison has released its tenants; from dark cells where malice had brooded, where revenge and robbery had held their nightly rehearsals, the leprous multitude is dis-

gorged, and comes up to the ballot-box to foredoom the destinies of this nation.

But look again at that deep and dense array of ignorance, whose limits the eye cannot discover. Its van leans against us here, its rear is behind the distant hills. They, too, in this hour of their country's peril, have come up to turn the folly of which they are not conscious into measures which they cannot understand, by votes which they cannot read. Nay, more and worse! For from the ranks of crime, emissaries are sallying forth toward the ranks of ignorance, shouting the war-cries of faction, and flaunting banners with lying symbols, such as cheat the eye of a mindless brain; and thus the hosts of crime are to lead on the hosts of ignorance in their assault upon liberty and law!

What, now, shall be done to save the citadel of freedom, where are treasured all the hopes of posterity? Or, if we can survive the peril of such a day, what shall be done to prevent the next generation from sending forth still more numerous hordes, afflicted with deeper blindness and incited by darker depravity? Are there any here who would counsel us to save the people from themselves by wresting from their hands this formidable right of ballot? Better for the man who would propose this remedy to an infuriated multitude, that he should stand in the lightning's path as it descends from heaven to earth.

And answer me this question, you who would re-conquer for the few the power which has been won by the many—you who would disfranchise the common mass of mankind, and recondemn them to helots, and bondmen, and feudal serfs,—tell me, were they again in the power of your castles, would you not again neglect them, again oppose them, again make them slaves?

Better that these blind Samsons, in the wantonness of their gigantic strength, should tear down the pillars of the Republic, than that the great lesson which heaven, for six thousand years, has been teaching to the world, should be lost upon it—the lesson that the intellectual and moral nature of man is the one thing precious in the sight of God, and, therefore, that until this nature is

cultivated and enlightened and purified, neither opulence nor power nor learning nor genius nor domestic sanctity nor the holiness of God's altars can ever be safe. Until the immortal and god-like capacities of every being that comes into the world are deemed more worthy, are watched more tenderly, than any other things, no dynasty of men or form of government can stand or shall stand upon the face of the earth; and the force or the fraud which would seek to uphold them shall be but "as fetters of flax to bind the flame."

GOLUMBIA'S EMBLEM.

EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.

[I am much interested to have our stately, beautiful, indigenous grain —the Maize, Indian corn—adopted as the emblem of America.—EDNA DEAN PROCTOR.]

BLAZEN Columbia's emblem,
The bounteous, golden Corn!
Eons ago, of the great sun's glow
And the joy of the earth, 'twas born.
From Superior's shore to Chili,
From the ocean of dawn to the west,
With its banners of green and tasselled sheen,
It sprang at the sun's behest;
And by dew and shower, from its natal hour,
With honey and wine 'twas fed,
Till the gods were fain to share with men
The perfect feast outspread.
For the rarest boon to the land they loved
Was the Corn so rich and fair,
Nor star nor breeze o'er the farthest seas
Could find its like elsewhere.

In their holiest temples the Incas
  Offered the heaven-sent Maize—
Grains wrought of gold, in a silver fold,
  For the sun's enraptured gaze;
And its harvest came to the wandering tribes
  As the gods' own gift and seal;
And Montezuma's festal bread
  Was made of its sacred meal.
Narrow their cherished fields; but ours
  Are broad as the continent's breast,
And, lavish as leaves and flowers, the sheaves
  Bring plenty and joy and rest.
For they strew the plains and crowd the wains
  When the reapers meet at morn,
Till blithe cheers ring and west winds sing
  A song for the garnered Corn.

The rose may bloom for England,
  The lily for France unfold;
Ireland may honor the shamrock,
  Scotland her thistle bold;
But the shield of the great Republic,
  The glory of the West,
Shall bear a stalk of the tasselled Corn,
  Of all our wealth the best.
The arbutus and the golden-rod
  The heart of the North may cheer,
And the mountain-laurel for Maryland
  Its royal clusters rear;
And jasmine and magnolia
  The crest of the South adorn;
But the wide Republic's emblem
  Is the bounteous, golden Corn!

THE MEANING OF THE FOUR CENTURIES.

THE spectacle America presents this day is without precedent in history. From ocean to ocean, in city, village and country-side, the children of the states are marshalled and marching under the banner of the nation, and with them the people are gathering around the school-house. Men are recognizing to-day the most impressive anniversary since Rome celebrated her thousandth year —the four hundredth anniversary of the stepping of a hemisphere into the world's life; four completed centuries of a new social order; the celebration of liberty and enlightenment organized into a civilization. And while, during these hours, the Federal Government of these United States strikes the key-note of this great American day that gives honor to the common American institution which unites us all, we assemble here that we, too, may exalt the free school that embodies the American principle of universal enlightenment and equality; the most characteristic product of the four centuries of American life.

Four hundred years ago this morning, the Pinta's gun broke the silence, and announced the discovery of this hemisphere. It was a virgin world. Human life hitherto upon it had been without significance. In the Old World for thousands of years civilized men had been trying experiments in social order. They had been found wanting. But here was an untouched soil that lay ready for a new experiment in civilization. All things were ready. New forces had come to light full of overturning power in the Old World. In the New World they were to work together with a mighty harmony. It was for Columbus, propelled by this fresh life, to reveal the land where these new forces were to be given space for development, and where the awaited trial of the new civilization was to be made.

To-day we reach our most memorable mile-stone. We look backward and we look forward. Backward, we see the first mustering of modern ideas; their long conflict with Old-World theories, which

were also transported hither. We see stalwart men and brave women, one moment on the shore, then disappearing in dim forests. We hear the axe. We see the flame of burning cabins and hear the cry of the savage. We see the never-ceasing wagon trains, always toiling westward. We behold log-cabins becoming villages, then cities. We watch the growth of institutions out of little beginnings—schools becoming an educational system; meeting-houses leading into organic Christianity; town meetings growing to political movements; county discussions developing federal governments. We see hardy men with intense convictions, grappling, struggling, often amid battle-smoke, and some idea characteristic of the New World always triumphing. We see settlements knitting together into a nation with singleness of purpose. We note the birth of the modern system of industry and commerce, and its striking forth into undreamed-of wealth, making the millions members one of another as sentiment could never bind. And under it all, and through it all, we fasten on certain principles, ever operating and regnant—the leadership of manhood; equal rights for every soul; universal enlightenment as the source of progress. These last are the principles that have shaped America; these principles are the true Americanism.

We look forward. We are conscious that we are in a period of transition. Ideas in education, in political economy, in social science are undergoing revisions. There is a large uncertainty about the outcome. But faith in the underlying principles of Americanism and in God's destiny for the Republic makes a firm ground of hope. The coming century promises to be more than ever the age of the people; an age that shall develop a greater care for the rights of the weak, and make a more solid provision for the development of each individual by the education that meets his need. As no prophet among our fathers on the three hundredth anniversary of America could have pictured what the new century would do, so no man can this day reach out and grasp the hundred years upon which the nation is now entering. On the victorious results of the completed centuries the principles of Americanism

will build our fifth century. Its material progress is beyond our conception, but we may be sure that in the social relations of men with men the most triumphant gains are to be expected. America's fourth century has been glorious; America's fifth century must be made happy.

One institution more than any other has wrought out the achievements of the past, and is to-day the most trusted for the future. Our fathers in their wisdom knew that the foundations of liberty, fraternity and equality must be universal education. The free school, therefore, was conceived the cornerstone of the Republic. Washington and Jefferson recognized that the education of citizens is not the prerogative of church or of other private interests; that while religious training belongs to the church, and while technical and higher culture may be given by private institutions, the training of citizens in the common knowledge and in the common duties of citizenship belongs irrevocably to the state. We, therefore, on this anniversary of America present the public school as the noblest expression of the principle of enlightenment which Columbus grasped by faith. We uplift the system of free and universal education as the master force which, under God, has been informing each of our generations with the peculiar truths of Americanism. America, therefore, gathers her sons around the school-house to-day as the institution closest to the people, most characteristic of the people, and fullest of hope for the people.

To-day America's fifth century begins. The world's twentieth century will soon be here. To the thirteen millions now in the American schools the command of the coming years belongs. We, the youth of America, who to-day unite to march as one army under the sacred flag, understand our duty. We pledge ourselves that the flag shall not be stained, and that America shall mean equal opportunity and justice for every citizen, and brotherhood for the world.

NOTES ON AUTHORS.

Adams, John (1735–1826).—The second president of the United States, born October 31st, at Quincy, Mass. He was graduated from Harvard and began the practice of law. In 1770 he assisted in the defence of Captain Preston in the Boston massacre, having removed to that city in 1768. He was a delegate to the Continental Congress, and was one of the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence. For three years he represented the United States at the court of St. James's, as its first minister, and was successively vice-president and president of this country. His writings are collected in the "Life and Works of John Adams."

Adams, John Quincy (1767–1848).—The sixth president of the United States, born at Braintree, Mass., July 11th, and died at Washington February 23d. Educated chiefly in Europe, and was graduated from Harvard after one year. Practiced law till 1794, when he was sent as minister to Holland, and later as minister to Prussia. He was one of the commission at Ghent when the peace treaty with England was concluded. Among his works are "Lectures on Rhetoric" (1810), "Poems" (1848).

Allen, Ethan (1737–1789).—Born at Litchfield, Conn., January 10th, and well known as the organizer of the famous "Green Mountain Boys." His name is inseparably connected with Ticonderoga, which he took "in the name of the great Jehovah and of the Continental Congress." Was taken prisoner at Montreal and remained in the hands of the British till 1778. He died of apoplexy at Burlington, Vt., February 12th. His "Narrative of Captivity" appeared in 1779, and "Reason the Only Oracle of Man," in 1784. He was as proud of his literary achievements as of being a general. It was through him that Vermont became a state by itself.

Allston, Washington (1779–1843).—Born in South Carolina, November 5th, and was graduated from Harvard. He spent several years at the London Royal Academy, of which Benjamin West was then president, and later lived in Rome, where he formed an intimate acquaintance with Coleridge. After a two years' stay in America, where he was married, he returned to England, and there produced some of his finest paintings. In 1818 he came back to America to live, dying at Cambridgeport, Mass., July 8th. His writings are strong yet exquisite. They include "Sylphs of the Season, and Other Poems"

(1813), "Monaldi," an Italian romance (1841), and several lectures on art. He is, perhaps, better known as a painter, among his most famous works being "Saul and the Witch of Endor," "Angel Uriel," and "Belshazzar's Feast," unfinished and doubtless his greatest work.

Baker, George M. (1832–1890).—This author, more widely known as a writer of plays particularly adapted for school and parlor presentation, died at Barnstable, Mass., October 19th. He at one time appeared throughout New England with Barnabee, of the Bostonians Opera Company, giving lyceum entertainments. His plays are about eighty in number, and have proved very successful. He also wrote two novels, "Running to Waste" and "Something Better."

Bancroft, George.—For sketch see No. 5 of this series.

Beecher, Henry Ward (1813–1887).—Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24th, son of the well-known Rev. Lyman Beecher. After graduating at Amherst, he entered Lane Theological Seminary. His first two charges were in Indiana, and in 1847 he accepted the pastorate of Plymouth Congregational church, Brooklyn, where he remained till his sudden death on March 8th. As an orator he was in the foremost rank, and he drew and held a congregation of enormous size. In 1862 he visited England, where his speeches in behalf of America made a profound impression. As a writer for the religious press he was second to none, being editor of the *Christian Union*, also one of the founders of the New York *Independent*. Besides several volumes of newspaper articles and sermons, he has written "Lectures to Young Men" (1844), "Star Papers, or, Experiences of Art and Nature" (1855), "Eyes and Ears" (1864), "Norwood," a novel (1867), "Life of Jesus the Christ" (1871). It is in his oratory that his great hold on the people lay, he being one of the most magnetic speakers this century has known.

Bethune, George Washington (1805–1862).—An American clergyman, born in New York in March. Received a liberal education, and began preaching at Rhinebeck, N.Y. After other charges, he removed to Brooklyn, where he was at the head of a flourishing church for ten years. Ill health compelled him to go to Italy, and he died in Florence, April 27th. "Lays of Love," a volume of poems, appeared in 1848, and a volume of orations in 1850. His writings are chiefly religious.

Boker, George Henry.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Brownell, Henry Howard (1820–1872).—Born at East Hartford, Conn., February 6th, and educated at Trinity College, Hartford. For a time he practiced law, but finally gave his attention wholly to literature. His first book, a volume of poems, appeared in 1847, followed by "Lyrics of a Day" (1864), War Lyrics" (1866), and a "History of the War of 1812." He was with Farragut during the fight in Mobile Bay, and wrote a fine description of the engagement in a lengthy poem, "The Bay Fight." He died at his native place, October 30th. His poems are inspired with true poetic fervor, and some of his work has been compared with Browning's for dramatic intensity.

Bryant, William Cullen.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Calvert, George Henry (1803-1889).—Born at Baltimore, January 2d, and educated at Harvard and Göttingen. His great-grandfather was Lord Baltimore. He was for several years editor of the *Baltimore American*. He removed to Newport, R. I., in 1843, and died there, May 29th. His works are numerous, among them being "Illustrations of Phrenology" (1832), the first American book on this subject; a translation of Schiller's "Don Carlos" (1836), "Count Julian" (1840), an original tragedy, "Scenes and Thoughts in Europe" (1842), "Joan of Arc" (1860), "Anyta, and Other Poems" (1863), "Goethe" (1872).

Choate, Rufus (1799-1859).—A famous lawyer, born at Ipswich, Mass., October 1st, and educated at Dartmouth and the Harvard Law School. In 1824, he began to practice law, removing to Salem in 1828, where he represented the city in both the state senate and later in the House of Representatives and the United States senate, in which last position he succeeded Webster. In 1855 he underwent a surgical operation, the effects of which he never overcame, and after four years' failing health he died at Halifax, whither he had gone for health, July 13th, 1859. His claim on literature rests chiefly on his orations and addresses, published in 1878. He was the foremost lawyer in Massachusetts after Webster's death.

Crawford, Francis Marion (1854—).—This brilliant writer was born in Italy, August 2d, the son of a sculptor and nephew to Julia Ward Howe. His early education was obtained in America, and in 1870 he entered Cambridge University, England, going thence, after four years, to Heidelberg, and later to India to study oriental languages and manners. The result of his study is seen in the novels from his pen. Their historic truthfulness and splendid descriptions make them as living pictures before the reader's eyes. His first work, "Mr. Isaacs," appeared in 1882, followed rapidly by "Dr. Claudius" (1883), "A Roman Singer" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "Saracinesca" (1887), "Sant' Ilario" and "Greifenstein" (1889). His future promises brightly.

Cutler, Elbridge Jefferson (1831-1870).—A native of Massachusetts, born December 28th. He was a professor of modern languages at Harvard College for five years. He issued two books, "War Poems" (1867), "Stella" (1868). He died December 27th.

Duganne, Augustine Joseph Hickey (1823-1884).—Born in Boston, and rose to the rank of colonel during the Civil War. His writings include "Hand Poems" (1844), "Camps and Prisons" (1865). His verses have a ring that made them favorites with the soldiers. He died in New York, October 20th.

Ellsworth, Erastus Wolcott (1822—).—Born at East Windsor, Conn., November 27th, and educated at Amherst. He studied law, but gave it up, and has since occupied himself with machinery, having patented a number of useful inventions. His only published work is a volume of poems, though he has contributed to leading magazines.

English, Thomas Dunn.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Evarts, William Maxwell (1818—).—Born in Boston, February 6th, and educated at Yale. His name is closely connected with law and politics, he having served as United States senator from New York for several years. His orations are his chief claim to literary distinction.

Garrison, William Lloyd (1805-1879).—This name is inseparably associated with the anti-slavery movement. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., December 10th, and at an early age took up journalistic work. His paper, *The Liberator*, was a potent factor during the war. Several times he barely escaped death at the hands of infuriated mobs. His literary work is almost entirely editorial in character. He it was who discovered Whittier's genius, and a warm friendship existed through life between the two men, who were so thoroughly in sympathy on the questions of the day. He died in New York, May 24th.

Grimshaw, William (1782-1852).—A native of Ireland, he came to America in 1815, settling in Philadelphia, where he died. He was author of "Etymological Dictionary" (1821), "American Chesterfield," "Life of Napoleon," and a number of school histories. He also revised and edited several historical works by other writers.

Halleck, Fitz-Greene (1790-1867).—One of the most charming of American writers, born at Guilford, Conn., July 8th, and educated in the common schools at his home. Coming to New York, he was private secretary to John Jacob Astor till the latter's death in 1849. He wrote verses at an early age, but first attracted notice when, with his friend the poet Drake, he wrote lines for the New York *Evening Post*, signed "Croaker & Co." These verses were political satires. In 1822 he visited Europe. "Marco Bozzaris" appeared in 1825, and in 1827 a volume of poems was issued, "Alnwick Castle, and Other Poems." He had contributed frequently to William Cullen Bryant's periodicals, but after the appearance of his book he wrote comparatively little. His literary career covered only about ten years. In 1864, "Young America," a poem of some three hundred lines, appeared. He died at his native place, November 19th, from lung trouble. His poetry is most melodious and his diction easy and graceful.

Haven, Alice B.—Born at Hudson, N. Y. She was married to Joseph Neal, author of the clever "Charcoal Sketches," and after his death took charge of the literary department of *Neal's Gazette*, her husband's paper. In 1853 she married S. B. Haven. Her writings are largely juvenile, under the pen-name of 'Cousin Alice." They include, "Gossips of Rivertown, Prose and Poetry" (1850), "Contentment Better than Wealth," "Patient Waiting No Loss." She died at her home at Mamaroneck, N. Y., August 23d, 1863. Both her prose and poetry are full of religious feeling.

Hayne, Paul Hamilton.—For sketch see No. 5 of this series.

Hayne, Robert Young (1791-1839).—Born in South Carolina, and distinguished as a statesman. A lawyer by profession, he early became connected with politics, taking his seat in the United States senate when but 31 years old. He resigned to accept the office of governor. While in the senate he became noted as "rich in elocution." After his

gubernatorial term, he devoted himself to the building up of his State. He died suddenly, September 24th. His "Life and Speeches" were published in 1845.

Headley, Joel Tyler (1813—).—Born at Walton, N. Y., December 30th, and was educated for the ministry at Auburn Theological Seminary. He was for a time assistant editor of the New York *Tribune*. His "Letters from Italy" and "The Alps and the Rhine" were published in 1844, after his return from Europe, and were warmly received. In 1855 he was Secretary of New York state. Among his works are: "The Adirondacks, or, Life in the Woods" (1849), which first called attention to that region, "Napoleon and His Marshals" (1846), the first book issued by the publishing house of Scribner, "Chaplains of the Revolution" (1861), "Grant and Sherman, their Campaigns and Generals" (1865), "Farragut and Our Naval Commanders" (1867).

Holmes, Oliver Wendell.—For sketch see No. 4 of this series.

Irving, Washington.—For sketch see No. 5 of this series.

Johnson, Herrick (1832—).—Born at Fonda, N. Y., September 21st, and educated at Hamilton College and Auburn Theological Seminary. After several years' pulpit work, he became professor of homiletics and theology at Auburn, resigning in 1880 to accept a charge in Chicago. He has written for the leading periodicals, and besides sermons has published "Christianity's Challenge" (1882), "Plain Talks about the Theatres" (1883), "Revivals, their Place and Power" (1883).

Larcom, Lucy (1826—).—Born at Beverly, Mass., and when about thirteen years old entered the mills at Lowell. While here she did her first literary work, and was fortunate enough to attract Whittier's attention. She subsequently spent three years at Monticello Female Seminary, and upon her return to Boston taught. In 1865 she became assistant editor of *Our Young Folks* and a year later its editor, holding the position till 1874. Among her books are "Ships in the Mist, and Other Stories" (1859), "Poems" (1868), "Childhood Lays" (1877). A complete collection of her poetry was issued in 1884. Her style is earnest and delightfully sympathetic.

Longfellow, Henry W.—For sketch see No. 5 of this series.

Lowell, James Russell.—For sketch see No. 5 of this series.

McLellan, Isaac, Jr. (1806—).—A poet, born at Portland, Me., May 21st, educated at Bowdoin College, and for a number of years practiced law in Boston. He contributed to the periodicals of his day, was associate editor of the Boston *Daily Patriot*, and for a short time editor of a magazine of his own. His writings include: "Fall of the Indian" (1830), "Mt. Auburn" (1843), "Poems of Rod and Gun" (1886).

Mackenzie, Robert Shelton (1809-1880).—Born in Ireland, he was educated for a physician at Cork, but never practiced. He entered journalism and was connected with numerous newspapers. In 1852 he came to America, and soon became one of the staff of the Philadelphia *Press*. He had already received the degrees of LL.D. and D.C.L.

from Glasgow and Oxford Universities respectively. His writings are voluminous, among them being: "Lays of Palestine" (1828), "Titian, an Art Novel," 3 vols. (1843), "Sketches of the Irish Bar," 2 vols. (1854), "Bits of Blarney" (1855), "Life of Dickens" (1870). He died in Philadelphia, November 30th.

Mann, Horace (1796-1859).—An educator of wide reputation, born at Franklin, Mass., May 4th, the son of a poor farmer. He was obliged to earn the money for his education, braiding straw to pay for his books. In 1819 he was graduated from Brown University, his commencement oration being a masterpiece. After spending some time tutoring at Brown in Latin and Greek, he took up law and was admitted to the bar in 1823. Through his efforts the state lunatic asylum at Worcester, Mass., was established. He entered the state senate in 1833, and remained for four years. At the close of this office he became secretary of the Mass. Board of Education, and introduced important reforms into the state school system. In1852 he became president of Antioch College, Ohio, where he remained till his death, August 2d. His writings are chiefly on educational topics, but he also wrote: "Slavery" (1851), "Powers and Duties of Woman" (1853). His lectures on educational matters have been translated into other languages.

Mason, Jonathan (1752-1831).—Born in Boston, August 30th, and a lawyer by profession. He was an eye-witness of the Boston massacre, and one of his greatest orations was on this subject. He served for three years in the U. S. senate. As a lawyer, he was in the foremost rank. His literary work is entirely in the form of speeches and orations.

Mellen, Grenville (1799-1841).—Poet, son of a judge, born at Biddeford, Me., June 19th, and educated at Harvard. After several years' law practice, he came to New York and started a monthly magazine, which, however, did not live long. In 1840 consumption appeared, and he failed rapidly till his death, September 5th. He wrote: "The Rest of the Nations" (1826), "The Martyrs' Triumph" and "The Buried Valley" (1833), "The Passions" (1836).

Miller, Joaquin.—For sketch see No. 2 of this series.

Neal, John (1793-1876).—Born at Portland, Me., August 25th, of English descent. His education was acquired chiefly by reading. After employment in various kinds of business, including the dry-goods trade, he took up law, paying his expenses by writing—his first attempt at literature. In 1823 he visited England, and his success there in a literary way was a surprise to all. He is said to be the first American to contribute articles to the great British magazines on American subjects. Returning home in 1827, he started *The Yankee*, and also wrote frequently for the leading newspapers and periodicals. It is said that Poe received his first encouragment from Neal. His writings are very numerous and varied. Among them are: "Keep Cool" (1817), "Goldau" (1819), "Randolph" (1823), "The Down Easters" (1833), "True Womanhood" (1859) "Great Mysteries and Little Plagues" (1870). He died on June 21st.

Paine, Robert Treat (1773-1811).—Born at Taunton, Mass., the son of a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and educated at

Harvard. In 1794 he began a semi-weekly paper, which was discontinued after two years of struggle and loss. Through disagreement with his father on account of being connected with the stage, he removed to Newburyport and took up law. But notwithstanding bright prospects, he returned to his unsettled mode of life and the theatre, which then was looked upon as very low, and spent the rest of his life in poverty. He received $750 for his well-known verses on "Adams and Liberty," to which he added the stanza on Washington by request. His writings cannot be considered models, in spite of the brilliancy of their author. They are frequently strained. He died on March 11th. Among his poems may be mentioned "Rise, Columbia," and "The Ruling Passion." His complete works were published in 1812.

Paine, Thomas (1737–1809).—Born in England, January 29th, and came to America in 1774, where his radical republican views could have freer expression. He became at once editor of the *Pennsylvania Magazine*, and took a decided stand in the anti-slavery question. He served for a time in the Continental army, under Gen. Greene, and did much to relieve the distress of the army by obtaining subscriptions. His "Rights of Man" caused him to be outlawed in England. Going to France during the Jacobin reign, he was warmly received at first, but not being radical enough to suit Robespierre, he was imprisoned and spent a year in daily expectation of the guillotine. He was released through the efforts of Monroe, U. S. minister to France, but gained the ill favor of Americans by an abusive letter to Washington. Returning to America, he died in New York, June 8th. His place in literature is a peculiar one. He has been widely read and widely condemned. "Common Sense," written in 1776, advocating the independence of America, was translated into several languages. Perhaps he is most generally known by his "Age of Reason" (1794), an attack upon the Bible. His "Rights of Man" (1791), is said to have been more extensively read in England and France than any political work ever published.

Parker, Theodore (1810–1860).—Born at Lexington, Mass., August 24th, the son of a poor farmer. He was largely self-educated, but his thirst for knowledge was so strong that no obstacle was too great for him to overcome. He passed the Harvard examination in 1830. Becoming interested in religion, he entered the Divinity School, and was ordained in 1837. Gradually he became independent in his views. He was deeply interested in the slavery question, and with Phillips and Garrison formed a trio of almost irresistible power. He wrote and scattered broadcast letters, essays, and speeches on this subject, doing incalculable good. The amount of work done by him was enormous, but the strain proved too much, and an inherited tendency to consumption caused a severe cold to settle on his lungs. His enfeebled strength gave way, and he died and was buried at Florence, Italy, May 10th, whither he had gone in search of health. Among his writings are: "Discourse on Matters Pertaining to Religion" (1842), "Prayers" (1862), "Historic Americans" (1870). His complete works in 12 volumes, edited by Frances Power Cobbe, appeared in 1863.

Paulding, James Kirke (1779–1860).—Born in New York state, August 22d, he was educated at a country school at a total cost of $15,

"quite as much as it was worth," he said. An acquaintance with Washington Irving ripened into a lifelong friendship. They collaborated, their first venture being "Salmagundi," a satire on customs of the day. Being the pioneer in this line from an American pen, it sprang at once into favor; but after some twenty numbers had appeared it was discontinued because the publisher would not pay for it. For the next 35 years, Paulding was actively engaged in writing, producing, among other works, "The Diverting History of John Bull and Brother Jonathan" (1812), "Königsmarke" (1823), a Swedish story, "Tales of the Good Woman" (1829), "The Dutchman's Fireside" (1831), "Life of Washington" (1835), one of his ablest works, "The Old Continental" (1846), "The Puritan and His Daughter" (1849). He died at his home at Hyde Park, on the Hudson, April 6th. For 12 years he was naval agent of the port of New York, resigning to enter President Van Buren's cabinet. His life was unusually happy.

Percival, James Gates (1795–1856).—A poet, born in Connecticut, September 15th, and graduated from Yale at the head of his class. He learned to read in an incredibly short time, his first reader being an astronomy. He studied medicine, but practiced little, devoting himself to literature. In 1822 appeared the poems "Clio" and "Prometheus," both attracting attention. In 1834, having made a study of geology, he was appointed to make a geological and mineralogical survey of Connecticut, the result of which was "Report of the Geology of the State of Connecticut," a valuable contribution to scientific lore. In 1853 he was appointed state geologist of Wisconsin. He was highly accomplished, being familiar with ten languages, poet, musician, botanist, and philologist. His library contained 10,000 volumes. He died in Wisconsin, May 2d. He wrote several tragedies, "Zamor" forming part of the commencement exercises at his graduation at Yale. His complete "Poetical Works" appeared in 1859. William Cullen Bryant called him "one of the most learned of poets."

Prentice, George Denison (1802–1870).—Journalist, born in Connecticut, December 18th, and educated at Brown University. At 15 years of age he was principal of a public school. Studied law, but entered journalism. In 1831, he became editor of the Louisville, Ky., *Journal*, and made its reputation. Later it was united with the *Courier* under the name *Courier-Journal*. He died at Louisville, January 22d. Author of "Life of Henry Clay" (1831), "Prenticeana" (1859), a collection of his wit and humor, for which he was noted. His poems were published in 1876 in book form.

Prescott, William Hickling (1796–1859).— Historian, born at Salem, Mass., May 4th, and educated at Harvard. His intention to become a lawyer was frustrated by an accident, the sight of one eye being destroyed by a piece of hard bread thrown by a fellow-student. The other eye became sympathetically affected, and for months he lay in a dark room. His love for history crystallized into a plan to become himself a chronicler of events, and his success is too well known to need more than mention. His writing was done almost entirely by means of a system devised for the use of the blind. His memory was remarkable. The first work, "Reign of Ferdinand and Isabella," three

volumes, was immediately successful, and was translated into several languages. It was followed by, "Conquest of Mexico" (1843), "Conquest of Peru" (1847), "History of the Reign of Philip II., King of Spain" (1855), of which but three volumes appeared. It gave promise of being his greatest work, but a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered, prevented its completion. He died from a second stroke, January 28th, in Boston. His style is a model of historical writing, and has been commended by critics everywhere. He was at the same time just and unbiased in his conclusions.

Proctor, Edna Dean (1838—).—A native of New Hampshire, born October 10th. She travelled extensively abroad, and on her return settled in Brooklyn. Her work has appeared in many leading periodicals. Her collected writings are: "Poems" (1866), "A Russian Journey" (1872). She also edited "Extracts from Henry Ward Beecher's Sermons." Much of her poetry is patriotic, breathing a deep love of and interest in her country. Reciters are familiar with her "By the Shenandoah."

Sargent, Epes (1813-1880).—Editor, born at Gloucester, Mass., Sept. 27th. When a mere boy he went to Russia with his father, and after a partial course at Harvard, became assistant editor of the New York *Mirror*. Returning to Boston in 1846, he was for several years chief editor of the *Transcript*, resigning in order to prepare a series of educational works. He was acquainted with Webster, Clay, Calhoun, and other leading men of the time. His "Life of Henry Clay" was personally indorsed by Clay himself as the best written. He wrote a number of plays that were successfully acted, among them being: "Brides of Genoa" (1836), "Velasco" (1837), in which the famous Ellen Tree played *Isadora*, "the priestess." Other of his works are: "Wealth and Worth" (1840), "Peculiar, a Tale of the Great Transition" (1863), "American Adventure by Land and Sea," 2 vols. (1847), "Original Dialogues" (1861). He also edited a "Cyclopædia of English and American Poetry," and the lives and poetical works of Gray, Hood, Goldsmith, Campbell, Collins, and Rogers. He died in Boston, Dec. 31st.

Schurz, Carl (1829—).—A statesman, born in Prussia, March 2d, and educated in Cologne and at the University of Bonn. He was for a time joint editor of a liberal newspaper, and in 1849 entered the revolutionary forces. On their defeat he fled to Paris, going thence to London and, in 1852, to America. He entered the bar, and took up political speaking both in German and in English. He fought in the Civil War under Gen. Sigel, attaining to the rank of major-general. He has been correspondent for a number of newspapers, Secretary of the Interior under President Hayes, and for some years editor of the New York *Evening Post*. His speeches have given him a permanent place in that department of literature. A volume of them was published in 1865, also a "Life of Henry Clay" (1887).

Sigourney, Lydia Huntley (1791-1865).—Born at Norwich, Conn., September 1st, she could read when three years old and composed lines at the age of seven. She was highly educated, and for a time taught. She was a true philanthropist, depriving herself that she might help others,

She died at Hartford, Conn., June 10th. She was a graceful, easy writer, and contributed some 2,000 articles, poetry and prose, to various periodicals, besides publishing a goodly number of books. Her work is earnest and appeals to the sentiments rather than to the mind. Her books include: "Moral Pieces in Prose and Verse" (1815), "Pleasant Memories of Pleasant Lands" (1842), treating of her European visit, "Pocahontas, and Other Poems" (1841), "Voice of Flowers" (1845), "Letters to My Pupils" (1850), "The Faded Hope" (1852), "The Man of Uz, and Other Poems" (1862).

Sprague, Charles (1791–1875).—Born in Boston, October 26th, the son of one of the men who threw the tea into Boston harbor. He was for 40 years cashier of the Globe Bank. The first writing that called attention to him was a prologue written for the opening of the New York Park Theatre, for which he received a prize. His best poem, "Curiosity," was written for the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Harvard, in 1829. His "Prose and Poetical Works, Revised by the Author" appeared in 1850. The poems of "The Brothers" and "The Family Meeting" are considered the "finest consecrations of natural affection in our literature." He died in Boston, Jan. 22d.

Storrs, Richard Salter (1821—).—Born at Braintree, Mass., August 21st, he was graduated from Amherst and studied law with Rufus Choate. He finally entered Andover Theological Seminary, and in 1846 accepted a call to the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, where he has remained. Columbia, Princeton, and Union Colleges have conferred degrees on him. As a pulpit orator no one is his superior. For 13 years he was one of the editors of the New York *Independent*. He has written much for magazines. Among his books are: "Constitution of the Human Soul" (1856), "Early American Spirit and the Genesis of It" (1875), "Declaration of Independence and Its Effects" (1876), "Manliness in the Scholar" (1883), "Divine Origin of Christianity and its Historical Effects" (1884).

Story, Joseph (1779–1845).—A jurist, the son of one of the Boston "tea party" men, born at Marblehead, Mass., September 18th. He was graduated at Harvard, and gave the poem at the commencement exercises. He was admitted to the bar in 1801 and rose rapidly. He filled a number of high political offices, and on the establishing of a law professorship at Harvard he was chosen to fill it. As a public speaker he was polished yet vigorous, and as a legal instructor he stands alone. He died at Cambridge, Mass., September 10th. His writings are chiefly on legal matters and, voluminous in amount, are most concise in quality and form a library in themselves. He also contributed to periodicals.

Stowe, Harriet Beecher (1812—).—Born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14th, the daughter of the Rev. Lyman Beecher, and sister of Henry Ward. She was early interested in anti-slavery from her father's burning words of condemnation. At 13 years of age she was a good Latin scholar and wrote excellent verse, and at 14 was teaching. She married in 1836. Her first book was "The Mayflower, or, Short Sketches of the Descendants of the Pilgrims," published in 1849, followed, in 1851, by "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which at first attracted

little attention. Its subsequent sale has been enormous, and it has been translated into nearly every civilized language. In 1853 appeared "A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," which verified the truth of her previous statements. Subsequent works are: "The Minister's Wooing" (1859), "The Pearl of Orr's Island" (1862), "Agnes of Sorrento" (1862), "Religious Poems" (1865), "Men of Our Times" (1868), "Old-Town Folks" (1869), "Sam Lawson's Fireside Stories" (1871), "We and Our Neighbors" (1875), "Poganne People" (1878). She was for a time joint editor of *Hearth and Home*. Her writings have exerted a deep influence on many important problems, but with none will her name be so inseparably connected as with anti-slavery.

Street, Alfred Billings (1811-1881).—A poet, born at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., December 18th. For a time he practiced law, giving it up to become editor of the *Northern Light*. In 1848 he was made state librarian, which position he held till his death. As a descriptive poet his verses rank high. Some of his works are: "Burning of Schenectady, and Other Poems" (1842), "Fugitive Poems" (1846), "Frontenac, a Metrical Romance" (1849), "The Indian Pass" (1869). The Indian played a large part in his writings. He died at Albany, June 2d.

Sumner, Charles (1811-1874).—Born in Boston, January 6th, and entered Harvard in 1826. He studied in the Harvard Law School under Judge Story. He was passionately found of oratory from the time when, a mere boy, he heard Webster speak in Faneuil Hall. In 1837 he sailed for Europe, having already an international reputation from his articles in the *Jurist*. He was welcomed everywhere and liked by everybody, so that Carlyle named him "Popularity Sumner." His first anti-slavery speech was in Faneuil Hall, 1845, and at once placed him in the front rank of abolitionists. From then on he spoke on every occasion. He was elected United States senator in 1851. After his famous speech against the admission of Kansas as a state, he was violently assaulted and struck to the ground, incapacitating him for work for a long time. After four years' absence from the senate, during which time he suffered severely, he returned, and in 1860 delivered his famous speech on "The Barbarism of Slavery." He was most eager for emancipation. He died in Washington after a short illness, March 11th. He was one of the greatest statesmen this country has known.

Taylor, Benjamin Franklin (1819-1887).—Born at Lowville, N. Y., July 19th, and educated at Madison University, becoming literary editor of the Chicago *Evening Journal* soon after graduation. During the war his brilliant letters to the paper attracted international attention. He travelled extensively and was a popular lecturer. He died at Cleveland, February 24th. Among his books are: "Attractions of Language" (1845), "January and June" (1853), "Pictures in Camp and Field" (1871), "The World on Wheels" (1873), "Songs of Yesterday" (1877). A complete collection of his poems appeared in 1887. He has been called the "Oliver Goldsmith of America."

Tourgee, Albion Winegar (1838—).—Born at Williamsfield, O., May 2d, he entered the army immediately on leaving Rochester University in 1861, serving for the entire period, being for four months a

prisoner in the South. Settling in North Carolina, he was elected judge, his district including that portion of the state then terrorized by the famous Ku-Klux Klan. The knowledge thus gained has been powerfully worked up in his novels. He established in Philadelphia, in 1882, *The Continent*, a high-class weekly magazine, but it was discontinued after serious losses in 1885. Judge Tourgee is an able and at times even a brilliant writer, numbering among his works: "Toinette" (1874), "Figs and Thistles" (1879), "A Fool's Errand" (1879), probably the most popular of his novels, "Bricks Without Straw" (1880), "Hot Plowshares" (1883), "Black Ice" (1887).

Ware, Henry, Jr. (1794–1843).—A native of Massachusetts, born at Hingham, April 21st, and educated at Harvard. He was ordained in 1817, and was an active worker in the Unitarian church. After his return from Europe, he accepted a professorship in Harvard Divinity School, where he taught for 12 years. He died at Framingham, Mass., September 22d, having published during his life, "Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching" (1824), "Life of the Saviour" (1832), numerous memoirs, sermons, and essays.

Wetmore, Prosper Montgomery (1798–1876).—Born at Stratford, Conn., February 14th, and engaged in business at an early age in New York. For years he was actively connected with the militia, and also served in the New York legislature. He was one of the promoters of the Nicaraguan steamship line. During the war he was secretary of the Union Defence Committee. His literary career began at 17, and was carried on during all of his busy life, resulting in "Lexington, and Other Poems" (1830), "Observations on the War with Mexico" (1847), and much editorial work that has not been preserved. He died on Long Island, March 16th.

Willis, Nathaniel Parker (1806–1867).—Poet, born at Portland, Me., January 20th, and educated at Yale. He came of authorial blood for several generations back, and his father, among other journalistic enterprises, founded the *Youth's Companion* in 1827, probably the first purely children's paper ever published. Young Willis's first important literary work was a poem that received a prize of $50. The *American Monthly Magazine*, which he started and edited, was finally merged into the New York *Mirror*, a bright society weekly, which in turn was changed into the present popular New York *Home Journal*. He was very successful as a writer, having a delightful way of saying much that was worth reading for its own sake. He made metrical versions of Scripture stories with unusual skill; "The Leper" and "Absalom" may be noted. He died at his home at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, January 20th. Among the best known of his numerous works are: "Scripture Sketches" 1827), "Melanie, and Other Poems" (1835), "Pencillings by the Way" (1836), "Loiterings of Travel" (1839), "Letters from Under a Bridge" (1840), "Poems" (1844), "Out-Doors at Idlewild" (1854), "Paul Fane" (1857).

Willson, Forceythe (1837–1867).—Born at Little Genesee, N. Y., April 10th, and entered Harvard, but poor health prevented his being graduated. He was editorially employed on the Louisville *Journal*,

his first verses being written for that paper. "The Old Sergeant," his most popular poem, was written as a carrier's address for the *Journal*, and is a true tale, even to the names brought in. He died at Alfred, N.Y., Feb. 2d. In 1866 he collected in book form those of his verses that he desired to have live under the title, "The Old Sergeant, and Other Poems."

Woodberry, George Edward (1855—).—Born at Beverly, Mass., May 12th, and was graduated from Harvard. After some years' teaching as professor of English, he became one of the editorial staff of the New York *Nation*. He has published: "The North Shore Watch" (1883), "Life of Poe" (1885).

SUPPLEMENTARY LIST OF PIECES

—TO—

Werner's Readings and Recitations, No. 10.

"AMERICA'S RECITATION BOOK."

EXPLANATION OF ABBREVIATIONS: Adv., adventure bio., biographical; dec., declamation; desc., descriptive; dia., dialect; dram., dramatic; en. encore; eul., eulogistic; her., heroic; hum., humorous; nar., narrative; p., prose; pa., patriotic; path., pathetic; rem., reminiscent; ret., retrospective; rom., romantic; spir., spirited; trag., tragic. When not otherwise designated, pieces are of a serious character; and all not marked "p" are poetry.

The figures in parentheses indicate the price of the book. In most cases, the piece is in a book containing many other good recitations.

Period I—1492–1609.

DISCOVERIES.

1492. Columbus. 1892. W. J. McClure. eul. (25)

Boy's Essay on Columbus. en. hum. (25)

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How Columbus found America. H. C. Dodge. hum. (30)

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Venice of the Aztecs, The. Prescott. The Spaniards' first sight of the City of Mexico. p. (30)

Period II—1609-1681.

SETTLEMENTS.

Acadian Exiles, The. Bancroft. Their misfortunes. p. dec. (35)

By the Cross of Monterey. R. E. White. When Portala planted the Cross. (30)

Death of Montezuma, The. Lew Wallace. p. dram. (35)

Evangeline. Longfellow. path., rom. (35)

First Settler's Story, The. W. Carleton. dram., path. (30)

Gray Champion, The. Hawthorne. New England's spirit of freedom. A tale of the times. p. (30)

Embarkation of the Pilgrims. T. D. Rogers. desc. of their departure for America. (30)

King's Missive, 1661. The. Whittier. Deliverance of the Quakers from prison. (30)

Kit Carson's Ride. J. Miller. Frontier dia. spir. (30)

Our First Thanksgiving Day. H. Butterworth. desc. (15)

Old Puritan Divines, The. J. R. Paxton. From speech at New England Society Dinner. p. (15)

Penn's Monument. R. J. Burdette. p. dec. (25)

Puritans, The. G. W. Curtis. From address at unveiling of statue to them in New York. p. dec. (25)

Puritans, The. Macaulay. p. dec. (30)

Sufferings of the Pilgrims. Everett. p. dec. (25)

Thanksgiving in Boston Harbor. H. Butterworth. July, 1630. (25)

Witch's Daughter, The. Whittier. rom. Story of Mabel Martin. (30)

Phil Blood's Leap. R. Buchanan. Tale of the gold-seekers. (30)

Pilgrims, The. Denew. p. dec. (30)

Vigilance, The. I. R. Jones. Frontier nar. (30)

Period III—1690-1763.

FRENCH AND INDIAN WARS—ALSO INDIAN RECITATIONS.

Ahwingawa. G. M. Ritchie. Indian romance. (20)
American Indian, The. C. Sprague. His extinction. p. dec. (30)
Appeal of the Missigans. Against the plague of intemperance. p. dec. (30)
Ballad of the French Fleet, A. Longfellow. How the fleet was scattered. (30)
Buzzard's Point. G. M. Vickers. A girl rescues her lover from an Indian. trag. (30)
Col. Harper's Charge. Repels an Indian attack on Schoharie. (25)
Count Zinzendorf. L. P. Walton. A rattlesnake saves a missionary from the Indians. (25)
Custer's Last Charge. F. Whittaker. spir., desc. (25)
Elizabeth Zane. J. S. Adams. her. (30)
Fight for Life, The. Wm. Sawyer. An emigrant's reminiscence. trag. (30)
For the Chief's Daughter. Tragic death of two rivals. (25)
Indian's Claim, The. Everett. p. dec. (15)
Indians, The. Story. Their unfortunate fate. p. dec. (30)
Indian Chief to the White Settler, The. Everett. "Eternal war between thee and me." p. dec. (30)
Indian Chieftain, The. hum. (30)
Indian's Revenge, The. Mrs. Hemans. May be used as a dialogue. A missionary changes the Indian's thirst for revenge. (25)
Kit Carson's Wife. His Indian wife's terrible ride. (25)
Lake Saratoga. Saxe. Indian legend. hum. (30)
Legend of Crystal Spring. H. W. Austin. Heroic conduct of a settler during Phillips's raid. (30)
Monument Mountain. Bryant. An Indian maid's unhappy love. (30)
Revenge. A. R. Blount. Indian romance. trag. (35)
Ride of Paul Venarez, The. E. E. Rexford. her., trag. (30)
Saved by a Rattlesnake. A rattlesnake stings an Indian who is about to kill a miner. p. dram. (30)
Seminole's Reply, The. G. W. Patton. defiant. (30)
Sioux's Chief's Daughter, The. J. Miller. rom. (30)
Toccoa, the Beautiful. Mrs. L. K. Rogers. Indian romance. trag. (35)
Up thar Behind the Sky. J. M. Munyon. A miner's tale. trag., rom. (30)

Period IV—1764-1782.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

Adams and Jefferson. Webster. p. dec. (30
Alice Maude. rom., trag. (35)
American War, The. Chatham. p. dec. (30)
Andre and Hale. Depew. p dec. (25)
Approach of the Presidency, The. Washington. p. dec. (30)
Armorer's Errand, The. J. C. R. Dorr. Stirring. pa. (35)
Arnold at Stillwater. T. D. English. dram. (35)
Arnold, the Traitor. G. Lippard. p. dec. path. (30)
At the Tomb of Washington. B. T. Doyle. Washington's Birthday piece. (20)
Attributes of Washington, The. G. M. Baker. Exercise for a number of girls. (15)
Battle of Bunker Hill, The. F. S. Cozzens. desc., spir. (30)
Battle of Fort Moultrie, The. L. Wheeler. desc., spir. (30)
Battle of Lexington, The. G. W. Bungay. Centenary poem. (30)
Battle of the Kegs, The. F. Hopkinson. desc., hum. (30)
Birthday of Washington, The. Choate. p. dec. (30)
Black Horse and His Rider, The. C. Sheppard. Benedict Arnold's bravery. p. dec. (30)
Boy's Composition on Washington, A. enhum. (35)
Centennial Oration. H. A. Brown. p. dec. (30)
Character of Washington, The. Z. B. Vance. p. dec. (30)
Death-Bed of Benedict Arnold. G. Lippard. p. dec. path. (30)
Elopement in '75. rom. (30)
Ethan Allen. G. L. Raymond. spir., pa. (35)
Eulogy on Washington. R. T. Paine. p. dec. (30)
Farewell Address of Washington. p. dec. (35)
Father of His Country, The. H. Lee. Funeral oration. p. dec. (30)
February 22. J. Allison. Child piece. (15
Fight at Lexington, The. T. D. English. spir. (20)
Fighting Parson, The. H. A. Blood. (30)
Gen. Joseph Reed. E. C. Jones. Incorruptible patriotism. (30)
George Washington. For five small boys. (15)
Grandfather Watts's Private Fourth. H. C. Bunner. hum. pa. ($1.25)
Grandmother's Story. Holmes. Tale of Battle of Bunker Hill. (30)
Hero of 1780, A. B. Harte. Caldwell, the fighting parson. (25)
Hero-Woman, The. G. Lippard. p. dec. her., trag. (30)
Heroes of the Land of Penn. G. Lippard. p. dec. spir. (30)
How Burlington Was Saved. C. Mair. A woman's heroism. ($1.25)
How We Kept the Day. W. Carleton. 4th of July piece. hum. (30) With musical accompaniment. (75)
Independence Bell, July 4, 1776. spir., pa. (30)

Period IV—1764-1782.

REVOLUTIONARY WAR—DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

(Continued.)

Independence Day, 1798. R. Tyler, (30)
Lafayette. C. Sprague. p. dec. (25)
Letter of Marque, The. C. F. Orne. A sea chase. (30)
Lexington. Holmes. rem. (30)
Little Black-Eyed Rebel, The. W. Carleton. hum., pa. (60)
Liberty Tree. Pub. in 1775. (30)
Little Golden Hair. W. Carleton. Same as "On the Concord Road," path. (30)
Little Hatchet, The. Burdette. hum. p. (30)
Macdonald's Raid. P. H. Hayne. Story of 1780. spir. (30)
Mad Anthony's Charge. A. N. Easton. spir. (30)
Memory of Washington, The. Everett. p. dec. (30)
Minute Men of '75, The. G. W. Curtis. p. dec. 30)
Nathan Hale, the Martyr Spy. I. H. Brown. pa., trag. (30)
National Monument to Washington. R. C. Winthrop. p. dec. (30)
New England's Chevy-Chase. E. E. Hale. spir., trag. (30)
New Version of a Certain Historical Dialogue. Burdette. The hatchet story travestied. hum. p. (35)
Ode to Independence Hall. J. S. Mitchell. (30)
Old Continentals, The. Judge McMaster. spir. (30)
Old Ironsides. Holmes. Plea for the frigate Constitution. (30)
Old Tenant Church. G. W. Bungay. A tribute. (30)
On Conquering America. Chatham. p. dec. (15)
Our Magna Charta. F. H. Fenno. Preface to reading of the Declaration of Independence. p. dec. (25)
Paul Revere's Ride. Longfellow. spir., pa. (30)
Patriot Spy, The. F. M. Finch. Tribute to Hale. (30)
Revolutionary Sermon H. H. Breckenridge. Preached in presence of Washington. p dec. (30)
Revolutionary Uprising, The. T. B. Read. pa. (30)
Revolutionary Story, A. path. (30)
Ride of Great-Grandmother Lee. E. E. Rexford. spir., pa. (25)
Ride of Jennie McNeil. W. Carleton. spir., pa. (30)
Rodney's Ride. E. S. Brooks. spir., pa. (35)
President Washington's Receptions. W. Sullivan. p. dec. (30)
Romance of a Rose, The. Nora Perry. rom., trag. (30)
Soliloquy of Arnold. E. C. Jones. He decides to turn traitor. (30)
Song of Marion's Men. Bryant. Tells of their bravery. (30)
Song of the Mountaineers. T. B. Read. "The Eagle is king." (30)
Speech Against the Stamp Act. J. Otis. p. dec. (30)
Speech of Patrick Henry. p. dec. pa. (30)
Spirit of '76. p. Tableaux for 3 boys and 3 girls. (30)
Speech of John Adams. Webster. p. dec. (30)
Tilghman's Ride. H. Pyle. spir., pa. (30)
To the Survivors of Bunker Hill. Webster. p. dec. (30)
Tomb of Washington, The. J. W. Savage. p. dec. (30)
Tribute to Washington. Eliza Cook. (30)
Tribute to Washington. J. A Price. p. dec. (30)
Unknown Speaker, The. 4th of July, 1776. p. dec. pa. (35)
Valley Forge. H. A. Brown. Centennial Oration. p. dec. (30)
Washington. S. S. Cox. p. dec. (25)
Washington. Webster. p. dec. (30)
Washington as a Civilian. F. Ames. p dec. (30)
Washington's Farewell to His Army. (20)
Washington's Kiss. A girl gets one for mending his glove. (30)
Washington's Sword and Franklin's Staff. J. Q. Adams. p. dec. (30)
Washington. Tableau in 3 parts: 1, "Washing;" 2, "ton;" 3, "Washington," (30.
Yankee Man-of-War, The. Commemorative of Paul Jones's cruise. (35)
Yankee Marksman, The. W. B. Fowle) Dialogue between British commander and Jonathan. hum. (30)
22nd of February. Bryant. Washington's Birthday piece. (30)

Period V—1812-1849.

WAR OF 1812—MEXICAN WAR.

Angels of Buena Vista, The. Whittier. Mexican women attend to wounded of both armies. path. (30)
Bivouac of the Dead, The. T. O'Hara. Bringing the dead back from Mexico. (30)
How Vera Cruz was Won. rem., spir. (15)
Mexic Drill, The. Mattie Hardwicke. For 12 girls in Mexican costume; directions for 42 pantomimes; with Whittier's "Angels of Buena Vista." (20)
Militia General, A. T. Corwin. Reply to Gen. Crary's attack upon Gen. Harrison. p. hum. (15)
My Wife and Child. H. R. Jackson. Home thoughts written in camp on the Rio Grande. (30)
Reminiscence of Andrew Jackson. p. dec (30)
Scott and the Veteran. Bayard Taylor. Their meeting. her. (30)
Siege of the Alamo. E. L. Saxon. desc., her. (30)
Two Girls of 1812. Stratagem of two brave girls. (35)
Victory of Perry, The. Alice Cary. desc. spir. (30)

Period VI—1861-1864.

CIVIL WAR—EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

Address to the Soldiers. J. M. Manning. p. dec. (30)
Advance. F. H. Gassaway. path. (20)
After the Battle. path. (3)
Aged Stranger, The. B. Harte. "I Was with Grant." hum. (30)
Amnesty to Jefferson Davis. Chandler. p. dec. (15)
Annie Pickens. E. J. Hall. Charleston, 1863. path. (30)
Army of the Dead, The. W. Carleton. G. A.R. path. (30)
Army of the Potomac. Joaquin Miller. Anniversary poem. (30)
Army of the Potomac. Depew. p. dec. (30)
Army Overcoat, The. Mrs. G. Archibald. path. (35)
Artemus Ward's Trip to Richmond. C. F. Browne. p. hum. (30)
At Fredericksburg. J. B. O'Reilly. Descriptive of December 13, 1862. pa. (30)
At the Soldiers' Graves. R. Collyer. Memorial Day. p. (30)
Blue and the Gray, The. F. M. Finch. Reconciliation. (30)
Blue and Gray. path. (30)
Baby Peacemaker, A. H. W. Collingwood. A Christmas story of the war. rom. (30)
Baby's Kiss, The. G. R. Emerson. Touching. (30)
Back from the War. Talmage. p. dec. spir. (30)
Baker's (Senator) Speech, 1861. p. dec. (30)
Ballad of Ishmael Day. pa. trag. (30)
Barbara Fritchie. Whittier. pa. (30)
Battle Bunny. B. Harte. A rabbit incident at Malvern Hill. (15)
Battle-Flag at Shenandoah. Joaquin Miller. Specially recited by Mrs. Frank Leslie. pa. (30)
Battle of Gettysburg. H. Glyndon. spir. (30)
Bay Billy. F. H. Gassaway. A horse's bravery and intuition in battle. (30)
Bivouac by the Rappahannock. G. D. Row. Brings in both armies' tunes. (30)
Black Regiment, The. G. H. Boker. Negro bravery at Port Hudson. (30)
Blacksmith's Story, The. F. Olive. An Enoch Arden piece. path. (30)
Blue Coat of the Soldier. G. Burgess. A garb of honor. (15)
Bravest Boy in Town. E. H. Nason. Got back his mother's cow. hum. (30)
Breitman in Maryland. German dialect. hum. (25)
Captain's Story, The. path. (20)
Challenge, The. J. T. Kenower. Brings in both armies' tunes. (25)
Charge by the Ford. T. D. English. spir. (30)
Charge of the First Minn. of Gettysburg. H. L. Gordon. With lesson-talk by E. D. Banks. (15)
Chickamauga. Memorial Day. (30)
Countersign was "Mary." M. Eytinge. hum. (30)
Conquered at Last. M. L. Eve. South conquered by kindness. (15)
Coward, The. J. N. Matthews. path. (35)
Cruise of the Monitor. G. M. Baker. Naval piece. (30)
Cumberland, The. Longfellow. Story of her sinking. (30)
Dandy Fifth, The. F. H. Gassaway. her. (30)
Dead Colonel in the Blue, The. G. B. Wilder. path. (25)
Dead Comrade, The. R. W. Gilder. Burial of Grant. (30)
Dead Drummer Boy, The. (30)
Dead on the Field of Honor. E. H. Chapin. p. dec. (30)
Decoration. T. W. Higginson. path. (30)
Decoration Day. A. A. Fish. ($1.50)
Decoration Day. D. R. Goodale. (20)
Decoration Day. W. Bruce. (30)
Decoration Day. Longfellow. (30)
Decoration Day. path. (30)
Decoration Day. E. P. Thwing. p. dec. (35)
Decoration Day. R. G. Ingersoll. p. dec. (30)
Decoration Day. E. W. Wilcox. (35)
Decoration Day. J. Campbell. (30)
Decoration Day. M. B. Hussey. (30)
Decoration Day. W. F. Morton. (15)
Decoration Day Ode. H. Peterson. (30)
Deserter, A. M. A. Barr. From the trenches of Galveston. 1862. rom., path. (15)
Doctor's Story, The. B. Harte, p. path. (30)
Dolores. C. F. Wilson. Florida tale. path. (30)
Drafted. H. L. Bostwick. path. (30)
Drummer Boy of Mission Ridge, The. K. B. Sherwood. Incident in life of J. F. Kountz. path. (35)
Drummer Boy's Burial, The. path. (30)
Enemies Meet at Death's Door. W. L. Jackson. p. path. (30)
D. S. Dickinson's Speech. April 20, 1861. p. dec. (30)
Fall In! 1860. G. W. Cable. Creole dia. p. dec. (30)
Flag of the Rainbow. T. D. English. Ode to the Stars and Stripes. (30)
Flag on Fort Sumter, The. p. dec. (30)
Foes United in Death. p. path. (30)
Fortunes of War, The. L. Younge. Kentucky dia. p. path., rom. (30)
Garfield's Ride at Chickamauga. H. Butterworth. (25)
Garfield's Ride at Chickamauga. L. Sherwood. (25)
Georgia Volunteer, A. M. A. Townsend. path. (30)
Gettysburg. E. W. Shurtleff. spir. (25)
Gettysburg Cemetery Ode. B. Taylor. (30)
Gettysburg Monument. C. G. Halpine. The founding poem. (30)
Gettysburg Sketch, A. M. K. Powell. pa. (25)
Grant. H. W. Beecher. eul. p. dec. (20)
Grant. H. Watterson. A tribute. p. dec. (30)
Grant. M. W. Fuller. A tribute. (30)
Grant's Place in History. p. dec. (30)
Grant's Strategy. Judge Veasey. p. dec. (30)

Period VI—1861-1864.

CIVIL WAR—EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

(Continued.)

Grant to the Army, 1865. p. (30)
Gray Honors the Blue, The. Watterson. p. dec. (30)
Great Issue, The. 1861. Everett. p. dec. (30)
Great Commander, The. (Lincoln) G. A. Townsend. A tribute. (25)
Guard's Story, The. rom., trag. (30)
Hail to the Veterans. N. K. Richardson. Read at Army of Potomac reception, 1865. (30)
Harry. J. Willis. path. ($1.50)
Harry Branden. E. E. Price. A judge recognizes in a prisoner a brave fellow-soldier. (30)
Heart of the War, The. J. G. Holland. path. (30)
Heart Throbs. F. Denison. pa., path. ($1.50)
Hettie McEwan. Lucy H. Hooper. Woman's bravery. (30)
Home, Sweet Home. C. C. Somerville. Having played their respective war tunes, both armies join in "Home, Sweet Home." (30) With musical accompaniment (50)
How the Cushing Destroyed the Albemarle. desc., spir. (30)
How the Fifty-First Took the Bridge. J. F. Nones. spir. (30)
Incident of the War, An. H. W. Kimball. rem. Brings in hymn "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," which may be sung. (25)
Irish Picket, The. O. C. Kerr. Irish dia. hum. (25)
Joe. A. Robbins. A soldier returns after he was thought dead. (30)
John Burns of Gettysburg. B. Harte. Old-fashioned patriotism. (30)
Keenan's Charge. G. P. Lathrop. At Chancellorsville. spir. (30)
Kelly's Ferry. B. F. Taylor. A story of the 3d Ohio and 54th Virginia. (30)
Kentucky Belle. C. F. Woolson. spir. horse story. (30)
Kitten of the Regiment, The. Jas. Buckham. Story of a child and her kitten. path. (30)
Last Roll Call, The. M. Quad. p. path. (35)
Left on the Battle-Field. S. K. Bolton. path. (30)
Let Us Rejoice Together. G. A. Sheridan. Memorial Day piece. p. dec. (20)
Lily Servosse's Ride. A. W. Tourgée. Ku-Klux piece. p. desc. (30)
Lincoln. R. G. Ingersoll. p. dec. (30)
Lincoln. Lowell. Commemoration ode. 1865. (30)
Lincoln. Tom Taylor. A tribute. (35)
Lincoln. Beecher. On his death. p. dec. (30)
Lincoln. C. H. Fowler. Centennial Exposition oration, 1876. p. (30)
Lincoln. D. E. Holmes. eul. p. dec. ($1.50)
Lincoln. W. H. Herndon. His elements of character. p. dec. (25)
Lincoln. P. Godwin. On his death. p. dec. (30)
Lincoln and Palmerston. Bancroft. A comparison. p. dec. (30)
Lincoln's Last Dream. H. Butterworth. rem., path. (30)
Lincoln and the Poor Woman. His kindness. path. (30)
Lincoln's Gettysburg Address. p. dec. (30)
Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address. p. dec. (30)
Little Jack Two-Sticks. M. Manville. path. (30)
Little Western Man, The. E. C. James. Nickname of Grant. Animated. (30)
Lookout Mountain. G. L. Catlin. Two veterans meet. German dia. (30)
Marthy Virginia's Hand. G. P. Lathrop. path. (35)
Mary's Night-Ride. G. W. Cable. adv. p. (30)
Me an' Jim. dia. path. (35)
Memorial Day. H. R. Palmer. ($1.50)
Memorial Day. L. C. Baer. (20)
Memorial Day at the Farm. E. D. Banks. G.A.R. piece, with lesson-talk. (20)
Memorial Day. K. B. Sherwood. (20)
Memorial Day. T. S. Collier. (30)
Memorial Day. Z. F. Reilly. (30)
Memories of the War. M. P. Riche. path. (30)
Mobile Bay. desc. naval piece. (30)
Music in Camp. J. R. Thompson. Both armies play their tunes and join in "Home, Sweet Home," (30)
Mustered Out. An unknown hero's grave. (30)
Nation's Dead Heroes, The. E. E. Williamson. Memorial oration. 1876. p. (15)
News of the Day. path. ($1.25)
Night on Shiloh. Opportunity for singing "When I Can Read My Title Clear." path. (25)
Oath, The. T. B. Read. pa. (30)
O'Brannigan's Drill. W. W. Fink. Irish dia. hum. (30)
Old Canteen, The. G. M. White. Memorial Day piece. Rem. (30)
Old Man and Jim, The. J. W. Riley. dia. path. (30)
Old Sergeant, The. F. Willson. path. (25)
Old Soldier Tramp, The. J. Miller. path. (30)
Old Soldier's Story, The. E. A. Duncan. path. (30)
Old Surgeon's Story, The. E. C. Donald. path. (30)
On a Confederate Note. By a Southern lady. A memento. (25)
One in Blue and One in Gray. path. (30)
Only a Crippled Soldier. J. R. Fisher. path. (30)
Our Country's Call. Bryant. (30)
Our Defenders. T. B. Read. pa. (30)
Our Drummer-Boy. F. Hildreth. path. (35)
Our Flag. A. L. Stone. p. dec. (30)
Our Folks. E. Lynn. spir., path. (30)

Period VI—1861-1864.

CIVIL WAR—EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION.

(Continued.)

Our Heroes. J. A. Andrew. p. dec. (30)
Our Heroes. O. F. Pearre. G.A.R. piece. (35)
Our Two Opinions. J. W. Riley. dia., path. (15)
Palmetto and the Pine, The. V. L. French. Reconciliation. (30)
Pat's Confederate Pig. F. E. Brooks. hum. (20)
Picket Guard, The. L. Fontaine. trag. (30)
Pledge to the Dead. W. Winter. Memorial Day piece. (15)
Post No. 3. S. D. Richardson. Reunion of brother and sister. (30)
Prayer in Battle. J. H. Hewitt. Escapes unharmed. (30)
Pretext of Rebellion. S. A. Douglas. p. dec. (30)
Pride of Battery B, The. F. H. Gassaway. Adv. of little girl. (30)
Prince. rom., path. (30)
Psalm of the Union, A. Published December, 1861. (30)
Rebel or Loyalist. M. Thompson. An ex-confederate to the G.A.R. (15)
Re-enlisted. Lucy Larcom. pa. (30)
Resurrected Hearts, The. J. F. Cappleman. rom. (35)
Return of the Hillside Legion, The. E. Lynn. path. (25)
Review of the Grand Army. B. Harte. A phantom vision. (30)
Ride of Reuben Bright. G.M.Baker. spir.(15)
Rhyme of the Navy, The. J. M. Matthews. Story of the Cumberland, Merrimac and Monitor. (25)
Roll-Call. path. (30)
Scouts of the Shenandoah. S. D. Richardson. spir (15)
Scout's Mistake, The. M. J. Preston. trag. (15)
Sharp-Shooter's Miss, The. spir. (30)
Sheridan's Last Battle. S. D. Richardson. Death scene. ($1.50)
Sheridan's Ride. T. B. Read. spir. (30)
Sherman's March. F. E. Brooks. desc., path. With hints for its reciting by the author. (20)
Ship of State, The. W. P. Lunt. p. dec. (30)
Since Micky Got Kilt in the War. T. H. Leslie. Irish dia. hum. (20)
Sleeping Sentinel, The. F. D. Janvier. Pardoned by Lincoln. (30)
Socks for John Randall. Mrs. P. H Phelps. A mother's love. p. path. (30)
Soldier Tramp, The. D. S. Carlino. A judge finds in a prisoner his rescuer. (30)
Soldier's Dream, The. C. G. Fall. Memorial Day piece. (30)
Soldier's Home at Washington. J. Miller. pa., path. (30)
Soldier's Memorial, A. H. L. Hadley. G.A.R. piece. (20)
Soldier's Monument, The. J. L. Swift. p. dec. (30)
Soldier's Reprieve, The. Lincoln and Bennie Owen. p. path. (30)
Soldier's Reprieve, The. R. H. Thorpe. Similar to preceding. (25)
Soldier's Retrospect, A. K. B. Sherwood. G.A.R. piece. (20)
Soldier's Return, The. H. Tuttle. p. dec. pa. (35)
Somebody's Boy. Story of Battle of Malvern Hill. path. (35)
Song of Sherman's Army. C. G. Halpine. spir. (30)
Stand by the Flag. J. Holt. Letter to Kentuckians, 1861. p. dec. (30)
Star-Spangled Banner, The. Jessie F. O'Donnell. Scene after Battle of Belmont. Brings in singing of "Star-Spangled Banner." path. ($1.25)
Stars in My Country's Sky." L. H. Sigourney. Memorial Day piece. (20)
Substitute, The. N. M. Baskett. path. (25)
Sword, The. Helen Booth. path. (30)
Texas Centennial Oration. R. B. Hubbard. Texas greets all the states. p. (30)
Them Yankee Blankits. S. W. Small. Gratitude for kindness. dia. (30)
Tobe's Monument. E. Kilham. Negro dia. p. path. (30)
Tom, the Drummer-Boy. p. path. With song "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." (30)
Tribute to our Honored Dead. Beecher. p. dec. (30)
Two Soldiers at Gettysburg. I. F. Eaton. path. (20)
Unfinished Song, The. D. T. Slauson. A soldier's death-song. (30)
Union of Blue and Gray. P. H. Hayne. (30)
United at Last. path. (30)
Unknown. H. N. Ralston. Memorial Day piece. path. (25)
Veterans, The. R. G. Ingersoll. p. dec. (25)
Veterans, The. Gen. Sherman. p. dec. (30)
Two of a Kind. her. p. (15)
Virginny. S. N. Cook. Tennessee dia., rom. (25)
War's Sacrifice. Kills his brother. (35)
What Saved the Union. Gen. Grant. p. dec. (15)
Whisperin' Bill. I. Bachelleri. Soldier loses his mind by being shot. Frontier dia. path. (35)
Whistling Regiment, The. J. C. Harvey. rom. escape of a prisoner. Opportunity to whistle or sing "Annie Laurie." (30)
Woman's Sentiment, A. Annie Brown. Recalling the struggle of 1863. p. dec. (25)
Women of the War. Annie Thomas. A tribute. (35)
Wounded. W. E. Miller. path. (30)
You Put No Flowers on My Papa's Grave. G. E. L. Holmes. path. (30)

Period VII.

DAWNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

Adjuration, An. D. N. Shelley. To young men. p. dec. (25)
Advice to My Country. Jas. Madison. p. dec. (30)
America. J.E.McCann. Ode to America. (30)
America. Charles Phillips. p. dec. (30)
American Constitution, The. Cleveland. p. dec. (20)
American Eagle, The. C. W. Thompson. pa. (30)
American Exile, An. I. H. Brown. path. (30)
American Flag, The. J.R.Drake. An ode.(30)
American Flag, The. A. P. Putnam. p. dec. (15)
American Flag, The. Beecher. p. dec. (30)
Andrew Jackson. G. Lippard. Tribute. p. dec. (30)
Appeal for Liberty. Story. p. dec. (30)
Arctic Martyrs, The. Talmage. Jeannette expedition. p. dec. (25)
Arkansas Justice. O. P. Read. p. Frontier dia. (25)
At Arlington. J. R. Randall. path. (30)
Ballot-Box, The. p. dec. (30)
Ballot Reform. Cleveland. p. dec. (30)
Bartholdi Statue, The. J. Hawthorne. p. dec. (30)
Battery in Hot Action, A. p. desc. (25)
Battle-Hymn of the Republic. J. W. Howe. (30)
Bayonet Charge, The. N. D. Urner. spir. (30)
Brave at Home, The. E. B Read. Woman's heroism. (30)
Centennial Ode. Rev. F. Denison. ($1.50)
Centennial Oration. H.A.Brown. p. dec.(30)
Charles Sumner. Schurz. p. dec. (15)
Columbia. T. Dwight. An ode. (30)
Columbia. P.S.Gilmore. Ode to America.(30)
Columbia Centennial Party. Mrs. M. B. Slade. Dialogue for Columbia, Uncle Sam, Uncle Jonathan, and all the States. (30)
Commander Sleeps, The. I. E. Jones. In memory of Gen. Sherman. (20)
Conquered Banner, The. Father Ryan. The Confederate flag. (30)
Centennial Hymn. Whittier. (30)
Dawn of the Centennial, The. Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. (30)
Day of Our Country, A. J. D. Long. ret. of a century. p. dec. (30)
Death of Clay. Rev. Dr. Butler. p. dec. (30)
Death of Jefferson, The. 4th of July, 1826. path., pa. (30)
Death of Slavery. Bryant. (30)
Destiny of America. C. Phillips. p. dec. (30)
Devotion to Duty. D. N. Shelley. To young men of America. p. dec. (30)
E Pluribus Unum. G. W. Cutter. pa. (30)
Eagle Screams, The. hum. (30)
East and the West One, The. L. Beecher. p. dec. (30)
Election of the Future, The. When women vote. p. hum. (30)
Ensign Bearer, The. path., trag. (30)
Eulogy on Lafayette. Chas. Sprague. p. dec. (30)
Fathers of the Republic, The. Everett. p. dec. (15)
Festival Day Has Come, The. H. Butterworth. 4th of July piece. (30)
First Thanksgiving, The. H. Butterworth. When Columbus announced the discovery of a New World. (30)
Flag of Washington, The. F.W.Gillett. (3)
Flag, The. F. Denison. Ode to the Stars and Stripes. ($1.50)
Flag's Birthday, The. M. A. Stansbury. his., pa. (25)
Flower of Liberty, The. Holmes. Tribute to the Stars and Stripes. (30)
Foreign Views of the Statue of Liberty. F. E. Brooks. hum. (30)
Fourth of July, 1876. W. F. Fox. (30)
Fourth of July, The. G. W. Bethune. (20)
Fourth of July in Jonesville. Marietta Holley. p. hum. (30)
Fourth of July Acrostic. A. M. Pratt. (20)
Fourth of July Oration. p. hum. (30)
Fraudulent Party Outcries. Webster. p. dec. (30)
Free America. 4th of July piece. (30)
Funeral of the Mountains, The. F.E.Brooks. Grant's death on Mt McGregor. (35)
Garfield. Blaine. p. dec. (30)
Garfield. S. L. Woodford. p. dec. (25)
Garfield at the Wheel. desc. of bravery. (30)
Garfield Statue, The. Cleveland. p. dec. (30)
Ghost of an Old Continental, The. F. E. Brooks. 4th of July piece. hum. (30)
Glorious New England. S. S. Prentiss. p. dec. (30)
God Save Our President. F. D. Janvier. (30)
Golden Gate, The. H. N. Ralston. A memory of San Mateo. (25)
Graves of the Patriots. J. C. Percival. (30)
Great Grandmamma and I. K.L Watson.(30)
Growth of the American Republic. Bancroft. p. dec. (30)
Hezekiah Stebbins's Fourth of July Oration. Yankee dia. p. hum. (30)
Home in the Government, The. Grady. The home is the source of our national life. p. dec. (30)
How Congress Fought for Sheridan. E. D. Banks. With lesson-talk. spir. (15)
How the Yankee Answered the Englishman. en. hum. (20)
Ignorance a Crime in a Republic. Mann. p. dec. (30)
In the Catacombs. H. H. Ballard. Yankee boasting. p. hum. (25)
Independence Day. L. Parmely. To American youth. p. dec. (30)
Industrial Freedom. E.J.Nelson. p. dec. (20)
Interviewing Mrs. Young. Mormon piece. p. hum. (25)
Josiah Allen's Political Aspirations. Marietta Holley. Farmer dia. p. hum. satirical. (20)
Judicial Tribunals. Sumner. p. dec. (30)
Liberty. O. Dewey. p. dec. (25)
Liberty and Union. Webster. p. dec. (30)

DAWNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

(Continued.)

Liberty Bell, The. E S. Brooks. When bell was taken to New Orleans Exposition. (25)
Liberty's Bell. Madge Morris. Legendary, poetic. (20)
List of Our Presidents. In rhyme. (15)
Love of Country. N. Booth. p. dec. (30)
Loyal Legion, The. C. G. Halpine. Read on Washington's Birthday, 1866. (30)
My Country 'tis of Thee. S. F. Smith. National anthem. (30)
National Ensign, The. p. dec. (30)
National Flag, The. Sumner. p. dec. (30)
National Monument to Washington. R. C. Winthrop. p. dec. (30)
Nation's Hymn, The. pa. (30)
Negro of To-day, The. Grady. p. dec. (20)
Negro Question, The. A. P. Humphrey. p. dec. (30)
Negro Worship in the South. F. H. Fenno. Negro dia. p. hum. (25)
New Era, The. F. L. Soldan. p. dec. (25)
New Political Era, The. H. George. p. dec. (20)
New Series of Census Questions. p. hum. (30)
New South, The. Grady. p. dec. (30)
Nicknames of the States. H. U. Johnson. hum. (30)
One Hundred Years from Now. C. Rowland. A centennial hymn. (30)
Our Centennial Celebration. O. Cleveland. p. dec. (30)
On the Shores of Tennessee. E. L. Beers. Negro piece. path. (30)
Ode to Independence Hall. J. S. Mitchell. (30)
Our Country. Webster. p. dec. (25)
Our Country. W. J. Pabodie A tribute. (30)
Our Land. King. p. dec. (30)
Our Own Dear Land. J. R. Thomas. (30)
Our Flag. W. H. Montgomery. Apostrophe to the flag. (20)
Our Relations to England. Everett. p. dec. (30)
Our Whole Country. (30)
Pilot's Story, The. W. D. Howells. A female slave jumps into the Mississippi. (25)
Political Corruption. G. McDuffie. p. dec. (30)
Prospects of the Republic. Everett. p. dec. (30)
Public Virtue. Clay. p. dec. (30)
Public Dishonesty. Beecher. p. dec. (30)
Queen Isabella's Jewels. H. N. Ralston. his., referring to the Pan-American Congress. (30)
Reminiscence, A. H. B. Hooker. Suicide or a slave. (15)
Reply to Hayne. Webster. p. dec. (30)
Responsibility of American Citizens. Story. p. dec. (30)
Rivermouth Rocks. Whittier. Witch piece. (25)
Senator's Pledge, The. Sumner. From his letter of acceptance, 1851. p. dec. (15)
Slave's Auction, A. W. A. Eaton. Scene in Beecher's church. path. (20)
Song of the American Eagle, pa. (30)
Song of the Battle Flag. (30)
Song of 1876. B. Taylor. (30)
Song of the Drum. I. E. Diekenga. Very spir. (30)
Song of the States, A. Tableau performance for 14 girls. (15)
Song to Columbia, A. M. Scanlan. pa. (25)
Sons of New England, The. G. B. Loring. p. dec. (15)
South, The. J. P. Graves. p. dec. (20)
Star of Democracy. Watterson. p. dec. (30)
Starry Flag, The. S. Bates. (30)
Stars and Stripes, The. L. D. Noble. pa. (30)
Star-Spangled Banner, The. F. S. Key. National anthem. (30)
State Immortal, The. Webster. p. dec. (25)
Statue of Liberty Unveiled, The. G. W. Bungay. (30)
Stigma, The. F. D. Janvier. Calhoun's dream. (30)
Then and Now—1776-1876. F. W. Fish. (30)
To America in 1876. M. F. Tupper. Desc. of his two visits. (30)
Toussaint l'Ouverture. Wendell Phillips. p. dec. (30)
Tribute to Penn. Sumner. p. dec. (30)
True Greatness of Our Country. Seward. p. dec. (15)
Uncle Sam's a Hundred. Centennial ode. hum. (30)
Union, The. F. D. Janvier. pa. (30)
U. S. National Anthem. W. R. Wallace. (30)
Union and Liberty. Holmes. (30)
Union Forever, The. Tableau for one girl as Goddess of Liberty. (30)
Union Linked with Liberty. Jackson. p. dec. (30)
Victories of Peace. Sumner. p. dec. (15)
Vow of Washington. Whittier. Centennial celebration, 1889. (30)
Welcome to the Nations. Holmes. Sung at Phila., July 4, 1876. (30)
Wendell Phillips. J. B. O'Reilly. (25)
Wendell Phillips. Beecher. p. dec. (15)
When this Old Flag Was New. R. H. Stoddard. pa. (25)
Wiped Out. A buffalo stampede. p. (30)
Young America's Fourth. en. hum. (20)

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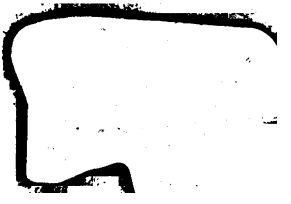
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